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THE

CHRISTIAD,

A

POEM

IN SIX BOOKS;

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA

BY

J. CRANWELL, M.A.

RECTOR OF ABBOTS RIPTON IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

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M,DCC,LXVIII.

300. c. 9.

PREFACE.

THE original Poem, of which a Tranſlation is here offer'd to the Public, is of the heroic kind; its ſubject is the Life and Actions of JESUS CHRIST; a ſubject in its own nature of the higheſt importance, and happily made by the Poet's art, as entertaining as it is profitable.

I have often wonder'd, and thought it great pity, that a Poet, ſo highly valued by perſons of the fineſt taſte, and conſummate judgement, in all times; as appears from the innumerable elogiums of him, ſhou'd never, in this nobleſt of all his works, have had the good fortune to be communicated to the Engliſh in their mother tongue. But whether our Poets have had little inclination themſelves; or whether they apprehended the Public wou'd but ill reliſh a work of this ſort; or whether they judg'd it unworthy their labours, as having a few errors of the Romiſh Church ſcatter'd in it

a Member of the Romiſh Communion; it may not be improper to obſerve, that excepting a few paſſages (ſuch as the bodily preſence of Chriſt in the Euchariſt, the Pope's Supremacy, the worſhip of the Croſs, our Saviour's deſcent into purgatory to redeem and bring back the ſouls of ſinners) which a Tranſlator cou'd not omit, without mangling the body of the work, and doing an injury to his Author; there is nothing, I may venture to ſay, in the other parts of the Poem, that is at all repugnant to the doctrines of the Church of England; nor any thing advanc'd that can reaſonably give offence to the ſtricteſt and moſt ſcrupulous Proteſtant: A circumſtance rather to be wonder'd at; as the Poem was written by an Italian Biſhop, under the command and encouragement of a Roman Pontiff.

I will not pretend to trouble the Reader with excuſes, concerning the difficulty of this undertaking, and the great hazard there is of ſometimes miſtaking an Author's ſenſe, where there is no previous clue to guide and direct a Tranſlator: ſuch as it is, I offer it to the Public; and fairly own I have us'd

—ſo it is, that this excellent and maſterly Performance, when many foreign Pieces of leſs conſequence and leſs entertainment, have been ſucceſsfully tranſlated into our language; has lain for two hundred years, quite overlooked and neglected.

Certain it is, that a work of this nature, if *properly executed*, cou'd not fail to meet with encouragement, and be well receiv'd, by numbers of ſerious and ſincere Chriſtians. Whether the following Tranſlation can lay claim to that Character, is ſubmitted to the deciſion of the candid and judicious Reader. What I can truly affirm, is, that it was undertaken at firſt with a good intention, and is now made public with the ſame view, *viz.* to bring thoſe, who are not qualify'd to underſtand the Original in its Latin dreſs, acquainted with a Work; wherein the Life and Actions of our SAVIOUR are ſet in a moſt beautiful and ſtriking Light—by which means a peculiar pleaſure is added to the conviction of the heart, reſulting from a plain and hiſtorical narration.

But to obviate any objection that may ariſe againſt this Poem, as being written by

a

my beſt endeavours to do the Author juſtice. If there be any merit in the Performance, the Public will eaſily diſcern, and I dare ſay readily allow it; if there be none, and it is not worthy their attention, no apology of mine can make it ſo.

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THE CHRISTIAD OF VIDA

TRANSLATED BY

Mr. CRANWELL.

With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

POPE.

A MARCI

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

QUI mare, qui terras, qui cœlum numine comples,
Spiritus alme, tuo liceat mihi munere regem
Bis genitum canere; è ſuperi qui ſede Parentis
Virginis intactæ gravidam deſcendit in alvum,
Mortaleſque auras hauſit puer; ut genus ultus
Humanum eriperet tenebris et carcere iniquo,
Morte ſuâ, maneſque pios inferret Olympo.
Illum ſponte hominum morientem ob crimina Tellus
Ægra tulit; puduitque poli de vertice Solem
Aſpicere, et tenebris inſuetis terruit orbem.
Fas mihi, te duce, mortali immortalia digno
Ore loqui; interdumque oculos attollere cœlo,
Et lucem accipere ætheream; ſummique Parentis
Conſilia, atque necis tam diræ evolvere cauſas.

Jam prope mortis erant metæ, finiſque laborum
Chriſto aderat; Solymûmque ideo haud ignarus ad urbem
Phœnicum extremis remeans de finibus, ibat.
Illum ingens comitum numerus, juveneſque ſeneſque
Sponte ſequebantur, rerum quos fama trahebat
Undique collectos: nam magnas ſive per urbes

Ferret

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. I.

O Thou! that ſpread'ſt thy univerſal reign
O'er earth, o'er air, and Ocean's wide domain,
Indulgent Spirit! aid me while I ſing
Of that eternal, twice begotten King;
Who from his Father's awful Throne on high
Deſcending, deign'd within the womb to lie
Of ſpotleſs Virgin; and content to ſhare
Our earthly Nature, breath'd this vital air:
By Death to vindicate man's injur'd Right,
And reſcue Millions from the Realms of Night.
Indignant Earth with ſympathetic pain
Beheld him dying for the ſins of man;
And the Sun bluſhing veil'd his radiant head,
In gloomy darkneſs, and unuſual ſhade.
Give me, beneath thy conduct, to rehearſe
Immortal ſubjects in no vulgar verſe;
On tow'ring wing beyond this globe aſpire,
Pierce thro' the clouds, and catch th' etherial fire;
The ſecret counſels of high Heaven relate,
And the ſad cauſes of ſo dire a fate.
Now Chriſt beheld the deſtin'd Period near,
Of all his Labours, and a Life of Care;
When from Phœnicia's coaſts he bent his way,
To where Judæa's ſacred city lay.
With him, a Train, invited by his fame,
Of old and young, in crowds promiſcuous came.

Ferret iter, ſeu deſertis in montibus iret,
Olli ſe innumeri jungebant, uſque parati
Juſſa ſequi, vellet quaſcunque abducere in oras;
Atque novos erat hìc ſemper fas cernere cœtus.
Pinifero veluti Veſuli de vertice primum
It Padus, exiguo ſulcans ſata pinguia rivo;
Hinc magis atque magis labendo viribus auctus
Surgit, latifluoque ſonans ſe gurgite pandit
Victor; opes amnes varii auxiliaribus undis
Hinc addunt, atque inde; ſuo nec ſe capit alveo
Turbidus, haud uno dum rumpat in æquora cornu.
Tum verò numero ſocios ſejunxit ab omni
Bis ſenos, ſibi quos olim delegit, ut eſſent
Tantorum memores operum, teſteſque laborum.
Atque ubi ſecretos nemora in ſecluſa vocavit,
Procerâ innitens cedro, mœſtiſſimus ore,
Eque imo rumpens ſuſpiria pectore, fatur.

Ventum ad ſupremum, ſocii; data tempora vitæ
Exegi in terris: lux nunc infanda propinquat;
Meque pii manes expectant: illius ergo
En ultro infenſam Solymorum aſcendimus urbem.
Illic informis leti mihi dira parantur
Supplicia: immeritum me nunc conjurat in unum
Sæva ſacerdotum manus; ut, non inſcius, ipſe
Prædixi toties, ac vobis cuncta retexi.
Ibo, morte meâ veterum ſcelus omne piabo.
His me prime malis oneras pater; ipſe tuliſti
Dulcia poma; mihi ſed nunc tua furta luendum.
Cum tamen expulerit tenebras lux tertia rebus,
Aëreas, cæde abluta, revocabor in auras.
Vos etiam, quos non pertæſum denique noſtri,
Funera acerba manent; audete, et lucis amori
Iſtius æternum vitæ immortalis honorem

Mecum

For whether he purſu'd the public road,
Or in the pathleſs Mountains made abode;
Freſh throngs of hearers glad attendance pay,
Prepar'd to follow where he leads the way.
Thus from the heights of Veſulus, the Po
Winds it's ſmall current thro' the vales below;
Thence by degrees collecting force it ſpreads,
With broader ſurface thro' the verdant meads;
At length by new auxiliar ſtreams ſupply'd,
Far o'er it's limits rolls the rapid tide,
And pour'd impetuous o'er the ſounding plain,
Sweeps thro' a hundred channels to the main.
Now from his mixt attendants Twelve he choſe,
To future times commiſſion'd to diſcloſe,
His various Wonders, and record his Woes.
To whom, retir'd amidſt the ſecret ſhade
Sighs from his boſom burſting, thus he ſaid:
The fatal time is come; I've liv'd on earth
The meaſur'd ſpace alloted from my birth;
Now ſhortly hence from theſe abodes muſt go,
The Saints expect me in the ſhades below.
For this, my Friends, our deſtin'd courſe we bend,
Where lofty Solyma's proud tow'rs aſcend;
There, urg'd by Malice and revengeful Hate,
The murd'rous Prieſts for my Deſtruction wait:
As oft ye know, in vain from me conceal'd,
Their ſchemes I've noted, and their plots reveal'd.
I go, and chearfully my Death embrace,
To ſcreen from Vengeance Man's devoted race.
This is the weighty burden, theſe the woes,
Thou, father Adam! did'ſt on Me impoſe;
Thyſelf the tempting fruit did'ſt bear away,
And I the dreadful Forfeiture muſt pay.
But the third orient Morn, th' Atonement made,
I'll riſe triumphant from the gloomy ſhade.
Ye too, my friends, my firm aſſociate train,
Muſt taſte of Death in all his ſhapes of pain:

Mecum omnes præferte: domus non hæc data, non hæ
Sunt vobis propriæ ſedes: vos ætheris alti
Lucida templa vocant, ſtellis florentia regna;
Pax ubi ſecura, ac requies optata laborum.
Hìc domus, hìc patria: huc omnes contendite læti
Anguſtum per iter: veſtras hìc figite ſedes.

Dixerat: at ſocii defixi lumina mœſtis
Hærebant animis, ac triſtia multa putabant.
Tum ſenior, Petrus haud linguæ, vocive pepercit;
Et tali Divum affatus ſermone precatur.

Nate Deo, quæ tanta Deum te denique cœli
Vis agit, ut libeat letum crudele paciſci
Pro quoquam, aut certis ultro te offerre periclis?
Quin age te incolumi potius (potes omnia quando,
Nec tibi nequicquam Pater eſt, qui ſidera torquet)
Perficias, quodcunque tibi nunc inſtat agendum,
Non adeò exoſus lucem ingratuſque ſalutis.
Hos animos, hanc confeſtim, precor, exue mentem;
Ipſe tui miſerere, tuûm miſerere, nec ultro
Projice nos, qui te, tendis quocunque, ſequemur.

Sic ille: increpuit dictis quem talibus heros:
Non pudet, ô nunquam ſapiens, mortalia ſemper
Volvere, nube oculos preſſum, cœleſtium inanem?
Nec potis es vanis unquam deſueſcere curis?
Hæcne tibi conſulta mei ſuaſere labores?
Non hoc conſiliis, non hoc auctoribus iſtis
Tempus eget; Genitor juſſis haud mollibus urget.
At vos ô, rebus ſpretis mortalibus, omnes
Ferte viri, et duros animo tolerate labores;
Oblitique hominem, cœlo altas tollite mentes.

Et

But baniſh fear, and learn with Me to love
The purer pleaſures of the Realms above.
This world, uncertain ſeat, th' eternal God
Did ne'er predeſtine for your fixt abode.
You the pure Regions of etherial Light,
Heav'n's ſtarry Kingdoms, to their Thrones invite;
Where you ſhall reign ſecure, theſe Evils paſt,
And all your Labours find a Port at laſt.
Here fix your ſeats, and thro' life's thorny way
Purſue your paſſage to eternal day.
He ſaid; his friends ſtand fix'd with downcaſt eyes,
And ſcenes of ſorrow in their thoughts ariſe.
Peter alone nor voice nor tongue ſuppreſs'd,
And in theſe words the Deity addreſs'd
Declare, Oh Son of God! what pow'r ſo great
Of Heav'n impells thee to this wretched ſtate,
That thou for man ſhould'ſt yield thy ſacred breath,
And fall a victim to triumphant Death?
Rather what deeds muſt here on Earth be done,
Perform in ſafety, and theſe dangers ſhun.
(For Nature hears thy voice, and not in vain
Thou claim'ſt a Sire that rules th' etherial plain.)
This fatal courage in thy breaſt ſubdue,
Thyſelf, thy friends with kind Compaſſion view;
Nor leave us helpleſs to the foes a prey,
Who chearful follow thy appointed way.
He ſaid; the Heroe thus with warmth replies;
Oh! wilt thou ne'er by diſcipline be wiſe!
But ſtill on earth thy grov'ling thoughts employ,
Too long a ſtranger to cœleſtial joy!
Did all my labours and a life of woe,
But teach thy thoughts ſuch counſel to beſtow?
Alas! theſe times for other lot decree;
New woes, new troubles Heav'n reſerves for me.
Ye too, my friends, with noble pride diſdain
Life's ſofter pleaſures, and it's toils ſuſtain;
And loſt to human views your thoughts remove
From earth; enamour'd of the joys above.

Et cum mortales linguas in jurgia ſolvent
Vos contra, falſis onerantes nomina veſtra
Criminibus, gaudete, ac firmo pectore ferte,
Indignamque ignominiam contemnite læti.
Hinc fortunatos vos dicite; præmia quando
Certa manent, oriturque ingens hinc gloria veſtra.

Hæc fatus, montes aditum fert triſtis in altos:
Incedunt unà ſocii cum rege parati
Cuncta pati, et juvenis ſortem indignantur iniquam.

Et jam palmoſæ ſubit Hierichuntis ad urbem:
Zacchæi excipitur tecto, menſiſque paratis,
Cui quondam componere opes, per faſque nefaſque,
Immenſas amor acer erat, ſed luce receptâ
Hoſpitis adventu, cœpit male parta luendo
Reddere cuique ſuum, partiri cætera egenis,
Tot facti infectique auri congeſta talenta.
Hìc ſubito, non læta ferens, gravis impulit aures
Nuncius, atque animum rumore momordit amaro.
Lazarus haud procul hinc Bethanes regna tenebat,
Dives opum, clarus genus alto à ſanguine regum:
Nam pater ingentes Syriæ frenaverat oras,
Vique ſibi captas quondam ſubjecerat urbes.
Nemo illo hoſpitibus facilis magis: omnibus illa
Noctes atque dies domus ultro oblata patebat.
Huc etiam perſæpe ipſum ſuccedere Chriſtum
Haud piguit; creberque domûs indulſit amicæ
Hoſpitio, atque Deum poſitâ ſe nube retexit.
Hunc igitur poſtquam morientem accepit, et acri,
Vix, morbo correptum, auras haurire ſupremas,

Et

And when mankind your guiltleſs conduct blame,
With lies aſperſing your unſpotted name;
Rejoice in ſecret, and deſpiſe the ſhame.
Theſe bitter hardſhips but prepare the way,
To endleſs Glories in the realms of day.
This ſaid, our Lord the neighbouring hills aſcends,
His ſteps attended by his faithful friends;
Prepar'd with him thro' all events to go,
Yet inly mourning at his deſtin'd woe.
And now with weary'd ſtep he reach'd the † town,
Whoſe beauteous meadows verdant palm-trees crown.
With joy Zacchæus, at his ſocial board,
Receives and welcomes his illuſtrious Lord.
He, who before to truth and juſtice blind,
With luſt of Lucre had debas'd his mind,
Now by the light of pure religion bleſs'd,
Each ſordid paſſion baniſh'd from his breaſt;
To thoſe he wrong'd, returns th' ill-gotten ſtore,
The reſt dividing to th' induſtrious poor.
Meanwhile diſpatch'd with haſte, an herald bears
Unwelcome tidings to his trembling ears.
Not far from hence th' extended region lay,
Where ſcepter'd Laz'rus held his potent ſway;
In lofty Bethany who made abode,
Renown'd for wealth, and ſprung from regal blood;
For erſt his ſire had rul'd with wide command,
And ſtretch'd his conqueſt o'er the Syrian land.
To ſtrangers none ſo affable and kind,
None bore, like him, an hoſpitable mind;
For morn and night, with ample plenty bleſs'd,
His gates ſtood open to the caſual gueſt.
Hither our Lord himſelf wou'd oft repair,
The gen'rous banquet of his friend to ſhare;
And here, unveil'd, his heav'nly Pow'r diſplay,
As ſocial converſe wore the hours away.
Soon as the tidings reach'd him, that his friend
Was now approaching to his deſtin'd end,

† Jericho.

That

Et quaſi jam leti portas luctarier ante;
Demiſit lacrymas, ſociiſque hæc edidit ore.

Cedamus; leto actutum revocandus amicus
In lucem, modò me ſummus Pater audiat ipſe,
Atque ſuas velit hìc, ut ſæpe, oſtendere vires.

Hæc ait, et greſſum Bethanæ tendit ad urbem.
Proſequitur comitum manus ingens, atque videndi
Innumeri ſtudio ſocios ſe protinus addunt.

Interea longè mundi regnator opaci,
Infelix monſtrum, penitus non inſcius, illam
Jam propè adeſſe diem, ſuperi, quâ maximus ultor,
Imperio Patris, infernis ſuccederet oris
Manibus auxilio, ac ſedes vaſtaret opertas;
Sollicitus partes animum verſabat in omnes,
Si qua forte potis regno hanc avertere cladem;
Molirique Deo letum meditatur, ea una
Denique cura animo ſedet, hæc ſæpe una reſurgit.
Demens, qui, id propter tantum non viderat ipſum
Demiſſum cœlo juvenem, quo ſponte piaret
Morte obitâ, veterum culpam et ſcelus omne parentum.
Protinus acciri diros ad regia fratres
Limina, concilium horrendum, et genus omne ſuorum
Imperat. Ecce igitur dedit ingens buccina ſignum,
Quo ſubitò intonuit cæcis domus alta cavernis,
Undique opaca, ingens; antra intonuere profunda,
Atque procul gravido tremefacta eſt corpore tellus.
Continuò ruit ad portas gens omnis, et adſunt
Lucifugi cœtûs varia atque bicorpora monſtra,
Pube tenus hominum facies, verùm hiſpida in anguem
Deſinit ingenti ſinuata volumine cauda.
Gorgonas hi, Sphyngaſque obſcœno corpore reddunt;

Cen-

That fainting, ſick, he ſcarce cou'd draw his breath,
And ſeem'd juſt ſtruggling at the gates of Death;
Some tears he ſhed; and then, with grief oppreſs'd,
His lov'd companions in theſe words addreſs'd.
Hence let us go; our friend, this inſtant dead,
Muſt ſtrait be ſummon'd from the dreary ſhade;
If, as he oft is wont, Heav'n's gracious Sire
Incline his ear, and favour my deſire.
This ſaid, to Bethany he paſſ'd along;
Behind him follow'd an unnumber'd throng.
Meanwhile the ruler of th' infernal ſhade
Deteſted monſter! conſcious and afraid,
That now at length arriv'd the fatal hour,
When the Avenger, in his father's pow'r,
Deſcending fierce from heav'ns etherial height,
Shou'd ſpread deſtruction thro' the realms of night;
This way and that diſtorts his lab'ring mind;
Some hidden cauſe ſollicitous to find,
That haply might avert th' impending fate,
And ſave from ruin his devoted ſtate.
In his dark thoughts he meditates the way,
To certain death the Godhead to betray.
Fool! not to know, that for this cauſe alone,
The youth deſcended from his heav'nly throne,
That his all-precious blood, here freely ſpilt,
Might make atonement for primæval guilt.
Now anxious for his reign, he bids reſort
Th' infernal council to the regal court.
Soon as the brazen trumpet 'gan to blow,
With horrid thunder ſhook the dome below,
Huge, ſpacious, gloomy; groan'd the caves around,
And ſudden earthquakes rock'd the trembling ground.
Strait to the gates th' aſſembled brethren come,
And uncouth monſters throng the Stygian Dome:
Far as the waiſt were human limbs expreſs'd,
A Dragon's filthy form conceal'd the reſt.
There ſome in ſhapes of Gorgons, Sphinxes; here
Like Centaurs, Hydras, other forms appear;

Figures

Centauroſque, Hydraſque illi; ignivomaſque
Chimæras;
Centum alii Scyllas, ac fœdificas Harpyias,
Et quæ multa homines ſimulacra horrentia fingunt.
At centum geminus flammanti vertice ſuprà eſt
Arbiter ipſe Erebi, centenaque brachia jactat
Centimanus, totidemque eructat faucibus æſtus.
Omnes luctificum fumumque, atroſque procaci
Ore, oculiſque ignes, et vaſtis naribus efflant.
Omnibus intorti pendent pro crinibus angues,
Nexantes nodis ſeſe, ac per colla plicantes:
In manibus rutilæque faces, uncique tridentes,
Queîs ſontes animas ſubigunt, atque ignibus
urgent.
Nec minùs illi etiam diverſis partibus orbis
Conveniunt properi, qui terris omnibus errant
Hortantes ſcelera, ac variis mortalia ludunt
Pectora imaginibus, rectique oblivia ſuadent.
Nec non ventorum, tempeſtatumque potentes,
Nubivagum genus, haud certâ regione locati,
Nimborum in mediâ conſueti nocte vagari.
Ergo animis prompti, atque opibus coiere
parati
Unà omnes: fremitu vario ſonat intus opaca
Regia; rex donec nigram igne tricuſpide dextram
Armatus, cœtu in medio ſic farier orſus,

Tartarei proceres, cœlo gens orta ſereno,
(Quos olim huc mecum ſuperi inclementia regis
Æthere dejectos flagranti fulmine adegit,
Dum regno cavet, ac ſceptris multa invidus
ille
Permetuit, refugitque parem) quæ prælia toto
Egerimus cœlo, quibus olim denique utrinque
Sit certatum odiis, notum, et meminiſſe neceſ-
ſe eſt.
Ille aſtris potitur, parte et plus occupat æquâ
Ætheris, ac pœnas inimicâ è gente recepit
Crudeles:

Figures obſcene; foul Scyllas, Harpys dire,
And fierce Chimæras, belching liquid fire.
But Hell's grim tyrant, of terrific mien,
In ten-fold ſtature o'er the reſt was ſeen;
His hundred hands he brandiſhes around,
Thick flames expiring from his jaws profound.
Dire monſters all; mixt ſmoke and flames ariſe
From their vaſt noſtrils, and enſanguin'd eyes.
For hair, their heads with horrid ſnakes are crown'd,
That twiſted curl in many a fold around.
To torture guilty ſouls huge prongs they rear,
And fiery torches in their hands appear.
Nor leſs to the imperial ſummons come,
Who wide o'er earth in queſt of miſchief roam;
With falſe ideas human minds moleſt,
And ſenſe of Virtue baniſh from their breaſt.
Thoſe too, who o'er the bluſtring clouds preſide,
Direct the whirlwinds, and the tempeſts guide;
And unconfin'd to any deſtin'd place,
Still range at freedom earth's unmeaſur'd ſpace.
Thus to th' infernal hall th' Aſſociates came,
Prompt to aſſiſt; in heart and mind the ſame.
The vaſt ſtupendous edifice around,
Remurm'ring echo'd to the various ſound.
At length hell's monarch, graſping in his hand
The forkey lightning, thus addreſs'd the band.
Ye Peers of Tartarus! a race of gods,
(Whom urg'd by envy, from the bleſs'd abodes,
Heav'n's awful tyrant with his thunder hurl'd
To theſe drear manſions in the nether world;
While to ſecure his throne he bends his care,
And anxious trembled at the chance of war;)
What dreadful Legions to the field we brought,
With mutual hatred how the day was fought,
Full well ye know; and how we warr'd in vain,
Repuls'd, muſt doubtleſs in your minds remain.
He rules triumphant in th' etherial ſky,
While proſtrate at his feet the vanquiſh'd lie.

For

Crudeles: pro ſideribus, pro luce ſerenâ,
Nobis ſenta ſitu loca, ſole carentia tecta
Reddidit, ac tenebris juſſit torquere ſub imis
Immites animas hominum, illætabile regnum.
Haud ſuperæ aſpirare poli datur amplius aulæ;
Ingens ingenti claudit nos obice tellus;
In partemque homini noſtri data regia cœli eſt.
Nec ſatis; arma iterum molitur, et altera nobis
Bella ciet, regniſque etiam nos pellit ab imis.
Id propter juvenem æthereâ demiſit ab arce,
Seu natum, ſive alitibus de fratribus unum.
Iamque aderit, fretuſque armis cœleſtibus ille
Sedibus exitium vehet his, et regna reclùdet
Infera, conceſſaſque animas noſtro eximet orbe.
Fors quoque nos, niſi non ſegnes occurrimus, ipſos
Arcta in vincla dabit, vinctoſque inducet Olympo
Victor, ovans; ſuperi illudent toto æthere captis.
Iſte autem quamvis mortalia membra caducus
Induerit, tamen eſt noſtris imperditus armis.
Nempe ego ſæpe adii, coramque interritus urgens
Tentavi inſidiis nequicquam (non ea me res
Falſum habuit, neque enim nunc primùm talia cerno)
Quas non in facies, quæ non mutatus in ora
Acceſſi incaſsùm? ſemper me reppulit ipſe,
Non armis ullis fretus, non viribus uſus;
Sed tantùm veterum repetito carmine vatum,
Irrita tentamenta, dolos, et vim exiit omnem.
Ergo, quæ mihi nunc ſurgit ſententia, pandam.
Ille iter antiquas Solymorum inſtaurat ad arces,
Sit licèt inviſus magnæ primoribus urbis:
Quippe ſacerdotes odiis ingentibus illi
Infenſi inſidias, ut cuique eſt copia, tendunt,

Sollicitæ

For Suns perpetual, for Heav'n's bleſs'd abode,
Theſe dark Tartarean dungeons he beſtow'd;
And here employ'd us, to afflict with pain
The Souls of Sinners; an unjoyous reign!
Weak are our efforts to regain the Skies,
Heav'n's Tow'r thrice guarded all acceſs denies;
And earth-born Man, an highly favour'd race,
Is now exalted to our vacant place.
Nor yet can conqueſt his reſentment quell,
He means to drive us from the Throne of Hell;
And to this end from Heav'n commiſſions down
Some winged Angel, or his fav'rite Son.
Who ſoon, confiding in cœleſtial might,
Will ſpread ſwift ruin thro' theſe realms of night;
Hell's dark Abyſs expoſe to open day,
And wreſt the Captives from our lawful ſway.
Nay, if with ſpeed we arm not, on his foes
Perhaps the Victor will new chains impoſe;
And lead us trembling to his awful reign,
The ſport and paſtime of th' etherial train.
Yet Him, tho' cloath'd in Human Nature frail,
Our arms and malice but in vain aſſail.
With guileful arts the Youth I oft purſu'd,
Th' attack, tho' vanquiſh'd, ſtill as oft renew'd;
(Not by a fooliſh Ignorance betray'd,
Th' event was certain e'er the Plots were laid)
Vary'd my ſhape, and ev'ry meaſure preſs'd,
To win admittance to his cautious breaſt.
In vain; each art undaunted he defy'd;
Nor on the aid of Arms or Force rely'd;
With choſen maxims drawn from books of old,
My wiles he baffled, and my rage controul'd.
Then hear attentive, while my lips impart
To you, the ſecret counſel of my heart.
He, tho' abhorr'd by thoſe that bear the ſway,
To Salem's tow'ring city bends his way:
The Prieſts incens'd, with ſtudious zeal prepare
Their foe by fraudful cunning to enſnare,

And

Solliciti veterum pro relligione parentum
Ut ferro incautum ſuperent, et funere mulctent:
Quandoquidem ille novos ritus, nova ſacra per urbes
Inſtituit, priſcaſque audet reſcindere leges.
Hìc opibus veſtris opus: en nunc confieri rem
Tempus adeſt: in eum cuncti majoribus illos
Inflammate odiis, et vera, et prava canentes,
Peſtiferumque animis furtim inſpirate venenum,
Ne victi, oblitique iras, corda aſpera ponant;
Sed ſævi magis, atque magis, ſtimuliſque ſubacti
Acribus abſiſtant nunquam, niſi cæde peractâ.
Si verò, ſi quis ſociis ex ipſius unum
Bis ſenis capere, atque dolis pervertere poſſit;
Res confecta, metus penitus ſublatus et omnis.
Præcipitate moras; fluxis ſuccurrite rebus
Nunc tectis opus inſidiis, nunc viribus uſus.

Vix ea fatus: ubique ruentes juſſa faceſſunt
Auctores ſcelerum, portiſque ex omnibus altè
Diverſi rumpunt; tremit abdita murmure tellus.
Incubuere auris: crinitas anguibus alas
Obſcurum per inane movent, terraſque capeſſunt.
Non tam olim denſâ ſublimes nube per auras
Florilegæ glomerantur apes æſtate ſerenâ,
Nubifugo Borea, et madidis ceſſantibus Auſtris;
Si quando exorta eſt inter diſcordia reges,
Sævaque collatis invadunt prælia ſignis.
Væ, quibus inſtiterint terris quibus orbis in oris
Dira cohors! quantas populis feret illa ruinas!

Jamque emenſus iter, multis comitantibus, heros
Vera Dei ſoboles Bethanes mœnibus inſtat.
Cernit ibi mœſtas crinem laniare ſorores,
Munera fraterno tumulo ſuprema ferentes,
Expertem thalami Marthan, atque urbis avitæ
Magdali dictam de nomine Magdalenam.
Progreditur, buſtumque petit; mœſtiſſima Martha,
Hunc ſimul ac vidit, comites, fratriſque ſepulcrum

And plot his death; all aid the common cauſe,
Alarm'd and trembling for their ancient laws;
For he on Men new ſacred rites has laid,
And baniſh'd cuſtoms which their Sires obey'd.
Now is the time your artful ſchemes to lay,
The preſent ſeaſon brooks no dull delay.
Urge cruel Hatred in their breaſt to riſe,
And in each ear infuſe pernicious Lies;
Thro' all their veins th' envenom'd rage inſpire,
Nor let them vanquiſh'd from the work retire;
But more inflam'd in wrath and madneſs grow,
Till in ſucceſsful death they cruſh the foe.
And cou'd, Oh! cou'd ſome Dæmon not in vain
Seduce but one of all his ſocial train;
The work were finiſh'd, and our point we gain.
No longer then the taſk enjoin'd delay
By force to conquer, or by fraud betray.
Scarce had he ceas'd; when in a moment all
Impatient iſſue from th' infernal Hall;
Ruſh thro' the portals of the dark profound,
And ride the winds; Earth trembled at the ſound.
On ſnaky wings they cleave the duſky air,
And fraught with miſchief to this globe repair.
Not bees, while tempeſts huſh'd in ſilence lie,
In ſwarms ſo num'rous wing the vernal ſky;
When two contending kings in war engage,
And the fierce battle glows with mutual rage.
Alas! What havock muſt on earth enſue!
What dreadful ruin from ſo dire a Crew!
But now, a length of way with labour trod,
At Bethany's high walls arrives the God;
There ſees the mournful Siſters rend their hair,
And to their Brother's tomb the laſt ſad honours bear:
Martha, whoſe virgin charms no huſband claim'd,
And Magdalena, from fair Magdal nam'd.
Soon as our bleſſed Lord approach'd in view,
Sad Martha weeping from the Tomb withdrew;

Deſerit, ac multo venienti occurrit honore.
Inſequitur ſoror inde, oculos ambæ imbre madentes,
Fæminiis ambæ plangoribus indulgentes.

Ut te poſt cari germani funera tandem
Accipimus venientem !
ut te ſæpe ille vocabat,
Magne hoſpes, gelidi perfuſus frigore leti!
Atque equidem credo, tunc ſors te ſi qua dediſſet
Nobis, nunc etiam vitales duceret auras.
Nunc quoque (nil quando clari tibi Rector Olympi
Abnuit) haud penitus nobis ſpes omnis adempta eſt.

Talibus orabant : comites ſimul omnia luctu
Miſcebant : mœſtis reſonabant cuncta querelis.

Aſt Heros triſtes dictis ſolatus amicis
Spondet opem, ſuperas rediturum ad luminis auras
Actutum fratrem incolumem, quem faucibus hauſtum
Telluris quarto jam ſol non viderat ortu.
Diditur hæc totam confeſtim fama per urbem,
Quæ cunctis incredibiliſque et mira videtur.
Vicinis populi paſſim de montibus omnes
Concurrunt ſtudio viſendi, atque omnia complent.
Ventum erat ad tumulum : ſtat circumfuſa juventus :
Ipſe autem in medio duplices ad ſidera palmas
Jamdudum tendens, oculoſque immobilis Heros
Orabat, taciteſque Parentem in vota vocabat.
Orantem obſervant taciti, intentique tuentur,
Quid jubeat, quæ ſigna ferat, quo deinde cadat res.
Bis toto color ore abiit ; bis pectore anhelo
Infremuit ; nutuque caput concuſſit honeſtum.
Ecce autem tumuli tremere oſtia viſa repentè.
Omnibus extemplo ſubitâ formidine ſanguis

Di-

In haſte the train of pious Mourners leaves,
And her lov'd Lord with gratitude receives.
Her Siſter follows; loud laments ariſe,
And the big tears guſh copious from their eyes.
Do we at length, illuſtrious Gueſt! ſhe ſaid,
Behold thy Preſence, our dear Brother dead?
How oft he call'd Thee with his lateſt breath,
All cold and ſhiv'ring on the verge of death!
And Oh! I truſt had'ſt Thou, my Lord, been there,
His Soul ev'n now had breath'd this vital air.
Nay (ſince kind Heav'n rejects not thy requeſt)
Ev'n yet ſome comfort dawns within our breaſt.
Thus they; the ſad Attendants mourn'd around;
The vallies echo'd with the plaintive ſound.
The Youth Divine, by kind compaſſion ſway'd,
Vouchſafes the Promiſe of his pow'rful aid;
To free their Brother from death's dark domain,
And ſafe reſtore him to their eyes again:
Tho' o'er his buried Corſe, with orient light
Four Suns had riſen, and four ſunk to Night.
This ſtrange report, as wide it ſpreads along,
Excites th' attention of the wond'ring throng;
Eager to watch th' event, a num'rous train
Pour from the neighbouring hills, and fill the plain.
Now to the Grave they come; the crowds around
Gath'ring in troops on troops, o'erſpread the ground.
Himſelf, as in the midſt He ſtood, his Eyes
Fix'd and unmov'd uplifting to the ſkies,
And both his Hands to Heav'n devoutly ſpread,
In awful ſilence to his Father pray'd.
The crowds behold him fix'd in ſolemn thought,
And all his actions with attention note.
Twice from his cheeks the ſanguine Colour fled,
And twice he groan'd, and bow'd his ſacred Head.
When lo! the heaving ground began to rock,
And the deep Cavern from it's centre ſhook.
A ſudden fear congeal'd their curdling blood,
And down their limbs the clammy moiſture flow'd.

Diriguit, penituſque invaſit pectora frigus;
Cum tandem Deus has effudit ad æthera voces.

Summe Parens, quamvis precibus nil abnuis unquam
Ipſe meis, quæcunque petam; tamen hoc tibi grates
Munere ſemper agam: tua quanta potentia, vidit
Circumfuſa manus, populi videre frequentes.
Vos autem famuli properate, recludite marmor,
Saxum ingens auferte, viroque exolvite vittas.
Nec mora præceptis; patuerunt clauſtra ſepulcri:
Concurſu accedunt magno, attonitique pavore
Inſpectantque, videntque intus deforme cadaver,
Vixque ſibi credunt, nullo cogente moveri.
Nec mora; clamantis ter voce vocatus amici
Erigitur, loquiturque, et cœli veſcitur auris.
Obſtupuere omnes: nec ſat vidiſſe loquentem,
Aut audiſſe ſemel, dum cuncta ex ordine narrat
Conventu in medio, quæ funere paſſus in ipſo eſt:
Quanto anima inſtantis vi leti excluſa dolore,
Terrenoſque diu eluctata reliquerit artus;
Quas facies moriens, quàm obſcœna aſpexerit ora
Terrentûm juxtà furiarum, iraſque, minaſque:
Ut vix ſidereâ volucres miſſi arce miniſtri
Auxilio poſſent avidas inhibere rapinis.
His addit ſcelerum pœnas, ac læta piorum
Præmia, quæve animas miſeras ſubiiſſe neceſſe eſt
Arbitria, æternoſque nigris fornacibus ignes.

His actis, Deus orantis vicina Simonis
Tecta ſubit, quem tota olim lacerum ulcere membra
Eripuit morbo, atque in priſtina reddidit ipſe.
Dum vero menſas grati dignatus amici

Ac-

Then with the weight of human grief oppreſs'd,
Theſe accents iſſu'd from his heav'nly breaſt.
Almighty Father! tho' thy gracious ear
Thou always bendeſt to my fervent pray'r;
Yet for this Pow'r thy goodneſs deigns to ſhow,
My ſoul for ever ſhall her thanks beſtow.
Th' admiring crowds that here aſſembled ſtand,
Have ſeen the wonders of thy potent hand.
And now, ye menial ſervants, haſte he ſaid,
Remove the tomb-ſtone and unbind the dead.
Swift at the word, th' obſervant train obey,
And the wide entrance of the vault diſplay.
Around, impatient numbers eager come,
And bending downwards view the hollow tomb;
There ſee within, yet ſcarce their eyes believe,
The ſhrowded Carcaſe on a ſudden heave:
Till at the pow'rful ſummons of it's Lord,
It breathes, it ſpeaks, to vital air reſtor'd.
Theſe ſtrange events the gaping crowd confound;
Eager to ſee and hear they throng around.
Whilſt he relates the woes to death decreed,
What pangs he ſuffer'd e'er his ſoul was freed;
How from the mortal limbs with pain it paſt,
And fled reluctant, when it fled at laſt.
What hideous forms he ſaw, what ſhapes obſcene;
Infernal furies with terrific mien
So fiercely threat'ning, ſcarce th' angelic bands
His ſoul cou'd reſcue from their harpy hands.
To theſe he adds, what heav'nly joys await
Heroic virtue, in an endleſs ſtate;
And in what torments guilty wretches dwell,
Condemn'd for ever to th' Abyſs of hell.
This done; the God, by kind entreaties preſs'd,
To Simon's roof repairs, a welcome gueſt;
Whom from a loath'd diſeaſe, his pow'rful word
To health and vigour had at once reſtor'd.
Here while our Lord, to ſerve ſome pious end,
Accepts the banquet of his grateful friend,

Accubat, in medio procerum urbis; protinus ecce
Ingreditur formâ insignis cultuque Puella,
Picta peregrinas tunicasque, sinusque crepanti
Argento saturos, atque auro intertexto:
Cui caput implicitum gemmis; it flexile collo
Aurum ingens, mixtis onerosa monilia baccis;
Propexique nitent electro molle capilli,
Nexilibus quos in nodos collegerat hamis:
Aureaque ex humero demissam fibula vestem,
Eois opibus gravidam et Gangetide gaza,
Subnectit: media micat ardens fronte pyropus;
Crebraque consertis pendent redimicula gemmis;
Qualis læta sinus cum tellus veris honorem
Pandit, opesque suas gremio explicat alma virenti:
Hæc olim amissis utrisque parentibus orba
Restitit, et proles in opes successit avitas
Unica, quas pater immensas prædives habebat:
Dumque ætas rudis, una illi super omnia cordi
Relligio fuit, et servandi cura pudoris.
Mox autem, paulatim annis fervente juventâ,
Sensibus illapsa est Veneris malesuada cupido.
Quæ mentem immutans furiis subjecit iniquis.
Ah miseram! abjecto non obstat cura pudori;
Non species, non fama movet; cessit timor omnis,
Relligioque oblita: domo jam nubilis exit;
Jam convivia, jam spectacula læta frequentat,
Vinclaque contemptis rectoribus omnia rumpit;
Ac veluti ratis Ægæo sine remige in alto,
Sublatos simul ac fluctus inflaverit aura,
Nunc huc incerto, deinde illuc fluctuat æstu,
Quo ventique undæque, urgent, spoliata magistro.
Et jam freta opibus prædulces ambit amores
Florentûm juvenum, siquis, spectabilis ore
Egregio, formâque, alios supereminet omnes.

Ergo

Nor on the ſocial couch diſdains to reſt;
Sudden appears an unexpected gueſt;
A lovely Damſel, of engaging air,
Graceful her ſhape, her form divinely fair.
Rich was her dreſs and beauteous to behold,
Of ſilver tiſſue, interwove with gold.
Her head large ſprigs of ſparkling diamonds deck,
And golden chains adorn her iv'ry neck:
With poliſh'd amber ſhone her gloſſy hair,
Bound in a graceful knot, and ſmooth'd with care.
A golden buckle claſps her ſhining veſt,
Charg'd with the treaſures of the gorgeous Eaſt:
A ruby on her forehead blaz'd like fire,
And gems unnumber'd grac'd her rich attire.
Such as when genial ſpring unlocks her ſtores,
And various bounties from her boſom pours.
She, by an early fate her Parents gone,
Of all their fortune was the heir alone.
At firſt to modeſty her infant mind,
And pure Religion's ſacred laws inclin'd;
But as her years encreas'd, unchaſte deſires
Poſſeſs'd her heart, that burn'd with Venus's fires.
Eſtrang'd from virtue which ſhe lov'd before,
The paths of honour ſhe regards no more.
Deaf to Religion's call, the voice of fame,
Of fear regardleſs, and unaw'd by ſhame;
In the full blaze of beauty, from her home
In queſt of lovers ſhe delights to roam:
Sports, banquets charm her unexperienc'd ſoul,
On pleaſure bent, impatient of controul.
Thus the gay ſhip, her tackle torn away,
Toſs'd by fierce tempeſts on th' Egæan ſea,
This way and that inclines, without her guide,
An eaſy conqueſt to the winds and tide.
Now truſting in her wealth ſucceſs to gain,
She courts th' affections of the youthful train;
And him, who foremoſt boaſts unrivall'd charms,
With wily arts ſollicits to her arms.

Ergo læta virum præſtanti corpore poſtquam
Accepit veniſſe, Deum quem fama ferebat;
Nullam paſſa moram, ſtudio correpta videndi
Venerat. Aſt ubi conſpicuos deperdita vultus
Hauſit, et egregiæ divinum frontis honorem,
Divinoſque oculos, ardentis pabula amoris;
Diriguit, penituſque animo ſententia verſa eſt;
Atque aliàs longè concepit pectore flammas.
Ecce autem ſubitò viſæ ſpirantis ab ore
Septem adeò circùm offuſâ caligine, et atrâ
Nube exire faces; veluti cum torris obuſti
Ultima ſurſum flamma fugit, fumumque relinquit.
Hæc, Deus, hæc inquit, capitum fœdiſſima ſeptem,
Correptam miſeræ mentem vexabat, Erinnys.
Tum Maria (hoc illi nomen) mutata, nec illa
Argento quæ illuſa ſinus modo venerat aureos,
Jam capiti crinale aurum, colloque monile
Detrahit, et tunicas ſqualentes exuit auro.
Jamque ſui piget, et curis mordetur honeſtis.
Inde Deum orabat veniam, genibuſque volutans,
(Ut canis ad menſam procumbere ſuetus herilem)
Lambebatque pedes nudos, lacrymiſque rigabat,
Veſte fovens, alios tulerat quam nuper in uſus.
Tum de marmoreis varios deprompſit odores
Theſauris; caſias, et nardi mollis ariſtas,
Aut thuris lacrymam; atque auram fragrantis amomi,
Pronaque permulſit nudas liquido unguine plantas:
Suavis in aëreas diffugit ſpiritus auras.
Cuncta Deus placidâ quæ mente accepit, et illam
Dignatus veniâ, monitis implevit amicis.

Interea circumpoſitis ex urbibus ægrum
Cernere vulgus erat conventu accedere magno;

Multi

Soon as report had newly ſpread abroad
A youth's approach, whom fame pronounc'd a God;
She flies; the truth impatient to enquire,
Eager to gaze, and burning with deſire,
But when his form majeſtic ſhe ſurvey'd,
In awful ſplendor to her view diſplay'd;
His front ſublime; his eyes that ſparkling ſhine;
Bright kindling fuel of her love divine:
At once forſaking all her arts, the dame
In holy rapture glows with other flame.
Lo! from her trembling lips, in open view,
Wrapt in ſurrounding clouds, ſev'n torches flew:
As from a ſmoking fire-brand upward flies
The quiv'ring blaze, and ſhoots into the ſkies.
Behold the fury! ſaid the God; the peſt,
Of ſev'n the foulеſt that inflam'd her breaſt.
At this Maria (ſuch the damſel's name)
From ſin converted, now no more the ſame;
Steals from her head the gaudy dreſs of pride,
And lays each glitt'ring ornament aſide. [ſhame,
Now for her former crimes o'erwhelm'd with
Within her breaſt ſhe feeds a virtuous flame;
Repentant haſtes full pardon to entreat,
And bending down ſubmiſſive at his feet,
(Like ſpaniel, wont beneath the genial board
To fawn in ſuppliant poſture on his lord)
Bathes them in tears; and gently wipes them o'er
With robes, which late for other uſe ſhe wore.
Then with a lib'ral hand, to public view
Rich odours from a golden caſk ſhe drew;
Amomum, caſia, nard with ſpikey ear,
And incenſe, dropping the ſoft balmy tear.
Strait o'er his feet ſhe pour'd the precious gum,
The coſtly ointment breath'd a rich perfume.
The God accepts the gift, her pardon ſeals,
And heav'nly counſel to her mind reveals.
Meanwhile from Juda's cities far and near,
In wretched troops ſad multitudes appear;

To

Multi ibant oculis clauſis, multi auribus orti
Indociles, fandi ignari; quique ægra trahebant
Membra, ferebantur; quoſve exagitabat Erinnys
Captos mente, ſui immemores, Deus ipſe juvabat
Auxilio; validique omnes lætique redibant.

Tandem hinc digrediens Solymorum tendit ad arces:
Hanc fundâſſe, Semes, ſoboles tua dicitur urbem,
Vitiſator pater, exactis ſimul imbribus ingens
Ceſſavit vaſtis ſtagnare paludibus orbis,
Plurimaque immenſi compreſſa licentia ponti:
Tum venere, ſuo bellis qui gente ſubactâ
Urbem appellârunt de nomine Jebuſæi.
Protinus hinc reges, à priſco ſanguis Iüda,
Finitimis late dominam coluere ſubactis.
Hìc templum Solomon, per terras omnibus aris
Everſis, ope barbaricâ rex condidit olim,
Templum, opulentum, ingens, eductam ad ſidera molem.
Huc menſas, araſque ſacras, et ahenea labra
Tranſtulit, et veteris veſtes ac munera templi,
Oſtro perfuſas veſtes, auroque rigentes;
Tum lychnos, lanceſque, cavaſque invexit acerras,
Cymbiaque, et tripodas, fulvoque ex ære lebetas;
Incluſaſque ſacro leges ac fœdera ligno,
Quæ gemina in ſilice omnipotens Pater ipſe notârat
Hìc gentis rex, atque omni cum gente ſacerdos,
Sacra ferens pecudum fundebat rite cruorem:
Victima non alias maculabat ſanguine ſedes.
Undique mos erat huc populos ter adire quotannis;
Et proprios genus Iſacidum inſtaurabat honores:
Ipſe etiam huc Heros crebrò ſe ferre ſolebat.

Jamque

To various maladies by fate conſign'd,
The deaf, the dumb, lame, lunatic, and blind.
All theſe the God with kind compaſſion view'd,
And their diſabled pow'rs at once renew'd;
No more oppreſs'd with various ills they mourn,
But joyous to their native homes return.
At length retir'd from hence, he bends his way
Where Solyma's proud tow'rs in proſpect lay.
This royal city 'twas of old believ'd
By Shem was founded, who his birth receiv'd
From that old patriarch, whoſe induſtrious hand
Firſt planted vineyards on the fertile land:
What time the flood o'er all the world was ceas'd,
And the huge ocean in it's bounds compreſs'd.
Then Jebuſites, a race victorious came,
And on the conquer'd town impos'd a name.
Hence ſcepter'd kings aroſe, from Judah's blood,
Who fierce in arms the neighbouring tribes ſubdu'd.
'Twas here the ſapient king, when wars were o'er,
A ſpacious temple built in times of yore;
The ſtately fabric rear'd it's head on high,
Crown'd with barbaric ſpoils, and brav'd the ſky.
Here ſplendid tables, with wrought gold inlaid,
Altars, and brazen ciſterns he convey'd;
Rich garments, conſecrated gifts of old,
Shining in purple die, and ſtiff with gold.
Here chargers, goblets, lamps the temple grace,
Huge maſſy cauldrons of refulgent braſs;
And in the ſacred ark, with care beſtow'd,
The laws, engraven by the hand of God.
The king, the prieſt, and all the pious race
Of ancient Iſrael, to this holy place
Their wonted off'rings brought; here altars ſtood,
And here the victim pour'd his ſacred blood.
At this accuſtom'd ſeat, thrice ev'ry year,
Th' aſſembled tribes in ſolemn pomp appear,
Their victims offer'd and the banquet ſhar'd;
And hither oft the God himſelf repair'd.

Now

Jamque viis plenis multis cum millibus ibat,
Unde urbis poterant turres atque alta videri
Culmina: læti omnes ramos viridantis olivæ,
Quaſque manu geſtent palmas, à ſtirpe refringunt.
Præcedit peditum latè manus omnis; it ingens
Pone equitum globus: in medio pulcherrimus Heros,
Haud acri provectus equo, phaleriſque ſuperbo,
Eminet; at ſibi pauperiem ut placuiſſe beatam
Admoneat ſocios, Rex quadrupedantis aſelli
Terga premit, vates quondam ut cecinere futurum.
Nudus erat vertex; humeris demiſſa fluebat
Ad talos veſtis, quam feſtinaverat olim
Ipſa parens, pueroque dedit geſtare; nec illa eſt
Ullo attrita uſu, nullâ conſumpta ſenectâ:
Taurea nudatis circumdat tegmina plantis.
Talis iter tendit, recipitque ad mœnia greſſum.

Ante urbem pueri occurrunt, mixtæque puellæ,
Floribus ac variis ornatæ tempora ſertis.
Omnibus in manibus palmæ, omnes carmina læti
Læta canunt, tonſis et inumbrant ora coronis,
Certatimque Dei gaudent placida ora tueri.
Tum demum portis urbem ingrediuntur apertis,
Et propiùs Regem Servatoremque ſalutant,
Prætenduntque manu thyrſos, oleaſque coruſcant
Frondentes: ſuperas ingens it clamor ad auras.

Spargitur hìc rumor ſubito; ac totâ urbe vagatur,
Conſurgunt gentis primi: procul ecce per auras
Pulveream cernunt tolli ſuper æthera nubem,
Ignari penitus rerum, cauſaſque requirunt
Tam ſubiti motûs; quemnam tam multa ſequantur
Millia

Now to the City as he nearer drew,
The glitt'ring Spires refulgent roſe to view.
Torn from the trees with joy the gath'ring bands
Wave high the verdant Olives in their hands.
With ſhouts the foot precede, and in the rear
In crowds triumphant troops of horſe appear.
The beauteous Hero in the midſt was plac'd,
Not on a Steed with ſumptuous trappings grac'd;
But as his meek behaviour was deſign'd,
To teach the Virtues of an humble mind;
And ancient Records this event foreſhow'd,
Borne on an Aſs in lowly ſtate he rode.
Bare and uncover'd was his ſacred head,
Down to his feet the woven mantle ſpread,
Which the fond Virgin gave her darling Boy:
No uſe cou'd foil it, and no time deſtroy.
Faſt on his naked feet with thongs were tied
The leathern ſandals, form'd of coarſeſt hide;
And thus equip'd his onward courſe he ſped,
Where to the city walls the pathway led.
And now, of lovely youths a graceful throng,
With virgins, chanting the triumphal ſong,
To hail his entrance from the gates proceed,
Boughs in their hand, and garlands on their head.
Eager they gaze, majeſtic as he rode,
Charm'd with the blooming features of the God.
At length, the glitt'ring portals op'ning wide,
Mix'd throngs inceſſant pour on ev'ry ſide;
Glad their great King and Saviour to ſurvey,
As thro' the crowded ſtreets he ſweeps his way.
Joyous they wave their verdant boughs on high,
The loud Hoſannas echo to the ſky.
This rumour by the gaping vulgar ſpread,
On wings of lightning thro' the city fled.
The chiefs alarm'd, as from their ſeats they riſe,
See clouds of duſt aſcending to the ſkies;
As yet unconſcious of the ſudden cauſe:
Then aſk what motive in ſuch tumult draws

The

Millia ductorem ; quis tantus clamor ovantum?
Aſt illi, quibus eſt Divi haud incognita fama,
Occurrunt alacres Regi, plauſumque ſequentes
Ingeminant ; quaque ingreditur, paſſim ecce rubenti
Inſternunt oſtro ſola, barbariciſque tapetis,
Intenduntque vias ſertis, et floribus augent.

Vix ingreſſus erat, cùm denſam reſpicit ecce
In bivio turbam, clamoremque auribus haurit
Ingentem, et ſecum admirans veſtigia preſſit.

Vallis erat circùm frondoſis undique ſepta
Collibus : in medio rivis atque imbribus humor
Collectus ſemper ſtabat, laticeſque perennes ;
Quò ſolitæ innuptæ prædivitis urbis aquari,
Et potum pariter pecudes compellere priſci
Paſtores, lymphâque gregem curare ſalubri :
Unde lacum fama eſt olim dixiſſe minores.
Huc concurſus erat certis de more diebus,
Turbaque adibat inops variis exercita morbis.
Namque videbatur, magno quandoque moveri
Cum ſonitu, medio unda lacu ; et perculſa repentè
Sublato ad cœlum ſpumabant cærula fluctu :
Sed vulgo ſubiti quæ motûs cauſa latebat.
Impubes pueri tantùm, innuptæque puellæ
Signa priùs manifeſta dabant, ſeſeque canebant
Cernere pennatum puerum fulgere per auras
Undanti chlamyde, atque auro radiantibus alis,
Delapſumque polo tranquilla impellere utrâque
Stagna manu, lateque viam ſignare cadentem.
Qualis ſtella, Pater ſuperûm quam miſit Olympo
Aut nautis ſignum, aut populis in caſtra coactis,

Præ-

The gath'ring throng? what chief the crowds ſurround,
And why ſuch clamours thro' the ſtreets reſound?
But they, to whom the Godhead's fame was known,
Approach in triumph, and their Monarch own;
Join the loud ſhouts, and where in ſtate he paſs'd,
Low at his feet rich ſhining carpets caſt,
That glitt'ring with refulgent purple glow'd;
And o'er the ſtreets triumphal chaplets ſtrow'd.
Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes beheld
A place, with numbers from all quarters fill'd.
A ceaſeleſs tumult from the crowd aſcends,
He ſtops; admiring what the noiſe portends.
Crown'd with thick trees, a winding valley lay
Retir'd and ſhaded from the ſolar ray;
I'th' midſt, a ſtanding pool; ſupply'd by rills [hills.
That murmuring trickled down the neighbouring
Unmarried nymphs were whilom wont to bring
Freſh urns of water from this limpid ſpring;
And here with drink the ſwains of old ſupply'd
Their flocks, or drench'd them in the cleanſing tide.
From whence in later times, if fame ſay true,
T'was call'd a lake, and ſuch appear'd to view.
On certain days aſſembled here are found
Numbers, whom various maladies ſurround.
For oft the peaceful lake was ſeen to riſe
In foamy billows, bounding to the ſkies.
But from what ſource this ſtrange commotion
Was undiſcover'd by the vulgar throng. [ſprung,
Fair maids alone, and beardleſs youths reveal'd
This wondrous ſecret, from the reſt conceal'd;
That thro' the air, in glitt'ring mantle bright,
A Youth deſcending from th' etherial height,
With both his hands to move the lake was ſeen;
The bubling waters trembled from within:
Swift as he paſs'd, his golden wings diſplay
A radiant gleam of light that gilds his way.
Thus the bright ſtar, from high Olympus ſent,
To fleets, or hoſts encamp'd a dire portent!

Shoots

Præcipitat, flammis longè lateque coruſcis
Scintillans: corda ignaris mortalibus horrent.
Ergo expectabant denſo miſeri agmine circùm
E cœlo ſignum intenti, laticeſque quietos
Servabant oculis, atque omnes auribus auras;
Auditum ad ſignum ſubitò ut ſe primus in undâ
Quiſque daret, ſtagnoque ſonanti immergeret artus.
Quippe erat inde ſalus ſemper, non pluribus, uni,
Qui ſubitò impulſum prior exiliiſſet in æquor.
Sicut ubi vacui tendunt medio æquore campi,
Viribus, et rapido, juvenes, decernere curſu;
Arrexere animos cuncti, ſignumque parati
Expectant; pulſat pavor intus pectora anhelus
Omnibus; atque locum ſpondet ſibi quiſque priorem.

Hos inter, longo detentus brachia morbo,
Brachiaque, et plantas, omnes et inutilis artus,
Jetrus erat; cui quondam, et opes, et avita fuere
Prædia opima: ſed ut juvenili è corpore morbum
Pelleret, heu nimiùm mendaci credidit arti;
Dumque vias omnes, medicæque explorat opis vim,
Pauperiem morbo adjecit miſerandus iniquam,
Oſſibus ad vivum qui jam perſederat imis.
Jamque ferè demum in luctu quater egerat annum
Innumeris circumventus morbiſque, fameque:
Quem poſtquam adſpexit propriùs ſtellantis Olympi
Rege ſatus, ſic eſt ultrò placido ore locutus:

Infelix, quæ te ſegnis mora detinet unum
Servantem has fruſtra ripas, et triſtibus undam
Præſentem morbis; alii cùm ſcilicet omnes
Protinus hinc abeant læti, oblitique laborum
Accipiant ſolitas reparato in corpore vires?

Ille ſub hæc; largoque genas ſimul imbre rigabat.
Non hoc crimen aquæ, non vis mihi fontis iniqua eſt:
Verum ego dum motum opperior ſalientis aquaï,

Shoots thro' the Ether, in a trail of light,
While trembling mortals gaze with wild affright.
Here from all parts conven'd, a wretched band
To wait the ſignal with attention ſtand;
With keen impatience eye the lake profound,
And anxious liſten to the paſſing ſound:
Each rais'd in eager hopes, the ſign apply'd,
Before the reſt to plunge into the tide.
For not to all the lake freſh vigour gave,
But him, who foremoſt touch'd the trembling wave.
As when, where fields their ſpacious bounds extend,
In ſtrength and ſwiftneſs rival youths contend;
Hopes of ſucceſs their daring minds elate,
Eager they ſtand, and for the ſignal wait;
Fear ſtrikes their panting breaſts; intent each eyes
The diſtant goal, and wins in thought the prize.
Cloſe by the bank, amidſt the crowd, was laid,
His limbs by long diſeaſe all uſeleſs made,
Jetrus; who once was bleſs'd with wide command
O'er flocks of cattle, and paternal land;
But from his limbs to drive the latent ill,
Too much had truſted to fallacious ſkill.
For while, with hopes deluſive, he explores
Each art ſalubrious of the healing pow'rs;
No ſkill alas! cou'd make his torment leſs,
And meager want ſtill doubled the diſtreſs.
Near forty years thus wretched had he laid,
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs, and to ills betray'd;
When in a lucky hour, approaching nigh,
Thus ſpoke the Offspring of th' etherial ſky.
Unhappy Man! What cauſes here detain
Thy footſteps, ling'ring on theſe banks in vain?
Behold, what numbers have their way purſu'd,
With health recover'd, and with ſtrength renew'd!
To this with groans the feeble wretch replies,
The chryſtal tears faſt ſtreaming from his eyes:
Hard is my lot; yet far from me to blame
The ſov'reign virtues of this wond'rous ſtream.

Præcipites dant ſaltu alii ſe in ſtagna priores
Ad ſonitum: invalidis nequeo ipſe inſiſtere plantis;
Nec me tunc opis externæ dignatur egentem
In ſtagno quiſquam ante alios merſare ſalubri.

Talia narrantem placido Deus ore tuetur,
Atque ait: ipſe tuis pedibus ſubſiſte; valenſque
Carpe viam: nec cuncta undis debere neceſſe eſt.
Vix ea, cùm ſubitò cernentibus omnibus ecce
Erigitur, ſtratumque humeris, mirabile viſu,
Ipſe ſuis referens pedes omnes paſſibus æquat;
Atque ſuo ſolidæ reſpondent robore vires.
Sicut ubi in ſylvis dum ramos colligit, anguem
Frigore ſopitum paſtor, brumâque rigentem,
Frondibus implicuit, admovitque inſcius igni:
Nulla mora eſt, propriùs flammas vix pertulit, et jam
Attollitque caput, jamque ignea lumina torquet,
Perque domum ſerpens micat arduus ore trilingui.

Parte aliâ ante fores templi, mediâque miniſtri
Ingenti ſtrepitu teſtudine dona ſedentes
Vendebant, quæ plebs æratæ imponeret aræ,
Lanigeras pecudes, tauroſque, pareſque columbas,
Voti ut quiſque reus, rerumque ut copia cuique.
Quos ſimul atque Heros ingreſſus vidit, et omnem
Diſcurſu et clamore locum reſonare prophano,
Haud tulit, et verbis graviter commotus acerbis
Reppulit, intortum vibrans per terga flagellum,
Verberaque inſonuit, ſacroque à limine abegit.
Qualis ubi Arctoïs Boreas erupit ab antris,
Aëreos rapido perverrens turbine campos,
It cœlo ferus, et piceas toto æthere nubes
Inſequitur: dant victa locum, et cava nubila cedunt.

Sacra Deo domus hæc, inquit, hæc numinis ædes:
Vos

But whilſt in fix'd attention, with the reſt,
I wait the motion on the waves impreſs'd;
Others, all needful ſtrength to me deny'd,
Foremoſt deſcend into the healing tide.
And in this envy'd lake no friend will deign
To plunge me, ſuing for relief in vain.
Thus while he ſpoke, on him the pitying God
Kind looks of tend'reſt ſympathy beſtow'd;
And, riſe, he cry'd; in health thy way purſue;
Not ev'ry virtue to the ſtream is due.
Scarce were theſe words pronounc'd, when up he [ſprung
Firm on his feet before the gazing throng;
Then bore aloft his couch, unuſual load,
Vig'rous in ſtrength, and mingled with the crowd.
So when ſome Shepherd from the thorney brake,
'Midſt gather'd leaves enwraps a frozen ſnake,
And on the living embers throws unſeen;
Soon as he feels th' enliv'ning warmth within,
His eyes glow fiery red, he glides along,
Rears his high creſt, and darts his forkey tongue.
Amidſt the court, before the ſpacious gate,
Tumultuous crowds in throng'd aſſemblage ſate;
To ſell ſuch off'rings, as the pious race
Were wont on altars, by their law, to place:
Each, bulls, or lambs, or turtle doves beſtow'd,
In juſt proportion to the debt they ow'd.
Whom when our Lord beheld in ranks around,
And heard the place with impious noiſe reſound;
Inflam'd with zeal, he ſnatch'd a twiſted thong,
And o'er the ſhoulders of this rebel throng
Clanks the tough laſh; the ſacrilegious crew
Aſham'd, and wounded from the court withdrew.
So Boreas burſting from his northern bound,
Rides thro' the fields of air in whirlwind ſound;
Drives the big clouds with unreſiſted force,
The clouds fly vanquiſh'd, nor obſtruct his courſe.
This houſe, the ſeat of holy rites, he cries,
Is ſacred to the God who rules the ſkies;

Vos autem verſam indignos ſcelerâſtis in uſus.
Sanguine reſperſum eſt aras, animâque litatum
Hactenus antiquis conceſſo more ſacrorum:
Indultum ſatis, atque ovium jam cædis abunde eſt.
Nunc Pater omnipotens pecudum volucrumque cruori
Parcere vos poſthac jubet, ac fumantibus extis.
Vos diverſa manent mutatis orgia ſacris:
Diſcite juſtitiam tantùm, purâque litate
Mente, Deumque piis precibus placate volentem:
Hi veſtri ritus, ea deinde piacula ſunto.

Sic ait, et ſupplex demiſſo poplite ad aram
Cernuus arcanâ prece Patris numen adorat.

Jamque ſacerdotum primis exarſerat ingens
Triſti in corde dolor, flammæque iræque coquebant.
Nec novus hìc primùm furor, hæc odia aſpera ſurgunt:
Antiquæ irarum cauſæ, antiquique dolores
Haudquaquam exciderant animis, fixique manebant.
Non tamen hìc auſi ſunt illum ſurgere contra;
Sed veriti ultricem plebem, turbamque ſequentûm,
Exceſſere adytis, nequicquam indigna minati.
Quales nocte lupi ſtabulis cùm forte recluſis
Appetiere gregem; verùm cuſtodia pernox
Obſtitit, et canibus vocalibus inde revulſit:
Olli (dira fames ſtimulis agit intus) abacti
Cedunt, et montes nequicquam ululatibus implent.

Dum verò affatur Genitorem Divus ad aram,
Mirantes ſocii templum per ſingula luſtrant,
Suſpectu molem vaſto, artificumque laborem,
Cautibus excîſas centum, centum ære columnas,
Omnes è ſolido, omnes altis montibus æquas,
Tignaque, et æterna ex cedro laquearia, ahenoque
Æratas porrò ſtridentes cardine portas,
Sectilibuſque minutatim ſola lævia ſaxis:
Tum puro ex auro poſtes, menſaſque metallo

But ye, by frantic ſuperſtition blind,
Have madly turn'd it from the uſe deſign'd.
With ſacrifice your altars long have groan'd,
And daily off'rings for your ſins aton'd;
Such the religious rites by law decreed:
But now no longer muſt the Victim bleed.
The lives of beaſts th' Almighty bids you ſpare,
And on new ſacred acts employ your care.
Henceforth be juſtice your ſupreme delight,
Revere the laws of equity and right;
With pious pray'rs the Deity appeaſe;
Theſe be your holy rites, your daily cuſtoms theſe.
He ſaid, and at the Altar bending down,
Addreſs'd his ſecret pray'r to great Jehovah's throne.
But vengeful thoughts amidſt the Prieſts ariſe,
Flame in their breaſt, and ſparkle in their eyes.
Nor do they now firſt feel the raging ſmart,
Keen griefs of old lay rankling in their heart:
But aw'd by fear all violence they forbear,
And idly threat'ning from the ſhrines repair.
So prowling Wolves, when night extends her ſhade,
The folds unpenn'd, defenceleſs flocks invade;
Yet from the ſpoil by clam'rous dogs debarr'd,
And faithful courage of the truſty guard;
Tho' urg'd by hunger, quit th' untaſted food,
And ſavage howlings fill each neighbouring wood.
While now the God adores his heav'nly Sire,
His friends the Temple's ſpacious bulk admire,
With pleas'd regard ſurveying ev'ry part,
The rich materials and the builder's art.
Here they behold an hundred columns riſe,
Of ſolid marble, each a rock in ſize;
Rafters and beams in curious order laid,
And ſplendid roofs of laſting cedar made;
On brazen hinges huge enormous doors,
And the ſmooth poliſh of the marble floors.
Here rows of pillars, beauteous to behold,
With maſſy tables, of unſully'd gold;

E ſimili, et fixos alta ad donaria currus.
Diſtinctos ebeno, et candenti elephanto.

Quæ dum cuncta legunt, perfectis ordine votis,
Improviſus adeſt, tacituſque ſupervenit Heros,
Atque ait: hæc moles, adeò hæc immania templa,
Protinus ut vento radicitus eruta pinus,
Verſa repentè dabunt labem, ingentemque ruinam;
Et tibi digna tuis, Solyma, inſtant præmia factis;
Quæ vates ad te miſſos divinitùs auſa es
Tot ferro petere, aut duris detrudere ſaxis.
Ipſe tuo quoties, præſens ut vera monerem,
Tentavi cives incaſſum cogere in unum;
Ceu criſtata ſuos diſperſa examina fœtus
Singultu volucris vocat, et plaudentibus alis!
Ferro exciſa cades: jamjam labentia regna
Protinus arma ruent tua, vindexque hauriet ignis,
Et paſſim hæc largo ſudabit ſanguine tellus.
Nonne vides, jam ut nunc res procubet inclinata?
Et tibi jam votis non proſit nectere vota?
Longè alias Pater omnipotens ſacra tranſtulit oras;
Longè aliâ vult ipſe coli et placarier urbe:
Atque adeò hic altè depactus terminus eſto.

Sic fatus, monſtrat miras in marmore formas,
Argumentum ingens, ſenûm monimenta dierum,
Magna quibus magni compacta eſt machina mundi;
Et veterum eventus, et priſca ex ordine avorum
Facta, haud humanis opus enarrabile verbis.
Non illic hominum effigies, ſimulacrave divûm,
Arcanis ſed cuncta notis ſigniſque notavit
Obſcuris manus artificis, non hactenus ulli
Cognita;

There chariots, o'er the altars fix'd on high,
Of poliſh'd ebon wrought and ſhining ivory.
While thus his friends, perform'd each ſacred rite,
Gaze o'er the work with wonder and delight,
The Chief appears; and lo! this pile, he cries,
This lofty temple of ſtupendous ſize,
Like a tall pine, which angry winds uprend,
Shall ſoon in total deſolation end.
Thy crimes, O Solyma! for vengeance call,
And inſtant ruin threats thy tott'ring wall;
Who did'ſt the warnings of kind Heav'n withſtand,
And 'gainſt the Prophets lift thy murd'rous hand.
How oft, ſuch fatal madneſs to reſtrain,
With tender zeal I ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain,
To peaceful union all thy Tribes to bring;
As anxious birds beneath the foſt'ring wing,
Invite their helpleſs off-ſpring to repair,
And fondly brood them with a parent's care!
Alas! devoted to the ſword and fire,
Soon ſhall theſe envy'd glories all expire;
Deſtructive arms thy empire ſhall o'erthrow,
And ſtreams of blood thro' ſad Judæa flow.
Do'ſt thou not ſee, ev'n now thy ſtate declines,
And vows avail not at yon' holy ſhrines.
This ſacred worſhip, by divine command,
At length is deſtin'd to another land;
In foreign coaſts ſhall pious pray'rs aſcend;
Here let the holy Rites, and ſolemn Cov'nant end.
He ſaid, and to their wond'ring eyes diſplay'd
Rich figures, on the marble dome pourtray'd;
Where wrought by Artiſts with reſemblance true,
A ſix days work, Creation roſe to view.
Here on the ſpacious ſculptur'd wall appears
Each deed illuſtrious, thro' ſucceſſive years,
Of Patriarch Chiefs, engrav'd with myſtic Art;
No human language cou'd the ſenſe impart.
No forms of men or gods the ſpaces fill,
But in obſcurer types the workmen's ſkill,

Cognita; non potuere ipſi deprendere vates.

Hìc ſuperum Sator informem ſpeculatus acervum,
Æternam noctemque, indigeſtumque profundum;
Prima videbatur moliri exordia rerum,
Ipſe micans radiis, ac multâ luce coruſcus.
Jamque videbatur fulvâ de nube creare
Stelligeri convexa poli, terraſque, fretumque,
Et lucem ſimul undivagam; mox unde micantes
Et ſolis radios, et cœli accenderet ignes.
Ipſi jam denſo crepitare examine circum
Auctoremque, ducemque ſuum, plauſuque ſonare
Aligeri fratres ſupera arce volatile vulgus,
Lucis opus primæ: necdum tamen æthera ab imis
Flammiferum terris, terras diſcreverat undis;
Sed tantùm confuſa jacebant ſemina rerum.
Nec mora; vix cœli extuderat ſeptemplicis orbem,
Ordine cui vario rutilos affigeret ignes;
Et jam cuncta novam incipiebant ſumere formam
Paulatim, cœlumque ſuâ compage teneri.

Cernere erat, ſiccâ in medio jam mole relictâ,
Littoribus curvis circum maria humida fundi,
Illiſoſque vadis ſpumare ad ſidera fluctus.
Nondum pontivagæ curvabant ampla carinæ
Carbaſa, nec liquido lentari in marmore remi;
Lata ſed innocui verrebant æquora Cauri.
Ecce autem, jam fagiferi capita ardua montes
Attollunt, infraque jacent humiles convalles.
Continuò tellus ſummittens Dædala germen
Flore renideſcit, et frondes explicat arbos.
Jam videas viridi veſtiri gramine campos;

Jam

The whole had ſhadow'd with ſuch ſtudious care,
Not ev'n the Prophets cou'd the work declare.

Here Heav'n's dread Sire, in radiant luſtre bright,
Surveying Chaos and eternal Night,
Seem'd from thoſe rude and indigeſted ſprings,
To draw the ſeeds and principles of things.
Here from a golden cloud he call'd to birth,
Heav'n's ſtarry Convex, Ocean, Air, and Earth,
And Light wide-circling; whoſe prolific blaze
Kindled the genial Stars, and ſolar Rays.

Here, on light wing, the Brethren of the ſky,
Around their Lord with ſhouts triumphant fly,
Who on the firſt bright morning roſe to birth;
Nor yet had Ether from the groſſer earth,
Nor earth from ambient ocean burſt it's way;
But nature's ſeeds in wild diſorder lay.
Scarce had he form'd the ſev'n-fold Orb on high,
And Stars that glitter thro' the ſpangled ſky;
When various things by juſt degrees put on
A diff'rent ſhape, and order not their own:
At length the glorious Firmament diſplay'd
It's ample bulk, compact and ſolid made.

Th' emergent Earth ſcarce dry'd, you might behold
Around the ſhores the ſpacious Ocean roll'd;
Daſh'd on the rocks the fretful waters riſe,
And mount in foamy billows to the ſkies.
Nor yet were painted veſſels ſeen to ride
With ſails expanded o'er the boundleſs tide;
Nor bending oars yet vex'd the ruffled ſea,
But gentle Zephyrs on the ſurface play.
See! tufted mountains lift their heads on high,
While far beneath the lowly vallies lie.
Here Earth, impregnated with various ſtores,
A boundleſs treaſure from it's boſom pours;
The trees unfold their leaves, freſh flow'rs appear,
And the gay fields their verdant liv'ries wear.

Jam colles denſis frondere cacumina ſylvis,
Illicibuſque, oleiſque, et coniferis cypariſſis.

Nec mora; cæruleo flammis duo lumina cœlo
Incipiunt teneris primùm luceſcere rebus;
Et ſibi, ceu mundi vigiles, ſtatione viciſſim
Succedunt, certoque ſuum dant fœdere lumen.
Nam lucis fons dimenſum ſol ambit Olympum
Ipſe die, terraſque novo ſplendore colorat.
Nocte ſuas vultu pallenti ſervat in umbris
Luna vices, fundens auratis cornibus ignem:
Luçidaque exornant nocturnis æthera gemmis
Sidera, perpetuo circumlabentia motu.

Tum bifidis paſſim verrebant marmora caudis
Squamigerûm mutæ pecudes, pelagoque natabant.
At pictæ volucres librare per aëra pennis
Corpora, et inter ſe curvis decernere roſtris.

Nec procul hinc errant latos armenta per agros,
Lanigerique greges perſultant pabula læta.
Jam latebras videas meditari dira ferarum
Semina, jam longos per humum reptare chelydros.
Deſuper hortari clarâ de nube putares
Cœlicolûm Regem, lætaſque expromere voces,
Creſcite, propagate genus, mea ſemina, veſtrum,
Seclaque perpetuis generatim jungite ſeclis.

Tandem nudus homo emicuit tellure creatus;
Quem ſuperûm Sator affarique, et dicere leges
Ore videbatur coràm, ac præponere regnis,
Qui terras immortalis ditione teneret,
Manſiſſet dictis, ſervâſſet fœdera pacta.

At campum arboribus juxtà ac viridantibus herbis
Lucentem aſpicias, ſtellantia floribus arva,
Poma ubi cæruleo multùm vigilata dracone:

In

With waving woods the tow'ring hills are crown'd,
Here Olives, Pines, and Cypreſſes abound,
And oaks, extending their broad ſhades around.

Now e'er the work divine compleat is made,
Behold two lights in glitt'ring form array'd!
Which, like the World's great Satellites, maintain
Alternate watch, thro' heav'n's unmeaſur'd plain;
The ſun o'er high Olympus guides the day,
Fair earth enliv'ning with his vivid ray;
The moon with paler luſtre governs night,
And from her golden creſcent pours the light;
While heav'n's high arch unnumber'd planets grace,
In circuit dancing thro' th' etherial ſpace.

Here fiſh with forkey tails the waves divide,
And ſportive wanton in the rolling tide;
There birds on pinions poize their weight in air,
And with their crooked beaks commence the war.

Not far from hence large grazing herds are ſeen,
And flocks of cattle bounding o'er the green;
Wild beaſts, that fearful to their coverts make,
And ſerpents gliding thro' the thorney brake.
You ſeem heav'n's gracious Sov'reign to behold
This ſentence utt'ring from a cloud of gold;
„ My ſeed, encreaſe and multiply your race,
„ And fill with riſing births time's ample ſpace.

In naked majeſty now roſe to birth
Man, the great lord and ruler of the earth.
Whom heav'n's dread Monarch ſeem'd with words
And in his boſom ſacred laws impreſs; [t'addreſs,
Yielding this lower world to his command,
With wide dominion o'er the ſea and land;
That long on earth immortal he might reign,
Shou'd he the righteous covenant maintain.

Near this a fertil field you might ſurvey,
With glitt'ring flow'rs and verdant herbage gay;
Where from acceſs the fruit was ſafe debarr'd,
Kept by the wily dragon's wakeful guard.

Full

In medio fons perſpicuis argenteus undis,
Quatuor adverſis volvens regionibus amnes,
Qui terræ gremio infuſi latè arva rigarent.

Atque hìc cernere erat maleſuadi fraude draconis
Deceptum juvenem vetitos ex arbore fœtus
Guſtare, edicti immemorem, legiſque ſeveræ.
Et jam (vix pomum infelix admoverat ori)
Pænituiſſe putes ſe frondibus involventem,
Nec jam cælituum regis gravia ora ferentem.
Namque videbatur, fulvæ inter vellera nubis,
Horribili ſuper impendens mortalibus ore
Dura redarguere, et ſævas indicere pœnas
Pro meritis, quas ille olim, quas omnis ab illo
Progenies lueret lucis ventura ſub auras.

Interea Conjux, quæ, capta libidine dirâ,
Jura prior, legeſque datas, ac fœdera, ſolvit,
Infelix fruticum fruſtra per denſa latebat.
At victor, factuſque potens jam fraudis, ahenâ
Effulget ſquamâ, teretique volumine ſerpens
Ter ſuperans ſtirpem, ſpiriſque ingentibus ambit
Tortilis, et motis inſultat deſuper alis,
Virgineo irridens deceptos improbus ore.

Nec procul hinc ideo videas latè infera circùm
Regna, ſubobſcuras ſedes, lucemque malignam
Solis, ubi caſti manes, animæque piorum,
Sedibus excluſæ quondam debentis Olympi,
Unius ob ſcelus, expectabant ordine longo.
Stabant hìc cani proceres, vittataque vatum
Agmina, tendebantque manus ad ſidera paſſas;
Quos omnes humeris pater altè extantibus Abras,
Amplificam pandens chlamydem, protentaque latè
Brachia ſubnixus, dextrâ lævâque tegebat.

Orantes

Full in the midſt, a ſilver fountain flow'd,
Which to four diff'rent ſtreams it's wealth beſtow'd;
Whoſe waters thro' as many regions glide,
The plains refreſhing with a bounteous tide.
Here by the cunning ſerpent's fraudful art,
You ſee th' unwary youth too ſoon depart
From God's ſtrict laws; and of the fatal tree
Taſte freely, careleſs of divine decree.
When lo! (the fruit ſcarce to his lips apply'd)
He ſtrives repentant with broad leaves to hide
His guilty ſhame; nor can he longer bear
His judge's awful frown, and brow ſevere.
Whom, bending from a radiant cloud of gold,
Incens'd with ſudden wrath, you might behold
This firſt rebellious crime expoſe to view,
And the juſt recompence to treaſon due;
Which he henceforth, and all mankind muſt ſhare,
That draw from him this vital breath of air.
Meanwhile his conſort, who by paſſion ſway'd,
Heav'n's righteous laws had raſhly diſobey'd,
In vain lay ambuſh'd in the ſecret ſhade.
But ſee! the ſerpent, glorying in his deed,
And proud his guileful malice ſhou'd ſucceed,
Gliſters with burniſh'd ſcales; and round the tree
Curling his ſpiry folds, with conſcious glee,
Beneath the features of a virgin fair
With cruel inſult mocks the wretched pair.
Not diſtant far appear'd th' infernal ſeats,
Shaded from ſolar beams, obſcure retreats;
Where the pure ſouls of pious ſaints, alone
Debarr'd Olympus for the crime of one,
Impatient ſtand, diſpos'd in long array;
And ardent linger for the dawning day.
Here hoary Sires, adorn'd with holy bands,
Spread to the ſkies their unavailing hands;
All theſe, his ample veſt unfolding wide,
The Father of the faithful ſtrives to hide
From heav'n's dread wrath, and guards on ev'ry ſide.

You

Orantes illos credas, ſuperûmque Parentem
Supplicibus dictis affari, parceret iræ,
Parceret unius noxa omnes perdere gentes.

Subſtitit hìc imo ſuſpirans pectore Divus,
Atque ait. En noſtrum depoſcunt iſta laborem:
In me nulla mora eſt; ego tantæ debitus iræ
Morte meâ eripiam hos tenebris, et clauſtra refringam.
Quin ea, quæ ſubitò paucis deprenſa ſequuntur,
Sublegite infandum mihi portendentia letum.

Omnibus hìc pauci extinctis mortalibus ibant
Incluſi ligno ſummas impune per undas.
Ingens lativago fluitabat machina ponto;
Et vix extabant immani corpore montes;
Quos procul abruptus colliſis nubibus ignis
Ingeminans creber cœlo rutilante petebat.

Hìc natum ſenior nudo Iſacon enſe petebat,
Infelix pater, exequitur dum triſtia juſſa.
Aſpiceres illum toto jam corpore niti
Dextram attollentem: nondum reſpexerat; et jam
Nuncius ecce aderat cœli demiſſus ab arce,
Juſſa ferens primis contraria: victima juxtà
Paſcebat, pueri ignari pro cæde parata,
Candidus et villis aries argenteus albis.

Hinc fratrem inviſum narrata ob ſomnia fratres
Vendebant, miſero mentiti dira parenti
Funera, diſcerptumque feris: pater ipſe cruentam
Verſabat nati tunicam, lacrymiſque rigabat.

Hìc etiam, Phariis dum cives ducit ab oris,
Poſt longa exilia in patriam, promiſſaque regna,
Legifer auxiliis fretus cœleſtibus heros;
Orta lues populum errantem miſeranda repentè
Ser-

You ſee them ſtand engag'd in ſolemn pray'r,
Imploring heav'n with tears mankind to ſpare;
Nor leave it's offspring ruin'd and undone,
To death devoted for the guilt of one.
Pauſing awhile, the God his ſtep ſuppreſs'd,
And deeply ſighing, from his lab'ring breaſt;
Theſe ſcenes demand my deſtin'd toil, he ſaid,
Nor ſhall the gracious work be long delay'd;
My death ſhall ranſom from the ſhades of night
Theſe ſuff'ring manes, and reſtore to light.
Now mark what follows on the wall, and ſee
Each vary'd type portending death to Me.
A choſen few, the race of mortals drown'd;
Here ſail'd in ſafety o'er the vaſt profound;
Thro' ſhoreleſs ſeas th' enormous veſſel ſteer'd;
And now the mountains ſcarce their ſummits rear'd,
When o'er their lofty heads the lightning flies,
And frequent flaſhes burſt from angry ſkies. [t'obey,
Here the ſad Sire, heav'n's harſh commands
With ruthleſs ſword prepares his ſon to ſlay.
Behold him ſtand oppreſs'd with ſilent woe,
His hand juſt rais'd to ſtrike the fatal blow;
When from the skies a winged angel bears
A diff'rent mandate to his joyful ears.
A fleecy ram, that near the mountain fed,
Well pleas'd he ſeizes in his offspring's ſtead.
For boding viſions to his brethren told,
Old Iſrael's ſons their hapleſs brother ſold;
Yet other ſtory to their father feign'd,
And ſhow'd his well-known coat with blood diſtain'd.
The tale with grief th' unhappy parent hears,
And o'er the garment pours a flood of tears.
Obſerve where Moſes leads his favour'd hoſt,
Worn with long exile, from th' Egyptian coaſt,
To Canaan's fertil bounds; that lovely land,
To Iſrael deſtin'd by divine command.
While thro' the lonely wilderneſs they ſtray'd,
A loath'd diſorder on their vitals prey'd;

Stung

Serpentum afflatu leto dabat, atque jacebant
Corpora tabifico paſſim morientia morſu.
Dux verò in medio campi ſuſpendit ahenum
Ingenti è malo colubrum, ſtratoſque jubebat
Dirigere huc aciem intentos, lignumque tueri,
Quæ miſeris erat haud dubiæ via ſola ſalutis.

Parte aliâ, roſtro terebrans ſibi viſcera acuto,
Fæta avis implumes paſcebat vulnere natos:
Stant olli circùm materno ſanguine læti,
Et pectus certatim omnes rimantur apertum.

His animadverſis, portis bipatentibus ibat
Multa putans, necdum gradibus deſcenderat Heros
Omnibus: et, magno jam longè urgente tumultu,
Ecce trahebatur, paſſis per terga capillis,
Pallida longævi conjux Suſanna Manaſſei;
Cui pater egregiam formâ, et florentibus annis,
Haud placidis tædis invitam ægramque jugârat.
Namque fidem ob thalami fœdatam ad juſta vocabant
Supplicia, ingenti juvenum ſpectante catervâ.
Et jam ſaxa manu pueri vulguſque tenebant.
Ipſe ſed antevolans prohibebat tela ſacerdos,
Donec porticibus Chriſtum conſpexit in amplis;
Ad quem ubi conceſſit, miſeramque ad limina traxit,
Ingreſſus verſare dolos, hæc prodidit, inquit,
Conjugium, thalamique fidem deprenſa fefellit.
Sontem jura neci tali pro crimine dedi
Noſtra jubent duris (ſed quæ inclementia!) ſaxis.
Teque ideo, vatum interpres mitiſſime, adimus;
Et tua quænam ſit ſententia quærimus omnes.

Dixerat, atque animo jam ſpes paſcebat inanes,
His captum implicitumque putans ſermonibus
Præcluſos abitus, non effugia ulla relicta: [hoſtem,

Illam

Stung by th' envenom'd ſerpent's deadly wound,
Their bloated bodies ſtrow the waſteful ground.
But Moſes hangs a brazen ſerpent high,
And bids the wounded here direct their eye;
With joy this emblematic croſs ſurvey,
Which to their ſafety points the certain way.
Near this, the bird whoſe mangled boſom bleeds,
With her own wound her callow offspring feeds;
Around they ſtand, impatient for her blood,
And from her painful bowels tear their food.
Scarce had our Lord with skill divine explain'd,
Theſe myſtic figures on the walls contain'd,
And thro the gates in thoughtful muſing paſs'd
Down the ſmooth marble ſteps, nor reach'd the laſt;
When lo! with hair diſhevell'd drag'd along,
'Midſt noiſe and inſult by a rabble throng,
The fair Suſanna, old Manaſſeh's wife!
To whom in early bloom and pride of life,
Submitting to a parent's harſh command,
The nymph had yielded her unwilling hand.
And now to public juſtice was ſhe led,
For foul pollution of the nuptial bed:
The crowds ſtood ready with uplifted hands,
Her crime to puniſh, as the law commands.
But when the prieſt our bleſſed Lord beheld
Within the porch, their furious zeal he quell'd.
Then ſtrait with baſe diſſimulation came,
And yielding to his hands the captive dame;
This wretch, he cry'd, her honour has betray'd,
The faith ſhe plighted and the vows ſhe made.
Our law, we know (but who ſuch thoughts can bear?)
Condemns th' offender to a death ſevere.
To thee, O mild interpreter, we come,
To ſeal her pardon or pronounce the doom.
He ſaid, and pleas'd with his inſidious art,
Conceives a ſecret Triumph in his heart;
Deeming the foe, by ſpecious guile enſnar'd,
From ev'ry hope and ſubterfuge debarr'd.

Illam quippe neci ſi ſolveret interceptam
Miti animo miſeratus, eum turba omnis in ipſum
Saxaque, et ultrices raptim converterat iras,
Quòd ſanctas gentis leges everteret illex;
Si verò ad pœnam juſſet pro crimine duci,
Seſe odiis vulgi objiceret crudelis acerbis.
Hæc agitans jam victorem ſe mente ferebat,
Pectore lætitiâ multùm tumefactus inani.
Ac veluti in ſomnis olim ſibi viſus arator,
Dum terræ attrito ſuſpendit vomere terga,
Auri ingens pondus campo effodiſſe ſubacto,
Gaudia vana fovet: cernet ſomno ille relictus
Pauperiem, duros et adhuc ſibi adeſſe labores,
Somnia fortunamque animo execratus inanem.
Ipſe viam Deus inveniet (fallacia numen
Nulla humana valet contra) quâ legibus illi
Parceret illæſis: nempe, ut defixa tenebat
Ora ſolo, tandem attollens, turbamque paratam
Aſpectans, ait: haud dubium, quin crimine letum
Sit merita; id priſci quondam ſanxere parentes.
Ergo agite ô veſtrûm quicunque eſt criminis expers,
Saxa manu primus rapiat, feriatque merentem.
Ecquis erit tanto è numero, qui vulnera primâ
Dirigat, et ſceleris purum ſe proferat ultro?
Sic memorans omnes ſervabat lumine pronus
Obliquo, horrendumque tuens, illumque paratus
Inſcripſiſſe ſolo, cui mens interrita nullum
Eſſet ob admiſſum fædè, ſecuraque culpæ.
Stabat conſpectu in medio tremebunda puella,
Jam ſuffuſa oculos mortis nigrore propinquæ,
Et poſitis terram genibus ſubmiſſa petebat;

Non

For ſhou'd he, pitying her unhappy caſe,
The guilty dame from puniſhment releaſe;
On his own head the vengeance he wou'd draw,
As one, regardleſs of the nation's law:
But if with rigour her offence purſue,
He'd wake reſentment in the vulgar crew.
At this, fond hopes within his breaſt ariſe,
And joy deluſive ſparkles in his eyes.
So when by fancy's mimic ſhape betray'd,
Some ruſtic, ſlumb'ring in the midnight ſhade,
Dreams that his plow-ſhare winding thro' the mould,
By lucky chance upturns ſome hoarded gold;
Unuſual tranſports in his boſom riſe:
But when the fond illuſive viſion flies,
He wakes to wonted poverty again,
And curſes fortune and his dreams in vain.
Alas! can human cunning hope to lie,
Veil'd from the reach of Heav'n's all-ſearching eye?
The God with eaſe will ſcape the deep-laid ſnare,
Obſerve the edict, yet releaſe the fair.
Pauſing awhile in ſilent thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fixt upon the ground.
At length ſurveying where theſe Zealots ſtood,
Inflam'd with rage, and thirſting for her blood;
Doubtleſs the dame deſerves her fate, he cries,
Our Sires approv'd it and by law ſhe dies.
Then ſtrait let him who knows no guilty deed,
Snatch the firſt ſtone and give the death decreed.
Prove now from all this crowd, what man is he,
Whoſe blameleſs conſcience from offence is free.
He ſaid, and view'd oblique the circle round;
In ſolemn ſilence ſtooping to the ground,
T'inſcribe in laſting marks that happy One,
Whoſe heart were guileleſs, and to ſin unknown.
Amidſt the throng the bluſhing Nymph appears,
Conſcious of guilt, and drown'd in flowing tears;
And while the ſhades of death her eyes ſurround,
Falls on her knees ſubmiſſive to the ground.

Non minùs exanimata metu, quàm in retia cerva
Acta canum latratu, et longo exercita curſu,
Cum jam conſumptæ vires, cum ſe undique cinctam
Hoſte videt, mortemque inſtantem certa moratur.

His autem auditis reſponſis, omnibus ingens
Confeſtim cecidit furor, et vis fracta quievit.
Quiſque ſuam tacito verſant in pectore vitam,
Inque vicem ſpectant ſeſe, atque adverſa tuentur;
Nec quiſquam turba in tanta ſe prodidit ultrò.
Saxa cadunt manibus furtim labentia, et omnes
Quiſque ſui memores abeunt, templumque relinquunt.
Ut verò Deus aſpexit vacua atria circùm,
Linea detraxit pavitanti vincla puellæ,
Atque illam verbis monitam dimittit amicis:
I melior, veterum famam jam extingue malorum.

Talia dein ſocios fatur converſus ad ipſos:
Heu durum genus! haud poſſunt deſiſtere victi.
Nil linquunt intentatum, nil prorſus inauſum.
Nempe ego nunc feſtis, fas contra et jura, diebus,
Affero opem invalidis, ægroſque in priſtina reddo:
Nunc fontes, et ſponte ſua commiſſa fatentes,
Accipio, noxâque animos et crimine ſolvo.
Nunc ſocii fruges tractant et vina, priuſquam
Dent manibus lymphas, cum victu corpora curant,
Nec dapibus parcunt, et quæ in nos plurima jactant.
Quinetiam me fraude petunt furta irrita adorti:
Vel cum Romanis aſtu me opponere tentant
Incautum, quæruntque dolo, an fas pendere regi
Per capita argentum, edicto quod quiſque jubetur.
Nec cæcos mea facta movent ingentia, quæ non
Humanis fierent opibus, non artibus ullis:

Nec

Not leſs affrighted than the tim'rous deer,
When faſt intangled in the hunters ſnare,
And urg'd by clam'rous dogs, ſhe pants for breath,
O'er ſpent, and trembling at th' approach of death.
Scarce had our gracious Lord theſe words expreſs'd,
When all at once their raging fury ceas'd.
Each, as their conſcious thoughts deſcend within,
Views in his guilty breaſt ſome lurking ſin;
Nor of this zealous crew, cou'd one be found
To ſtand undaunted forth, and give the wound.
At length, their ſecret ſins too clearly known,
Down from their hands they drop th' uplifted ſtone;
And quitting to his juſter charge the dame,
Forth from the temple ſteal, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame.
Soon as he view'd the courts deſerted round,
Our Lord with ſpeed the trembling Nymph unbound;
Bid her no more ſuch evil courſe purſue,
But with repentant mind her innocence renew.
Then to his friends with warmth he thus exclaim'd;
Oh! ſtubborn race! unconquer'd and untam'd!
Urg'd by revenge, ſtill plots on plots they build,
Nor oft defeated, will reſign the field.
Sometimes, it ſeems, on Sabbath-days, the poor,
Againſt their Laws, from ſickneſs I reſtore.
Then ſinners, of an humble mind, receive
To offer'd mercy, and their crimes forgive.
Now they object (and ſcarce eſcapes a day,
But ſome poor trifle to our charge they lay)
That ye, regardleſs of traditions, eat
With hands uncleanſed, your accuſtom'd meat.
Nay, they ev'n urge the Romans to oppoſe
Their hate againſt Me, and commence my foes:
And to this end ſelect a choſen band,
In humble guize inſtructed to demand,
Whether in them t'were lawful to obey
Rome's foreign edicts, and the tribute pay?
Nor do my acts, beyond the pow'r or art
Of men to equal move their ſtubborn heart.

Nec quâ vi hæc agitem ſpoliati lumine cernunt;
Conſiliiſque audent ſupremi obſtare Parentis.
Nec priſcos tollo ritus, legesve refigo:
Quippe alia arcanis longè ſententia dictis
Indeprenſa latet; longè altera ſacra teguntur
Nube ſub obſcurâ verborum ut cætera mittam,
Quid ſuis horretis vetitis imponere menſis
Viſcera? non animis tabem ſublimibus affert,
Aut his, aut illis jejunia ſolvere rebus.
Vobis intus obeſt mens ipſa, et dira cupido.
Sed quoniàm gaudet cœno immundâque palude
Setigerum genus, et pecori huic innata libido eſt;
In ſue adumbrantur veneris mala gaudia fœdæ.
Quinetiam, ut juſſis animos cœleſtibus auctor
Paulatim aſſueſcens poſſet mollire colendo,
Nec nullâ inciperet ſub relligione tenere;
Indociles primùm populos, obtuſaque gentis
Pectora, juſſit oves jugulare, et ſanguine terram
Imbuere, immeritoſque aris mactare juvencos:
Quæ tamen omnia erant, ſi cui mens alta vigebat,
Venturæ ſpeculum mox relligionis et umbra.

His actis, jam devexum cum veſper olympum
Clauderet, egrediens malefidâ ceſſit ab urbe.
Tum Genitorem obitus affarier ante propinquos
Exoptans, coramque arcanas promere voces,
Ignaros ſocios Taburi imâ in valle reliquit:
Ipſa autem aſcenſu ſuperans capita ardua montis
Conſtitit, aërea feriunt ubi ſidera cedri.
Addiderant comites ſe tantùm ex omnibus illi
Fidus Ioannes cum fratre, Petruſque vocati.
Stabant orantes taciti, pariterque ſupinas
Tendebant ſine voce manus ac lumina, cœlo.

Ipſe

Blind to the light of heav'nly truth, they ſtill
Reject the counſel of my Father's will.
No harſh illegal methods I purſue,
Abſolve old cuſtoms, and eſtabliſh new.
Beneath their types far other meaning lies,
Wrapt in dark clouds, and hid from vulgar eyes;
Far other rites th' ambiguous words contain,
Which veil'd in ſhadows unobſerv'd remain.
One inſtance from a thouſand more to chuſe —
Why do your tribes the fleſh of pork refuſe?
No food of this or that peculiar kind,
In proper meaſures, can corrupt the mind:
Impure deſires that in the boſom ſpring,
Theſe, theſe alone, the vile pollution bring.
But as the briſtly kind delight to roll
In mud, and wallow in the ſlimy pool,
And luſt intemp'rate marks this filthy race;
The joys of Venus in the ſwine we trace.
Beſides, that God his counſels might inſtill,
And bend their paſſions to his ſov'reign will,
By ſome religious principles ſubdu'd;
His choſen people, yet unskill'd and rude,
He bade the conſecrated ground to ſtain
With blood of victims, on their altars ſlain.
Which rites but ſhadow'd to diſcerning eyes,
The true religion that in time ſhou'd riſe.
  Theſe acts perform'd, as night her ſhade extends,
Our Lord his footſteps from the city bends.
Then urg'd, e'er death approach, with warm deſire
To pray in ſecret to his heav'nly Sire;
From his lov'd friends this purpoſe to conceal,
Retir'd he left them in the neighbouring vale.
Himſelf o'er Tabor's brow aſcends on high,
Where cedars wave their ſummits in the ſky.
Peter and James, and John, a choſen few,
With him alone from all the reſt withdrew.
Each rapt in ſilent pray'r attentive ſtands,
And lifts his eyes, and ſpreads to heav'n his hands:

Ipſe autem his magno Genitorem affatur amore.

O Pater, en, inſons nunc dira ad funera pergo
Progenies tua! nec tot ferre indigna recuſo,
Quando certa tibi mens, atque hæc fixa voluntas;
Et tanti mortale genus; nil demoror, adſum.
Hos ſaltem, qui me, patriâque ſuiſque relictis,
Per varios caſus lectiſſima corda ſequuntur,
Aſpice, et immeritos cæcis averte periclis
Haud vereor, quòd ſe his homines, gens impia, paſſim
Opponunt: nil facta hominum mortalia terrent.
Ipſi etiam (nihil hoc moveor) moriantur ad unum;
Aut potius ſævo, ſi vis, tu fulmine perde
Correptos igni, et penitus res attere fractas
Tu Genitor, tanto finemque impone labori;
Si tantæ eſt genus humanum cœlo addere molis,
Seclaque mutatis in priſtina reddere rebus.
Tantùm oro (ſcelus) inferno ſummiſſa barathro
Gens, peſtem meditata viris, nil improba furtis
Officiat, non infando prævertat amore
Inſidiis captos, nec corda improvida fallat,
Dum ſcelera hortatur noſtrique oblivia ſuadet.
Jamjam aderunt infandi hoſtes, armata dolis gens,
Nondum animos ſatiata, graves nondum ulta dolores;
Has fraudes, jamque has fraudes, arteſque movebunt.
Quas non mentiti ſimulato corpore formas,
Ut capiant genus innocuum, vertantque venenis
Peſtiferis? Tu frange dolos, ferque irrita in auras
Cuncta, Pater: tandem victis edice quieſcant.
Sint, qui per terras gentes poſt funera noſtra
Juſtitiam erudiant, et relligionis amorem:

Hanç

Whilſt he himſelf, in act of filial love,
Thus breathes his ſoul to heav'n's high throne above.
Since in thy ſov'reign counſel 'tis decreed,
Almighty Father! that thy ſon muſt bleed,
For human race; in Me there's no delay,
The work to finiſh, and thy will obey.
But theſe, who various toils have undergone,
Their friends deſerted for my ſake alone;
With kind compaſſion from high heav'n behold,
And guard from danger this ſelected fold.
Not that I fear what impious men can do,
Who ſtill with hate this harmleſs tribe purſue.
Ev'n let them all ſubmit to death decreed,
I aſk not, Father! to reverſe this deed.
Nay, rather on their heads thy thunders throw,
And end at once this ſcene of human woe;
If 'tis a work of ſo much pains and care,
A world by ſin diſorder'd to repair, [ſhare.
And give man's guilty race the joys of heaven to
This, this alone I make my laſt requeſt;
O let not that infernal tribe, the peſt
Of human kind, with falſe inſiduous art
My lov'd Diſciples from the truth pervert;
By ſoft allurements into ſin betray,
And ſteal my precepts from their heart away.
Ev'n now, as hoſtile death approaches near,
Arm'd with deceits the foe will ſoon appear;
On me and mine exert their utmoſt ſkill,
A race untam'd, and obſtinate in ill.
What various ſhapes they try? what dark diſguiſe,
Their fraud to cover, and infuſe their lies?
But all their plots, their machinations blaſt,
O Sire! and vanquiſh'd let them yield at laſt.
Then, when no longer on this earth I ſtay,
May there be ſome commiſſion'd to convey,
The truths of pure religion to mankind,
And plant the laws of juſtice in their mind;

Let

Hanc veniam concede : id nati cedat amori.
Filius hæc : Genitor contrà cui talia reddit :

Nate, Patris virtus, noſtriſque ſimillima imago,
Nulla tuis fraus (ſolve metum) nullæve nocebunt
Inſidiæ, quas nunc regni molitur operti
Arbiter; incæpti fruſtra irritus omnia tentat.
Induat in facies centum, centum ille figuras;
Ipſe adero, retegamque dolos, fœcundaque fraudis
Agmina disjiciam, et magnâ virtute reſiſtam.
Unus erit tantùm, cui mentem inſania vertet:
Infelix, jam nunc devoto pectore verſat
Infandum ſcelus; atque tui jam pœnitet ægrum
Secum indignantem, tua quod præcepta ſecutus
Exuerit blandum vitæ mortalis amorem,
Malueritque graves ſub te tolerare labores:
Omnia quæ mecum mundi ante exordia noſti.
Hunc tamen indignum numero cœtuque piorum
Addidimus, memores vatum, qui talia quondam
Prædixere, tuis exemplum inſigne futurum.
Evadent alii inſidias meliora ſequuti.
Omnes, te propter contempto lucis amore,
Haud mortem horreſcent, pergentque in funera læti;
Innumeramque ſuo parient tibi ſanguine gentem,
Projectu vitæ, et mortis amore, ſuperbi.
Efficiam cœlo dignos poſt aſpera tandem
Funera, deſerti magnum ætheris incrementum.
Quos tu olim aſpicies hac relligione nepotes
Surgere, Nate, tibi! quàm pectora certa videbis!
Tu modò tu perge, et cæptum decurre laborem.
Hi, quos cernis enim vix nunc tua juſſa ſequutos

Indo-

Let not this boon, O Father! be deny'd.
Thus pray'd the ſon, and thus the Sire reply'd.
'O Son! in whom alone my glories ſhine,
Thou true reſemblance of my pow'r divine!
No fraud, (diſmiſs thy fear) no projects laid,
By the grim tyrant of the gloomy ſhade,
Againſt thy friends, ſhall reach the end deſign'd,
But ev'ry ſcheme be ſcatter'd in the wind.
Let him in thouſand various ſhapes appear,
And ſtill a thouſand new diſguiſes wear;
Myſelf will fruſtrate all his wiles, and lay
His inmoſt counſels open to the day.
One, one alone, to truth and reaſon blind,
A crime enormous harbours in his mind;
Ev'n now repents, that for thy ſake he choſe,
The world and all it's pleaſures to oppoſe,
With toils familiar, and inur'd to woes.
All which with me thy piercing eye ſurvey'd,
E'er the foundations of the world were laid.
Yet him, tho' far unworthy to obtain
Such ſacred truſt, we added to thy train;
Regardful of thoſe holy ſeers of old,
Whoſe voice prophetic theſe events foretold.
Warn'd by ſuch ſad example to beware,
The reſt uninjur'd ſhall eſcape the ſnare.
Not one ſhall tremble at the thoughts of death,
Or deem it hardſhip to reſign his breath;
But proud to add ſuch numbers to thy reign,
Ev'n court afflictions, and rejoice in pain.
Theſe, when their glorious toils are paſt, ſhall riſe
From Earth, and people the deſerted ſkies.
What crowds henceforth ſhall own thy ſov'reign ſway?
What true diſciples ſhall thy laws obey?
Only, my Son, perform th' appointed deed,
And chearful to the deſtin'd goal proceed.
Theſe, who ev'n now, unlearn'd and rude of ſpeech,
Can ſcarce diſcover what thy doctrines teach,

Shall

Indociles, fandi ignaros (mora non erit) altos
Pectore concipient ſenſus, doctoque verendas
Ore canent leges afflati numine noſtro,
Et vaſtum in melius referent hortatibus orbem.
Succedent aliis alii, ſacrique nepotes
Victores tua ſigna ferent trans ultima clauſtra
Oceani latas undis cohibentia terras;
Clareſcetque tuum paſſim per ſecula nomen.
Sponte ſuâ invicti reges tibi ſceptra, tibi arma
Subjicient ſua per terras, araſque ſacrabunt,
Atque adeò gravida imperiis Roma illa ſuperba,
Appenninivagi quæ propter Tybridis undam
Ingentes populos frenat, pulcherrima rerum,
Summittet faſces, et, quas regit, orbis habenas.
Illic relligio, centum illic maxima templa,
Centum aræ tibi fumantes, centumque miniſtri;
Quique viris latè, atque ipſis det jura, ſacerdos,
Regibus, et ſummo te in terris reddat honore.
Siqua tamen, paulatim annis labentibus, ætas
Decolor inficiet mores, verſiſque nepotes
Degeneres ſurgent ſtudiis; per dura, laboreſque
Exercens lapſam revocabo in priſtina gentem.
Illa malis ſemper melior ſe tollet ad aſtra.
Sæpe ſolo velut everſam, exciſamque videbis,
Quam modò prædixi, populorum incurſibus urbem.

Verum

Shall feel e'er long, by heav'nly power impreſs'd,
New ſenſe and vigour riſing in their breaſt;
Religion's laws with wiſdom's force diſplay,
To truth and virtue point th' unerring way,
And teach a ſinful world thy precepts to obey.
To theſe ſhall others in due time ſucceed;
And prieſts victorious ſhall thy ſtandard ſpread
To worlds remote, beyond th' extremeſt bounds
Where diſtant Ocean the vaſt globe ſurrounds:
Succeeding ages ſhall encreaſe thy fame,
Till ev'ry Nation hears the Chriſtian name.
Unconquer'd Monarchs ſhall their ſcepters lay
Beneath thy feet; ſhall own thy potent ſway,
And pure devotion at thy altars pay.
Ev'n Rome herſelf, who rules with pow'r ſupreme,
Where ancient Tiber rolls his fertil ſtream;
The world's fair miſtreſs, from her awful throne
Shall bow the faſces, and thy empire own.
There ſhall religion ſpread her wide command,
There rais'd for Thee, an hundred temples ſtand;
An hundred altars to thy honour riſe,
And waft their grateful incenſe to the ſkies;
An hundred ſervants wait; and o'er the reſt
With pomp ſuperior ſhall a ſov'reign prieſt
Preſide; dominion ev'n o'er Kings obtain,
And ſole on earth thy great vice-gerent reign.
Yet if ſome ſtain, as rolling years encreaſe,
Shall taint the virtues of this pious race,
And hence a new poſterity ariſe,
That chang'd in manners ſhall theſe rites deſpiſe;
Myſelf the nation will reſtore again,
Long urg'd by toils, and exercis'd in pain.
Theſe toils, theſe woes ſhall but her virtues try,
Refine from droſs, and lift her to the ſky.
Full oft thine eyes with ſorrow ſhall behold
That glorious city, which I late foretold;
By arms of barb'rous foes beſieg'd around,
Torn from her ſeat, and levell'd with the ground.

Yet

Verum quo magis illa malis exercita, ſemper
Altius hoc ſurgens celſum caput inferet aſtris,
Mœniaque in melius ſemper recidiva reponet.
Nec niſi ſubjecto paſſim ſibi deſinet orbe.
Sic placitum: noſtri ſedes ea numinis eſto.
Hæc ait, et natum dextrâ complexus inhæſit.

Ecce autem ſubito rubra vibratus ab æthra
Cum ſonitu fulgor micat, et polus intonat ingens.
Nam Pater omnipotens manifeſtus ab æthere nubem
Oſtendit radiis illuſtrem lucis, et igni.
Omnia collucent latè loca turbine Chriſtus
Corripitur rapido, mediâque in nube refulſit,
Verus et aſpectu patuit Deus, atque per auras
Divinum toto ſpiravit vertice odorem
Luminis ætherei ſpecimen, Genitoris imago.
Nec ſecus emicuit roſeo pulcherrimus ore
Inſolitâ circum perfundens omnia luce,
Quàm cum mane recens lucis fons aureus ingens,
Lumine ſol cœlum exoriens rigat omne profuſo,
Oceani in ſpeculo longè reſplendet imago,
Et croceæ effulgent aurata cacumina ſylvæ.
Talem ſe ſociis mirantibus obtulit Heros,
Amborum in medio vatum quorum alter adivit
Flammifero quondam invectus cœli ardua curru,
Et tranavit equis inſultans aëris auras.
Iſacidum Phariis genus alter duxit ab oris
Dux profugûm, legeſque dedit, moremque ſacrorum.
Nec non cœlicolûm propius tum maxima pandit
Viſa domus, cœlique ingens apparuit aula.
Tum Genitor nubis fulgens candentis amictu,
Oſcula hbavit Nato, et vox lapſa per auras:

Yet ſtill the deeper ſhe's oppreſs'd with woe,
The more exalted ſhall her honours grow:
Her ruin'd walls ſhe ſhall with eaſe replace,
Ev'n riſe ſtill more triumphant from diſgrace;
Nor ceaſe till ſhe the proſtrate world o'er-awe,
And vanquiſh'd nations own her ſov'reign law.
This is my fix'd, irrevocable will;
This ſeat ſhall my reſplendent preſence fill.
Thus ſpoke th' eternal ſov'reign from above,
And claſp'd his offspring with paternal Love.
Now ſhot from Ether, with a ruſhing ſound,
A radiant gleam of glory blaz'd around.
For lo! th' Almighty Sire reveal'd to ſight
A Cloud, that glitter'd with bright rays of light.
Rapt in the whirlwind Chriſt himſelf appears,
And on his front unuſual ſplendor wears;
The ſudden glories on his form beſtow'd,
Diſplay th' undoubted tokens of a God.
From his bright locks ambroſial odours riſe,
And Heav'n's own image ſparkles in his eyes.
Not leſs reſplendent was his viſage found,
With rays cœleſtial glitt'ring all around;
Than when the golden fountain of the day
Begins his orient glories to diſplay;
In Ocean's mirrour we his form behold,
And the bright mountains ſeem to glow in gold.
Such to his wond'ring friends the God appears,
In ſtate attended by two ſacred Seers.
One in a fiery chariot rapt on high,
Was whirl'd by courſers thro' th' etherial ſky.
The Other led from Pharaoh's hoſtile coaſt
The tribes of Iſrael, an unnumber'd hoſt;
And while thro' dreary waſtes forlorn they ſtray;
Taught them religious laws and cuſtoms to obey.
At once the manſions of etherial light,
And Heav'n's ſtupendous court appear'd to ſight.
Then the great Sire, effulgent from a cloud,
Embrac'd his Son, and thus was heard aloud.

The

Hic mea progenies, hic eſt mea magna voluptas:
Uni huic mortales omnes parete volentes.
Nec plura his: toto aſſonuit chorus omnis Olympo
Cœleſtûm, cantu vario, plauſumque dedere.
Tum demum in faciem conſuetam redditus Heros,
Attonitos ſocios, monſtriſque metuque ſepultos
Excitat, atque hominis mortali apparuit ore.

MARCI.

" Behold my Son belov'd, my joy alone;
" His juſt dominion let all nations own."
Nor added more; the heav'nly choirs around,
In various concert due applauſes ſound.
At length the Hero from the ground uprears
His friends, aſtoniſh'd and o'erwhelm'd with fears;
And in his own accuſtom'd form appears.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER SECUNDUS.

AT Solymi trepidi rerum, et formidine cæci,
Noctem illam patrum primi, templique miniſtri
Inſomnem duxere: animis adeò addita cura
Incubat, ac nullam attonitis dat dira quietem.
Omnibus ante oculos urbem ingredientis imago
Læta Dei, feſtique manus impubis honores,
Illiuſque vident latè increbreſcere nomen.
Fama volat, paſſimque canit miracula rerum.
Quid faciant? magis atque magis jam vera pateſcunt,
Quæ quondam priſci vates cecinere futura,
Terras cœleſti Regem de ſtirpe manere:
Cujus in adventu templum, Judæaque tandem
Regna ruant, Solymeque everſis deſinat aris
Antiquo de more ſacros imponere honores.
Ergo infracti animis omnes, terrore ſubacti,
Tectis quiſque ſuo ſepti, clauſique manebant.
Quales quæ ſolitæ florentia rura volantes
Carpere apes, ubi ſævit hyems, cœlumque profuſos
Solvitur in nimbos, et aquoſus regnat Orion,
Ocia lenta terunt, clauſiſque alveariBus ægræ
Cunctantur, circumque fores ac limina muſſant.

Tempus erat cum membra quies, cum grata ſoporem
Irrigat, ac poſitis affert oblivia curis:
Et jam noctipotens manus imo emiſſa barathro,
Horribiles

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. II.

BUT urg'd with dire diſmay, and wild affright,
The Jewiſh rulers paſs'd the tedious night;
While anxious cares that in their boſom roſe,
Deny'd the grateful bleſſings of repoſe.
Still thro' the crowded gates in thought they view
The Hero's entrance, and the ſhouting crew;
And, rack'd with envy, hear his ſpreading name
Still wider echo'd by the voice of fame.
What cou'd they do? now more and more appears
The truth, predicted by the ancient ſeers:
That at ſome deſtin'd period, on the earth
A King ſhou'd ſojourn, of cœleſtial birth;
Whoſe coming wou'd Judæa's ſtate o'erthrow,
And lay the temple's haughty ſtructure low;
While Solyma, her rites deſtroy'd, no more
Shou'd ſtain her altars with the victim's gore.
Hence overwhelm'd with grief, from public view
Each to his ſep'rate roof alone withdrew.
So bees, that wont to take their airy flight,
And ſip freſh dews, while ſummer ſuns invite;
When angry winter rages o'er the plain,
And clouds confeſs Orion's wat'ry reign;
Sculk in their waxen cells, confin'd at home,
And ſullen murmurs fill the hollow dome.
Now night had ſpread her ſable mantle round,
And human cares in ſweet oblivion drown'd;

Horribiles viſu formæ furialibus omnem
Cœtibus obſidere urbem: pars turribus inſtant:
Pars apicem templi, et faſtigia ſumma coronant:
Cætera perque vias legio, perque alta domorum
Tecta volant, tractimque hærent per culmina tignis.
Haud ſecus Italiam repetunt ubi vere tepenti,
Cærula aves longo feſſæ ſuper æquora curſu:
Quæ prior occurrit tellus, hanc agmine denſo
Certatim arripiunt, procurvaque littora complent.
Principiò ſpargunt occultum in pectora virus,
Vipereamque viris animam, cæcumque furorem
Inſpirant, odiumque animis, et crimina linquunt.
Multi etiam in facies hominum vertuntur, et omnem
Protinus incendunt variis rumoribus urbem:
Irrepunt tectis alii, ſomnoque ſolutis
Somnia dira ferunt variâ ſub imagine rerum,
Atque hominum falſis ſimulacris pectora ludunt.
Jamque hujus ſubeunt, jamque illius alta potentum
Limina, et attonitos dictis hortantur in hoſtem.
Terrificantque animos, facta atque infecta canentes,
Chriſtum inferre faces, ariſque inſtare bipenni
Armatum æratâ, atque aditis extrema minari,
Et jam ſemuſto in templo dominarier ignem.
Quin ipſos templi mentiti veſte miniſtros
Singula tecta adeunt, patreſque ad limina ſacra,
Concilium que vocant: nigri dux agminis ipſe
Impulit æriſono ſtridentes cardine portas,
Hinc atque hinc delubra petunt: concurritur ultro
Undique, nec tenebris nox obſtat euntibus atra.
Non aliter captam ſi rumor nunciet urbem,
Nocte dolis intempeſtâ, atque latentibus armis

Hoſte

When iſſu'd forth, from hell's abhorr'd abodes,
The dreadful ſynod of infernal gods.
Swift to the city walls they ſweep their way;
Some on the tow'rs a horrid front diſplay:
Part to the lofty temple's threat'ning height,
In ſwarming legions wing their duſky flight:
The reſt thro' ſtreets and lanes their rout divide,
Or on the houſes topmoſt turrets ride.
Thus, in warm ſprings, to ſoft Italia's plain,
The birds embody'd wing the ſpacious main;
Where neareſt ſhores approach, their courſe they bend,
And o'er the beach the gath'ring troops deſcend.
At once th' infernal miniſters of fate,
Rouze in the people's hearts revengeful hate;
Bid the ſwift venom thro' their boſom roll,
And wake the furies in their inmoſt ſoul.
Numbers diſguis'd in human ſhape appear,
And ſpread ſtrange rumours thro' the public ear.
Others in crowds the people's roofs infeſt,
And with portentous dreams annoy their reſt.
Now to the manſions of the Great they come
In thronging tribes, and fill each pompous dome:
Thence wake their zeal againſt the foe to riſe,
Each ear alarming with pernicious lies:
That Chriſt their ancient altars wou'd o'erturn,
And to the ground their lofty temple burn;
Nay, that the gath'ring flames already ſpread,
And half the ſtructure were in aſhes laid.
Some in the garb of holy prieſts appear,
And to each ruler's ſplendid roof repair,
To call in council all the peers of ſtate;
Hell's king himſelf unbars the brazen gate.
Th' aſſembled chiefs from ev'ry quarter come,
(A mighty concourſe) to the ſacred dome;
Crowds after crowds in endleſs train ſucceed,
Nor night's thick darkneſs checks their eager ſpeed.
So, ſhou'd ſwift rumour on a ſudden ſpread,
That ſome great city was by fraud betray'd,

Hoſtem inferre acies, et jam ſummâ arce recep-
tum,
Culminibuſque immiſſa voret fax atra penates:
Plenis cuncta viis fervent, trepidoque tumultu
Huc atque huc itur, nec ſat rationis eundi eſt.
Præcedunt diræ facies, facibuſque nefandis
Sufficiunt lucem, et ſummo dant vertice lumen
Terrificas capitum quatientes undique flammas.
Nec miſeri tamen agnoſcunt: furor omnibus in-
tus
Eripuit mentem, lapſumque in viſcera virus.

Nec minus interea bis ſeni ex agmine miſſi
Bis ſenos Chriſti ad ſocios, evertere ſi quem
Poſſent, et furiis deceptum incendere iniquis.
Illi autem pleni monitis ducis (antè futura
Præſcius iſta ſuis prædixerat omnia) ſervant
Invictos animos, inapertaque pectora fraudi:
Quanquam hoſtis ſpecies ſeſe transformet in om-
nes,
Nequicquam expertus, menteſque indagine cap-
tet.
Unus non valuit ſeſe his ſubducere vinclis
Iſcarius peſti infandæ devotus Iudas:
Lectorum procerum labes, et peſtis Iudas.

Hic ſe olim addiderat ſocium, veſtigia Divi
Ingreſſus, patriâ atque opibus, chariſque re-
lictis:
Incerta exilia, incertas quacunque paratus
Ire vias, talique necem pro Rege paciſci.
At mox cœptorum piguit, durique laboris
Paulatim pertæſum: animo tum volvere ſecum
Noctes atque dies tacitus, ſi qua potis arctis
Legibus exolvi, et priſcæ ſe reddere vitæ,
Indignans longum incaſſum cecidiſſe laborem.
Hos abitus, jamque hos abitus, et furta paraba
Impatiens operum, rebus non lætus egenis,

In dead of night; that hoſtile troops appear'd,
And to the tow'rs their flaming torches rear'd:
In ev'ry ſtreet aſtoniſh'd crowds are found,
The gath'ring tumult thickens all around;
Numbers on numbers throng, with fear diſmay'd,
No reaſon guides them, and no counſels aid.
The fell Tartarean bands direct the way,
With haſty zeal the furious chiefs obey;
Led by the fiery torches diſmal glare,
And the dire ſparkles of their blazing hair.
Nor know theſe wretches, by deluſion blind,
The fatal error that miſguides their mind.
Mean while twelve choſen miniſters of night,
To Chriſt's ſelect diſciples ſpeed their flight;
To try, if haply their inſidious art
Might one from honour's ſacred paths pervert.
But they (theſe trials previouſly foretold)
Unmov'd their Maſter's heav'nly counſels hold.
And tho' with prompt dexterity the foe
Each ſhape aſſume, and fair external ſhow;
Yet all his ſpecious and amuſing art,
Cou'd find no entrance in their guarded heart.
One, only one, of all th' aſſociate train,
Againſt the vile temptation ſtrove in vain;
Judas alone admits th' infernal peſt,
Iſcariot Judas, ſcandal of the reſt.
This wretch, his friends and fortune left behind,
Our Lord's ſelect ſociety had join'd;
Prepar'd life's arduous toils to undertake,
And death encounter for his Maſter's ſake.
But now repenting of his haſty deed;
How from ſuch hard conditions to be freed,
And gain his former eaſe, ſtill night and day
In anxious thought he meditates the way:
Indignant that his cares no fruit obtain,
And all the labours of his life were vain.
Forth from th' aſſociate band he longs to go,
Sick of this wretched penury and woe.

Talibus undantem curis, animoque labantem
Jampridem, nigræ reperit dux ipſe cohortis:
Haud minus exultans animis, quàm monte ſub alto
Cum procul aſpexit tendentem in paſcua cervum
Getulus leo, quem ſiccis exercet hiantem
Faucibus ex longo collecta inſania edendi.
Ac prius in faciem Galilæi verſus Ioræ,
Ipſi qui fuerat conjunctus ſanguine Judæ,
Inſomnem aggreditur verbis: Tu nocte ſilenti
Montibus in ſolis erras inſane, poteſque
Ultro ſæva pati ſub nudo frigora cœlo,
Atque tibi alterius ſub nutu degitur ætas,
Dum ſequeris (quis te tantus furor incitat?) iſtum
Elatumque animis, everſoremque ſacrorum:
Quem tantum illuvies adeunt, teterrima gentis
Fœminei cœtus, et ſemiviri comitatus?
Primi omnes infenſi odiis concordibus ardent,
Sacrilegoque necem intentant: jamque ille furorem
Væſanum expendet, cedet fiducia tanta.
Non illi auxilio magnarum gloria rerum,
Quas mentitur, erit: nil contra obtendere denſa
Nubila, nil ſolitas accingi proderit artes.
Rumpe moras, eja inſtanti te ſurripe cladi.

Sic ait, ardentemque odiis inſtigat acerbis.
Tum mutata acri percuſſit pectora thyrſo,
Et ſubitò nocti ablatus ſe immiſcuit atræ.
Hinc miſerum invadens præcordia ad intima ſeſe
Ingerit, atque imis dirum implicat oſſibus ignem.
Olim, etiam in mentem veniunt, quæcunque ſub illo
Juſſus dura tulit, quæcunque exhauſta pericla:

Et

Him thus unſettled, and with grief oppreſs'd,
Hell's monarch finds, apart from all the reſt.
Not leſs exulting in his eager mind,
Than if in lonely woods a wand'ring hind,
Some fierce Gætulian lion chance to ſpy;
Thirſt in his jaws, and fury in his eye.
And firſt with guileful art the ſubtil fiend,
Borrowing Jöra's form, the traytor's friend,
Begins the feign'd addreſs—Can'ſt thou delight,
In woods and mountains thro' the ſilent night,
To wander with a vagrant crew, and bear
Unhous'd the rigour of th' inclement air;
Condemn'd the laws of others to obey,
And bend beneath a Maſter's haughty ſway:
Whilſt (oh! what madneſs in thy deeds is ſhown?)
Thou ſhar'ſt the fortunes and the crimes of one;
Who ſwell'd with pride, and by ſucceſs elate,
Deſtroys our altars, and o'erturns the ſtate;
Whoſe ſteps a wild licencious rout purſue,
A mob of women, and an eunuch crew?
Our chiefs incens'd againſt this wretch combine
With mutual hatred, and his death deſign.
Soon ſhall his madneſs due reward obtain,
And all his vaunted confidence be vain.
Nor will the wond'rous deeds he boaſts of late,
Avail to ſhield him from impending fate:
No more will ambient clouds defence impart,
And frail the ſuccours of his wonted art.
Then ſeize th' occaſion, haſte with ſpeed away,
For inſtant ruin waits thy vain delay.
He ſaid; and with theſe daring words impreſs'd
A jealous hatred in the wretch's breaſt;
Confirm'd each wav'ring thought; then ſped his flight
Abrupt, and mingled with the ſhades of night.
Hence this infernal peſt admittance gains
Deep in his ſoul, and fires his raging veins.
To aid the plot, within his mind ſucceeds
The dire remembrance of laborious deeds;

How

Et piget, atque nefas polluto volvit amore,
Immeritumque animo ſedet hoſti prodere regem.
Ah miſer, ah maleſane, Deum non pectore ſentis?
Non oculis numen præſens, non auribus hauris?
Quis te mutavit tantus furor? aſpice quo nunc
Culmine præcipitas, quanam trahis arce ruinam.
Nec qualis ſentis tibi menti inſederit error.
Quid ſtruis? aut quò te raptat tam dira cupido,
Quæ nunc te malè habet, mentiſque et lucis egentem?
Quam nunc amittis ſortem, irreparabile donum,
Optabunt ſeri poſt ſecula mille nepotes.
Atque adeò quæ vota foves, quam mente ſecas ſpem,
Lætitiâ elatos animos inflatus inani,
Omnia diſcerpent, rapientque per aëra venti.
Excute, dum licet, infandam de pectore peſtem,
Quæque imis te nunc eſt abdita cura medullis.

Jamque ſacerdotes, totâque ex urbe ſenatus,
Secretam in templi ſedem conceſſerat omnis:
Ipſe ſacerdotum primus, cui tempora ſacra
Infula cingebat, Caiphas in ſede ſedebat
Celſior auratâ: inde alii longo ordine cives:
Quos omnes circumſiliunt, acuuntque furorem
Tartareæ haud ulli viſæ ſine corpore peſtes.
Nec mora, nec requies: ſublapſæ in pectora cunctis
Eripiunt mentem, atque animis incendia miſcent.
Multa illi inter ſe vario ſermone ſerebant,
Solliciti: vaſto ſtrepit ingens murmure templum.
Sunt qui ipſum jubeant utcunque abſumere Chriſtum,
Seu vi, ſive dolo, juvenemque invadere ferro,
Qui rurſum in lucem nuper revocatus ab umbris
Venerat,

How hard his fate, for ever doom'd to bear
Life's daily troubles, and inceſſant care.
Reſolv'd at length, he meditates the way
The foe to ſuccour and his Lord betray.
Ah! wretch accurſt! with more than folly blind!
Do'ſt thou not feel the God within thy mind?
Do not thine eyes his heav'nly form deſcry?
Thine ears confeſs the preſent Deity?
What fatal madneſs this? what fiend has wrought
A change ſo ſudden in thy frantic thought?
See! what a precipice thy footſteps tread!
What ruin threatens thy devoted head!
In what dire treaſons do'ſt thou now engage,
Urg'd on, and blinded with impetuous rage?
That happy lot thou view'ſt with cold diſdain,
Thouſands unborn wou'd glory to obtain.
Alas! thoſe hopes that in thy breaſt ariſe,
The joy that kindles in thy ſparkling eyes;
Fond ſcenes of pleaſure, thou muſt leave behind,
Diſpers'd at once, and mingled with the wind.
While yet thou may'ſt, repel th' invading peſt,
And ſhake the latent poiſon from thy breaſt.
But now the prieſts, and rev'rend ſenate meet,
In ſolemn council, at the ſacred ſeat.
The † chief himſelf, his awful temples grac'd
With holy fillets, in the midſt was plac'd,
High on a golden throne; with pompous ſtate
The reſt in various ranks and order ſate.
Around them throng the Stygian peſts unſeen,
And wake, and rouze th' envenom'd rage within.
No reſt, no reſpite from revenge they know,
Infernal flames thro' all their boſom glow.
Fierce were their words; the lofty dome around
In hollow murmurs echo'd to the ſound.
'Gainſt Chriſt himſelf ſome counſell'd to proceed
By ſecret cunning, or by open deed.
Nor that alone, but ‡ him conſign to death
Who late returning with recover'd breath

† Caiphas. ‡ Lazarus. To

Venerat, et totam monſtro concuſſerat urbem.
Aſt alii plebem metuunt, vulgique furorem.
Namque ſibi ingentes populos devinxerat Heros,
Hos meritis, illos divino affabilis ore.

Hìc Nicodemus erat peſti impenetrabilis unus,
Primores inter gentis non ultimus ipſos,
Cui longè menti melior ſententia: ſed non
Audebat dictis contra omnes tendere ſolus.
Ille Deo quondam ſeſe inſcius intulit hoſtem,
Atque dolis fruſtra contra ſtetit: inde ubi numen
Admonitus ſenſit, veluti de nocte profundâ
In lucem revocatus, ei ſe junxit amore,
Clàm tamen, infenſæ vitans odia aſpera gentis.
Tum verò illius de vitâ et ſanguine cerni
Ut vidit, lethumque inſonti triſte parari,
Non tulit ulterius latebras, hæcque edidit ore
In medio: Non obſcuram, non lucis egentem
Rem ferimus: neque enim vereor jam vera profari,
Pro patriâ, quamvis mihi ſint extrema ferenda.
Cernitis hunc omnes manifeſto numine ferri,
Majoremque homine, et noſmet niſi fallimus ipſi,
Vera Dei patuit ſoboles, verus Deus, ille
Olim quem toties afflati numine vates
Venturum cecinere, nefas quò triſte piaret,
Commendans genus æterno mortale Parenti.

Hoc

To day's bright regions from the world unknown,
With new-born wonder ſhook th'aſtoniſh'd town.
But others dread ſuch meaſures to purſue,
Aw'd by reſentment of the vulgar crew.
For numbers he had gain'd his cauſe to join,
By merits ſome, and ſome by grace divine.
Alone untainted by this helliſh crew,
No fraud or envy Nicodemus knew:
High tho' he ſate in rank, his gentle mind
To peace, and milder meaſures was inclin'd;
Yet fail'd his courage ſingly to withſtand
The dreaded force of this confed'rate band.
He once, thro' vulgar prejudice a foe,
Approach'd the God in friendſhip's ſpecious ſhew.
But when by ſigns admoniſh'd, he beheld
Before his eyes the Deity reveal'd;
As rous'd from darkneſs to the realms of day,
His holy laws he yielded to obey;
Join'd in his heav'nly cauſe; yet ſtill unknown
He kept the ſecret, for he fear'd to own.
But now, diſcerning that with one accord
Their malice ſought the murder of his Lord;
No more his hidden purpoſe he ſuppreſs'd,
But thus the council in bold words addreſs'd.
We meet, O rev'rend Peers! in ſolemn ſtate,
Upon no vulgar ſubject to debate,
No trivial point—whatever ills I bear,
My lips undaunted ſhall the truth declare.
You all perceive, that crown'd with grace divine,
Above a mortal ſcope his actions ſhine:
Nay, or ourſelves too groſsly we deceive,
This Youth God's genuine Son we muſt believe,
And God himſelf; the ſame, whom ſeers of old
Led by the light of prophecy, foretold
On this degen'rate earth awhile ſhou'd ſtay,
To purge the ſtains of human guilt away;
Commending to his Father's throne of grace,
The wretched int'reſts of this mortal race.

Hoc liquet, hoc ultrà non in diſcrimen agendum.
Hujus ope innumeri, quos nox obſcura premebat
Luminibus captos, jucundâ luce fruuntur.
Multi etiam voces obſtructis auribus orti
Accipiunt, redduntque: ægris quot reddita venit
Inſperata ſalus, qui lenta aut membra trahebant,
Victâ lue, aut ſubito correpti corpora morbo?
Tres etiam (noſtis) obitâ jam à morte reduxit
Elatos idem in lucem: modò Lazarus omnem
Perculit, et monſtro ingenti permiſcuit urbem.
Prò lævas hominum mentes, prò pectora cæca,
Non hæc Pæoniis ſuccis, non artibus ullis
Confieri poſſunt: major Deus intus agit rem,
Majus numen ineſt. Quoties divina loquentem
Incaſſum contrà ſtetimus verbiſque doliſque
Inſtructi? quoties auſi vim tendere inermi
Aut ferro, aut duris nequicquam perdere ſaxis:
Nube cavâ eripuit caput, ex oculiſque recedens
Aligerum ſe cœleſti ſubito agmine ſepſit.
Et quiſquam illius certum non numen adoret?
Quid molimur adhuc? quid nobis deinde relictum?
Quin potius, quando nobis demiſſus Olympo
Auxilio venit, unà omnes adeamus, ab ipſo
Suppliciter pacem oremus, commiſſa fatentes.
Talia perſtabat repetens: violentia cunctis
Gliſcit, et accenſus ſemper per viſcera ſenſus
Conflatur magis, et ſævos furor aggerat æſtus,
Paulatimque animi turgeſcunt triſtibus iris.

Exarſere omnes, peſtis latet intus, et omnem
Eripuit miſeris lucem, victiſque veneno
Peſtifero nebulas offudit mentibus atras.

Tum

Thus far is clear; this ſacred truth, we know,
Prevails unqueſtion'd or by friend, or foe.
Many, we ſee, e'erwhile depriv'd of ſight,
By His aſſiſtance bleſs'd with joyful light.
Others, whoſe deaden'd ſenſe no ſounds cou'd chear,
Now feel ſweet muſic charm their raviſh'd ear.
What numbers more, by tedious ſickneſs griev'd,
Have inſtant ſuccour from His aid receiv'd?
Three, e'en yourſelves muſt own, but lately dead,
With pow'r He ſummon'd from the darkſome ſhade.
One freſh example Lazarus appears,
Whoſe riſing ſhook the ſtate with panic fears.
Oh! loſt to truth's fair light, perverſe mankind!
Oh! dark enchantment of the human mind!
Not by the juice of herbs, Pæonian arts,
Theſe cures are wrought; a God his ſkill imparts:
A greater God his myſtic pow'r reveals,
And the ſame hand that made his people, heals.
How oft, when teaching in cœleſtial ſtrain,
Againſt his pow'r we ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain?
How oft each fruitleſs ſtratagem we try'd,
In vain with ſtones, or angry ſwords ſupply'd?
Wrapt in an ambient cloud he paſs'd away,
Protected by the winged ſons of day.
Who then can fail this Godhead to adore?
Alas! what aim we? what purſue we more?
Rather, ſince now from heav'n commiſſion'd down,
He comes for our advantage, not his own;
Let us this potent Deity addreſs,
Intreat his pardon, and our guilt confeſs.
Scarce were theſe words pronounc'd with honeſt zeal,
When each envenom'd breaſt began to feel
The latent peſt; a keen revengeful ire
Roſe by degrees, and ſet their ſoul on fire.
All catch'd the dire infection, for within
The gath'ring poyſon lurk'd, and rag'd unſeen.
Sudden, their better ſenſe was ſnatch'd away,
And o'er their eyes a cloud of darkneſs lay.

At

Tum demum erumpit, quæ cunctos ira coquebat:
Infremuere omnes contrà, gemitumque dedere.
Qualiter ære cavo dum ſulfura paſcitur atra
Incluſus magis atque magis furit acrior ignis,
Moliturque fugam, nec ſe capit intus anhelans:
Nulla ſed anguſtis foribus via, nec potis extrà
Rumpere, materiam donec comprenderit omnem:
Tum piceo diſcluſa volat glans ferrea fumo:
Fit crepitus, credas rupto ruere æthere cœlum:
Jamque illa et turres procul ecce ſtravit, et arces,
Corpora et arma jacent, latè et via facta per hoſtes.
Haud illi ſecus accenſi, meliora monentem
Excludunt adytis, atque extra mœnia trudunt.

Tum verò Caiphas, ubi facta ſilentia linguis,
Sic orſus, ſibi quæ ſedeat ſententia, pandit:
Haud equidem moror, ò cives, quòd verſus ad hoſtes
Iſte etiam infando captus perfugerit aſtu,
Qui toties ſummâ pro re, pro legibus olim
Objecit patriis caput ultrò, ipſumque premebat
Obnitens contra nuper ſermonibus hoſtem.
Tanta eſt artificis pellacia, vis ea fandi,
Ut quoſcunque velit vertat, ſuperetque venenis.
Scilicet hunc credam cœlo divinitus actum
Nobis veniſſe auxilio, qui ſe impius ortum
Patre Deo canit, ac leges abolere parentum
Antiquas cupit, atque novos inducere ritus:
Seque ultrò excidio templi veniſſe fatetur,

Quod

At length the grief that vex'd their tortur'd mind,
Kindled to flame, no longer ſlept confin'd:
Furious they gnaſh'd their teeth, with rage oppreſs'd,
And a loud groan burſt hideous from their breaſt.
As in ſome cannon's brazen hollow laid,
While the black ſulphur is in ſilence fed,
The lurking fire that in the womb is pent,
Impatient glows, and ſtruggles for a vent;
Yet can it never burſt th' impris'ning frame,
Till the whole ſubſtance catch the riſing flame:
Then from the tube with rage impetuous flies
An iron tempeſt, thund'ring thro' the ſkies;
Nor walls, nor turrets can reſiſt its ſway,
Furious it drives, and ſweeps whole ranks away.
Thus all his words they ſcorn, inflam'd with rage,
And from the council thruſt the prudent ſage.
But now, ſtrict ſilence ſolemnly enjoin'd,
Thus haughty Caiphas diſclos'd his mind.
It matters nought to me, that meanly ſway'd
By ſordid motives, or baſe arts betray'd,
Ev'n he from paths of honour ſhou'd decline,
And to the adverſe cauſe his forces join.
He, who ſo oft for her religious laws
Stood forth a champion in his country's cauſe;
And ev'n but lately ſought with watchful care
This youth by ſpecious cunning to enſnare.
For ſuch the ſmoothneſs and fair outward ſhow,
Th' addreſs ſo winning of this ſubtil foe;
That with a ſtrange ſucceſs his magic arts
Corrupt and poiſon ev'n the ſoundeſt hearts.
Believe we then, that mov'd by heav'nly love,
This Man deſcended from the realms above,
To ſave from death the wretched race of earth;
Who falſely claiming from high heav'n his birth,
Aims our eſtabliſh'd cuſtoms to undo,
And on this old religion build a new:
Ev'n boaſts his perſon deſtin'd to become
The fatal ruin of this lofty dome;

Quod noſtri monitis olim cœleſtibus acti
Impenſis tantorum operum ſtruxere parentes.
Quæ novitas, aut relligio, qui denique mores?
Ille etiam, ne quid ſceleris ſibi reſtet inauſum,
Sacrilegus ſontes, et quorum crimina nota,
Proſequitur veniâ haud veritus ſcelerata ſubire
Limina, nec feſtis parcit de more diebus.
Ergo agite, atque illi inſidias, lethumque merenti
Maturate viri: creſcentem extinguite flammam,
Ne mox ſubſiliat victrix ad tecta domorum,
Deguſtetque trabes, perque ardua culmina regnet.
Subvertet ſolitis aliter totam artibus urbem,
Seditione potens, populos captabit, et omnem
Subjiciet ſibi prodigiis fallacibus oram.
Hinc quæ tot nobis annos tam proſpera ceſſit
Relligio everſis actutum deſinet aris.
Tum metuo, ne Romulidæ non talia paſſi,
Quicquid adhuc juris ſupereſt, à gente repoſcant,
Et profugos patriâ jubeant decedere terrâ.
Unum pro multis detur caput: unius omnes
Expiet, ac tutos mors tanto in turbine præſtet.
Hoc habet: hæc melior ſuperet ſententia cives.
Hæc illi ob numen dona, hunc reddamus honorem.

Talia fatus erat. Furiis ſtimulantibus intus
Experti, paſſique ſenes eadem ore fremebant.
Omnibus idem animus: ſed qua ratione, quibuſve
Id fieri occultè queat artibus, exquirebant.
Cùm ſubitò ecce ſuis clam ſe furatus Iudas
Improviſus adeſt cunctis mirantibus: illum
Excipiunt trepidi ſpirantem immane, locantque
Sede inter primos, fariique hortantur: et ardent,
Quid veniat dubiis animis audire, ſilentque.

Which with ſuch coſt, our fathers rais'd on high,
Warn'd by the ſacred omens of the ſky.
What ſcheme? What new religion is deſign'd?
Are theſe the morals he wou'd teach mankind?
Nay, ſuch the ſhame of theſe licentious times,
He herds with ſinners, and abſolves their crimes;
Enters the roofs of guilt, and there diſplays
His pow'r, regardleſs of our ſacred days.
Haſte then, no longer for occaſions wait,
But quench at once this firebrand of the ſtate;
Leſt the fierce flame that now in ſecret preys,
Catch the tall roofs, and o'er our ſtructures blaze.
Elſe will the foe, by his accuſtom'd art,
Our ancient rites and polity ſubvert;
With lying wonders o'er each tribe create
Uſurp'd dominion, and enſlave the ſtate.
Hence ſhall theſe ſolemn rites, ſo fam'd of yore,
And all our holy worſhip be no more.
Beſides; the Romans, if my fears are true,
Alarm'd, and jealous of this rebel crew;
What ſcanty pow'r they left, will re-demand,
And drive us exiles from our native land.
Let one then die; one deſtin'd victim fall
An univerſal ſacrifice for all.
Be this advice, O Citizens! purſu'd,
This ſaving counſel, for the public good,
Such be the gifts we offer at his ſhrine,
And ſuch the honours of this pow'r Divine.
Thus ſpoke the chief, with rage infernal mov'd,
The rev'rend elders his advice approv'd:
Then with determin'd voice at once combine
To put in practice this accurs'd deſign.
Now while they ſought the means, but ſought in [vain,
Lo! Judas, ſtealing from th' aſſociate train,
Sudden appears before their wond'ring eyes;
Him, all enrag'd, the rulers with ſurprize
Receive, and bid diſcover his intent;
Then wait in ſilence, dubious of th' event.

Ille autem torquens huc flammea lumina, et illuc,
Sic fatur: Scio vos Galilæi facta furentis
Formidare patres, patriæ qui legibus affert
Exitium: moliri ideo vos plurima cerno.
Si mihi quæ poſco, promittitis: omnia ſolus,
Quæ nunc vos fruſtra exercent, diſpendia tollam:
Ille manus faciam in veſtras hodie incidat ultrò.

Dixerat: argenti læti pepigere talenta
Ter dena, egregii precium memorabile facti,
Dimittuntque alacres, atque extra limina ducunt.

Ille petit montes iterum, ſocioſque reviſit.
Fortè propinquabat genti ſolennis, et oræ
Feſta dies, veterum cum relligione parentum:
Immunes operum ducunt ſeptem ocio ſoles,
Perque domus ovium fœtus epulantur, et acri
Fermento parcunt juſſi, properataque liba
Expediunt, menſaſque onerant agreſtibus herbis,
Lætitiæ veteris memores: hâc luce ferebant
Ægyptum priſcos olim cœleſtibus actos
Prodigiis magnâ cum prædâ exiſſe parentes,
Ingreſſos pede iter ſalſas impunè per undas.
Ergo ingens tum ſceptriferam concurſus ad urbem
Undique erat, populique omnes ad ſacra fluebant.
Non effuſa tamen turba huc ſine more ruebat,
Verùm quiſque ducemque ſuum, gentemque tribumque
Unà ibant comitati. Etenim licet omnibus idem
Sanguis, cognatâque orti ſint ſtirpe nepotes,
Omnes Iſacidæ, paribus ſub legibus omnes:

Scindit

Rolling his flaming eyes; I know, he ſaid,
O rev'rend Fathers! what excites your dread.
The Galilæan's deeds this terror cauſe,
Who threats deſtruction to his country's laws.
For this I ween, in cloſe conſult ye join,
And cautious meditate your deep deſign.
If then ye promiſe my demand to pay,
All future trouble I'll remove away,
And yield him captive in your hands to day.
He ſaid; for thirty pieces they agreed
Of ſilver coin; fit price of ſuch a deed!
Then glad diſmiſs'd him, fav'ring their deſigns;
He ſeeks the mountains, and his friends rejoins.
By chance the ſeaſon its return had made,
When all the Jews, by ancient cuſtom ſway'd,
Sev'n ſuns indulge, from daily toils releas'd,
In ſacred leiſure, and the gen'ral feaſt.
From leaven'd bread obſervant they refrain,
And daily feaſt on fleſh of lambkin ſlain;
With rural herbs heap high their boards, and take
In haſte the off'ring of the ſacred cake;
Mindful of ancient joy: for ſtories ſay,
'Twas on this glorious memorable day;
When their great fathers, by divine command,
Loaded with ſpoils of Egypt's faithleſs land,
Forth from the hoſtile coaſt purſu'd their way,
In triumph journeying thro' th' aſtoniſh'd ſea.
Hence to the city of imperial fame,
Urg'd by religion mighty numbers came,
From ev'ry part; yet paſs'd they not along,
A troop promiſcuous, and diſorder'd throng;
By tribes and countries variouſly ally'd,
Each march'd, attending his reſpective guide.
For tho' thro' all their veins the ſelf-ſame blood,
By foreign mixture unpolluted flow'd;
Tho' all alike from ancient Iſrael came,
Their rites, religion, and their laws the ſame:

Scindit ſe tamen in bis ſenas una tribus gens,
Atque Palæſtinam latè eſt diducta per omnem.
Libera gens, olim multâ munita virûm vi,
Florenteſque urbes populis, opibuſque vigentes.
Tunc autem patriis de finibus exturbati
Penè omnes aberant, et Caſpia ſaxa colebant:
Vix de bis ſenis tribus una intacta manebat,
Alteraque, et patriâ ſeſe tellure tenebant,
Benjamidum gens, atque ipſo domus inclyta Juda,
Ambæ tunc etiam populis, opibuſque vigentes.
Tantum autem imperio adjectam, ceu cætera paſſim
Contuderat bello, et victricibus hauſerat armis,
Hanc quoque ſervitio partem Roma alta premebat.
Sceptra urbi tantum, ſublataque ademerat arma,
Linquens ſacra viris, ac leges victor avitas.
Nunc tellus deſerta jacet. Tot clara fuere
Mœnia, tot populis pariter cum fortibus urbes:
Hæ bello, hæ validis quaſſatæ viribus ævi.
Uſque adeò ſævas ſuperûm Pater arſit in iras
Nimbipotens, natique necem non paſſus inultam eſt.
Non tamen indecorem tantæ ſolatia cladis
Ipſe ſinam antiquam (ſuperent modò carmina) terram,
Ne penitus ſeclis obliviſcentibus ætas
Deleat extinctam pariter cum nomine gentem.
Regem illis ſuperûm profit regionibus ortum
Vagiſſe, et cœlo primùm reptaſſe ſub illo.

Vos ideo aligeri cœtus gens ætheris alti,
Qui levibus magnum pedibus pulſatis olympum,
(Nam vos ſæpe polo miſſi peragraſtis et oram,
Et gentis crebri hoſpitio indulſiſtis amicæ,)
Eſte duces mihi, dum totâ regione vagantem
Raptat amor: longum vos mecum ferre per ævum
Nomina, quæ cecidere, juvet, deletaque gentis
Oppida, et antiquas antiqui nominis arces.

Poſt

Yet into twelve fair tribes the num'rous band
Divided, ſtretch'd o'er rich Phœnicia's land.
A free-born nation once, in days of yore,
In cities wealthy, but in people more.
Now moſt from their paternal ſoil expell'd,
The barren rocks of ſnowy Caſpia till'd.
Their native land from baniſhment regain'd,
Of all the tribes ſcarce two entire remain'd;
Judah and Benjamin alone were found,
But rich in people, and for war renown'd.
Yet did imperial Rome, as nations far
Had felt her conqueſts in the chance of war;
Ev'n here extend her arbitrary ſway,
And teach this ſtubborn people to obey:
Their arms alone and regal pow'r deſtroy'd,
They ſtill religion and the laws enjoy'd.
But lo! where once proud tow'rs defence cou'd boaſt,
All waſte and naked lies th' unguarded coaſt:
No trace of thoſe aſpiring walls is ſhown,
By war, and time's devouring teeth o'erthrown.
Such marks of heav'n's awaken'd wrath remain,
Such total vengeance for his offspring ſlain.
Yet will I ſtrive to this fair land to give
Some ſhare of honour, if my verſe can live:
Leſt cank'ring age and envious times to come,
The name, the nation to oblivion doom.
Be it their boaſt, that heav'n's eternal Heir,
Beneath thoſe ſkies firſt breath'd the vital air.
Come then, ye light-wing'd miniſters! that fly
With nimble feet o'er all th' etherial ſky;
(For oft have ye, by heav'n's divine command,
On friendly errands trod this favour'd land,)
Be now my guides; while ſtrong and ardent love
Thro' all theſe regions prompts my ſoul to rove.
Oh! join with me, thro' times remoteſt day,
Thoſe tow'rs of ancient ſtructure to convey;
And towns, and cities of illuſtrious name,
Long rais'd from annals of recording fame.

Pòſt autem veſtrâ ſublatus ad æthera pennâ
Carmine mortales oras, viſuſque relinquam.
Vos me ſublimi ſiſtetis tramite vectum
Avia per ſuperûm loca: me juvet alite curru
Aurea nubifugo mulcentem ſidera cantu
Intactas primùm ire vias mortalibus ægris,
Et petere inſolitam cœli alta è rupe coronam,
Hæc olim audentem, ni deſerat ætheris aura.

Nunc mecum populos percurrite templa petentes:
Non aliàs illuc aditum eſt majoribus unquam
Et numero, et ſtudiis, nec tantum ſacra petebant,
Quantum avidos CHRISTI viſendi traxerat ardor.
Orti autem à magno primi ingrediuntur Iuda,
Per multos ductum reges genus: hæc tribus uſque
Et numero, et virtute caput ſuper extulit omnes:
Tantum alias ſuperans, quantum leo cuncta ferarum
Semina in exhauſtis animis, et viribus anteit.
Littoreâ innumeri Gazâ venere, Sabeque:
Engada deſeruere, racemiferoſque receſſus,
Urbis Adulææ ſedes, humilemque Raphean:
Hîc Lyde, atque Selis, ventoſaque Jamnia, et Hippa,
Aſcalo, Azotique arces, Acharonque, Sochonque,
Quæque fluentiſonis Jope perfunditur undis,
Projectæ rupes, pontoque minantia ſaxa.

Parte aliâ antiquam cives liquere Damaſcum,
Primus ubi (ut perhibent) limo felice creatus,
Natus homo eſt, cœlique novas erupit in auras.
Deſeritùrque Emaus, Nepſeque exhauſta ſileſcit,
Quæſivitque ſuos Egypti proxima regnis
Anthedon, natique Dei cunabula Bethle.

Tum

Then rapt to heav'n on your ſeraphic wing,
No more of earthly ſubjects will I ſing.
Me ſhall ye place in that exalted road,
Which heav'n-ward leads, by mortal feet untrod.
Where in a winged chariot borne on high,
Above the ſtars my lofty ſong ſhall fly;
And, to the laurel'd brows of bards unknown,
Reach from the rock of heav'n a golden crown.
This theme late times ſhall into being bring,
If heav'n deſert not my aſpiring wing—
Now, muſe, the tribes in marſhall'd order ſing.

It chanc'd, the people at this ſeaſon preſs'd,
In throngs unuſual to the ſolemn feaſt:
For pure devotion was not all their view,
The fame of Jeſus mighty numbers drew.
In fair array firſt march'd the ranks along,
Which from the royal loins of Judah ſprung.
Num'rous and brave, this happy tribe as far
Excell'd all others in the deeds of war;
As thro' the ſpacious fields the lordly beaſt,
In ſtrength and valour triumphs o'er the reſt.
Numbers their courſe from ancient Sabe bore,
And Gaza, ſeated on the winding ſhore;
From Adulæan hills where vineyards grow,
From Engad lofty, and Raphæa low.
Others from Lyde, Selis, Jamnia came,
Hippa, and Acharon, renown'd in fame:
Where verdant Aſcalon, and Sochon lie,
And proud Azotus' turrets brave the ſky;
Where Joppa's walls indignant ocean laves
Whoſe rocks projecting threat the roaring waves.

Beneath their guides aſſembled numbers came
From rich Damaſcus, crown'd with ancient fame;
Where form'd of hallow'd mould, as ſtories ſay,
The ſire of men firſt ſaw the golden day.
From Nepſe, Emaüs, march'd a num'rous train;
Anthedon, bord'ring on th' Egyptian plain;

From

Tum deſerta ſilent et Galgala, Beſſuraque omnis,
Arvaque quà Marethron, quà proxima nubibus Erme,
Quà Sigoris: mirata nurum, dum incendia verſa
Reſpicit, humanos ſervaſſe in marmore vultus,
Concretique ſalis ſubitum traxiſſe rigorem.
Quà calet Aſphaltis flammis infamibus unda,
Ingenteſque palus ad cœlum exæſtuat æſtus,
Aëra contriſtans graveolenti ſulphuris aurâ.
Quondam hìc læta ſeges, riguiſque roſaria campis:
Nunc ſtat ager dumis, obductaque ſentibus arva:
Crimen amor maleſuade tuum, vim tendere adorti
Infandam indigenæ pueris cœleſtibus olim,
Divinâ capti facie, et florentibus annis,
Feciſſentque, fuga niſi ſe illi ad ſidera lapſi
Remigio nixos rapuiſſent præpetis alæ.
Non tulit altitonans Pater, atque ultricibus omnem
Involvit flammis tractum, immerſitque profundo.
Squalet adhuc cinere, et putri latè ora favillâ.
Infœcunda ideo terra, et ſine frugibus agri,
Difficileſque aditus, et inacceſſi ſeceſſus.
Illic, ut fama eſt, nitidum florem educat arbos,
Quem cupiunt juvenes, cupiunt decerps'ſſe puellæ.
At ſimulatque gravi perflante evanuit auſtro,
Succedunt poma hirſutis aſperrima barbis,
Quæ nulli juvenes, nullæ cupiere puellæ.
Hæc tamen aſpectu ſolida, et ſincera putares:
Fœda ſed illuvies intus, ſubitoque fatiſcunt,
Ad tactum cinefacta, hominum nihil uſibus apta.

Pallida

From where the tow'rs of ſacred Bethle ſtood,
Illuſtrious birth-place of the Son of God!
Galgal, and Beſſura deſerted lie,
And Marethon, and Erme tow'ring high;
And Sigoris; which erſt with ſad ſurprize
Beheld, as on the flames ſhe caſt her eyes,
Lot's hapleſs wife, neglecting heav'n's command,
Turn'd into ſalt, a breathleſs image ſtand.
Next, many their appointed journey take,
From the wild borders of th' Aſphaltic lake;
Where vaſt inceſſant ſteams of ſulphur riſe,
Taint all the neighbouring air, and blot the ſkies.
In days of yore fair crops of ſpringing grain,
And golden harveſts deck'd the fertil plain;
Now waſte it lies, with weeds and thorns o'ergrown,
Thy fatal crime, unnat'ral love! alone.
Scarce had the heav'nly gueſts their entrance made,
When impious men, by brutal paſſion ſway'd;
To force the ſtrangers to their luſt combine,
Smit with their blooming years, and form divine:
And, but the youths to heav'n with ſpeed aſcend,
The filthy miſcreants had obtain'd their end.
Such horrid injury th' Almighty Sire
Beheld indignant, and with vengeful fire
The wide extended track to ruin turns;
Still o'er the ſoil the living ember burns.
Hence a wild waſte th' unfruitful country lies,
And ſafe in covert all acceſs denys.
Here on a tree ('tis fam'd) fair bloſſoms grow,
To youths and maidens an inviting ſhow:
But when they fall, infected by the breath
Of ſultry ſouthern blaſts; then ſtrait beneath
Apples of rough and prickly aſpect ſhoot;
And youths and maidens loath th' unſightly fruit.
Without, a ſound and ſolid form they wear,
But filth within, and rottenneſs appear;
Nor chew'd between the teeth will ought produce,
But bitter aſhes, void of worth or uſe.

Ears

Pallida item flavis cum vix ſeges albet ariſtis,
Dira immaturas meſſes interficit aura.

Protinus hinc ſubeunt populi Symeone creati,
Qui Saroën, Molodamque viri, Sicelechidaque oram
Felicem frugum, lætoſque uligine campos,
Qui Sipabota colunt, Aſaneſque biverticis arces,
Quique Atharin quondam generoſos palmite colles,
Remmona qui, cultiſque erectam in collibus Ain,
Et quos thurilegæ paſcunt centum oppida Idumes,
Ruraque odoriferas Arabum vergentia ad oras.

Ecce autem Iſachari magno clamore nepotes
Ingreſſi delubra petunt, aramque ſalutant:
Gens victu facilis, contentaque finibus arctis.
Hìc adſunt, quos Hermonius ſub vertice paſcit,
Hermonius generator apum, generator equorum.
Qui Taburi capita alta tenent, quibus ardua rupes
Carmeli domus: hæc rapido gens turbine quondam
Sublatum vatem cœli per aperta repentè
Vidit flammifero ferri ſuper æthera curru.
Senſena quos miſit, quos Hennada, quos alit Affra
Nobilis, in ſummis ſitientes rupibus urbes,
Qui Senum, et Reboten liquere, Remetiaque arva,
Vitibus, et variis interſita littora pomis.

At taciti incedunt gens Dani è ſanguine creti,
Dejectique oculos, dejectique ora per urbem
Templa petunt: qualis, cùm frigora prima laceſſunt
Autumnum, nec dum ramis decuſſit honorem
Bruma ſuum, coluber latebras meditatur, iterque
Fert tacitum lapſu repens per ſaxa quieto,
Sibilaque ora premit, neque caudæ ſurrigit orbes.

Jamque

Ears too of corn, e'er ripen'd fruit they bear,
Untimely periſh by the noxious air.
Next theſe, the tribes who under Simeon claim,
From Saroe, Molod, Sicelegis came;
Where plenteous ſtreams refreſh the fertil plain,
The ſoil productive of the golden grain.
From where the fields of Sipabota lie,
And Aſanes her turrets rears on high;
Remmon, and Ai on verdant hillocks plac'd,
And Atharis, with purple vineyards grac'd:
From where Idume heaps of incenſe yields,
And the rich confines of Arabia's fields.
Lo! where the ſons of Iſachar appear,
And to the hallow'd ſhrines their off'rings bear;
A nation temp'rate and contented found,
In the ſcant circuit of their ancient bound.
From fertil Hermon a long train ſucceeds,
Hermon, that bees and gen'rous courſers breeds.
Next thoſe, who dwell where Tabor's ſummits riſe,
And Carmel's tow'ring rocks ſalute the ſkies.
Theſe ſaw the Prophet, as ſublime he rode,
Rapt in a whirlwind to the bleſs'd abode.
Next follow thoſe, from Senſena who came,
Hennad, and Affra of diſtinguiſh'd fame;
Cities, that lift their ſtately turrets high;
Then Senus, Rebote, deſerted lie;
Remetia's fields, with purple vineyards crown'd,
And bord'ring coaſts, where various fruits abound.
Now thoſe, who from the loins of Dan deſcend,
With eyes dejected to the temple bend
Their ſolemn ſteps, and march demurely ſlow;
As when autumnal winds begin to blow,
E'er yet bleak winter with his ſhiv'ring blaſt
Has from the trees their verdant honours caſt;
A ſcaly ſerpent to his covert hies,
Creeps o'er the ſlipp'ry rocks, and ſilent lies:
No more he rides ſublime on curling ſpires,
Mute is his hiſſing tongue, and quench'd his fires.

Penſive

Jamque viros triſtes credas, quòd ſanguine ab illo
Prædixere ducem fore pleni numine vates,
Qui genus humanum CHRISTI ſub imagine falſâ
Terreat, atque hominum vitas, et crimina quærat,
Deterior fas atque nefas ubi verterit ætas,
Et rebus feret exitium mortalibus ignis.
Protinus at multis aderit cum millibus ultor,
Vera Dei ſoboles, verus datus arbiter orbi:
Illum nequicquam pugnantem, et vana moventem,
Turbine corripiens terræ ima in viſcera trudet.

Inſequitur juvenum nimbus, genus Aſere ductum,
Spicea queis capita obnubit de more corona
Omnibus, et nexæ ludunt per tempora ariſtæ.
His Betagumque, Hormamque ferunt, his Aphega ſedes:
Illos Ama dedit, illos miſere Robææ.
Non numero Arctipus Labanæ, non Aziba ceſſit.

Hos juxta feram in noctem ſoliti urere myrtos
Littoreas, ponti gens accola Zabulones
Dona ferunt, pars Jeptaphiles ab ſede profecti:
Pars Jedaba venere: Canam hi liquere, modò atra
Miratam puras in vina rubeſcere lymphas.
Hos Nazara tulit, tulit illos ardua Sembros,
Quæque modò aërias iterum veniſſe ſub auras
Vidit morte obitâ puerum Galilæia Nais,
Millia multa tulit, totidemque uberrima Dotha:
Aque ſuis Nalole, Catetiaque alta relicta eſt.

At quis Nephthalidum numeraverit oppida, et arces
Innumeras, quas et Cedar, quas et ſacer altis
Fert humeris Libanus, cœli confinibus æquus.

Qui

Penſive and ſad this people paſs'd along,
Becauſe from them, as ancient prophets ſung,
A † Chief ſhou'd riſe, who in Meſſiah's room,
The ſeat of ſov'reign juſtice wou'd aſſume;
From bad to worſe when ages ſhou'd deſcend,
And earth's vaſt globe in conflagration end.
But ſoon, with millions round his flaming car,
The world's true judge, God's offspring ſhall appear;
And Him, in vain attempting to rebel,
Thruſt down with thunder to the central hell.
To theſe, an hoſt of ruddy youths ſucceeds,
Whom a brave chief of Aſher's lineage leads:
By cuſtom ſway'd, large ſpikey ears of corn,
In form of wreaths their modeſt brows adorn.
With ſkillful huſbandry theſe plow the field,
Where Horma, Betagus, and Ama yield
Their plenteous fruits; from Aphega a throng,
And proud Robœa march'd in pomp along:
Vaſt crowds from Aziba and Labon went,
And equal numbers rich Arctipus ſent.
Next, thoſe of Zabulon's diſtinguiſh'd race,
Bring their rich off'rings to th' appointed place;
A tribe, that wont their chearful roofs to light
With od'rous myrtles thro' the lengthen'd night.
Part from the ancient ſeat of Jeptha came,
From Jedaba, and Cana known to fame;
Where the pure water by command divine,
Chang'd her pale eſſence into purple wine.
Next, from Nazara mighty crowds ſucceed,
And where proud Sembros lifts her ſtately head;
Nais, which ſaw the youth that breathleſs lay,
Recall'd from darkneſs to the realms of day.
Nalole, Dotha rich in fertil land,
And high Cathetia ſend a num'rous band.
But who the towns and cities may deſcribe,
Poſſeſs'd by Nephthali's remoter tribe;
Which on the lofty tops of Cedar lie,
And Libanus, whoſe ſummits pierce the ſky.

† Antichriſt Thoſe

Qui celſam Naſona habitant, qui Nephthalis urbem,
Gens oris, fandique potens, fœcundaque veri
Naſcentem gemino Jordanem fonte ſalutat.
Omnis iit Galilæa; omnis Samarea penates
Deſeruit, ſtudio gens tantùm accita videndi.
Sæpe hâc Rege ſatus ſuperûm tellure moratus,
Sponte Deum ſe detexit: miracula rerum
Aſſeda nunc etiam meminit, meminere Caperna,
Et, vetus amiſit quæ nomen, Graïa Sebaſte.
It Bethole, eductaque ad ſidera Beſſaïs arce,
Et quos piſcoſis Genneſara proluit undis.

Levigenæ verò ſacrum genus omnibus ibant
Immixti: neque enim propria his regio ulla colenda
Sorte data eſt, ſed diverſas dux legifer olim
Huc illuc oras æquè eſt partitus in omnes,
Præfecitque ſacros aris, proque ubere glebæ
Et jugulare dedit pecudes, atque exta cremare.

At non contentus regnis, ſceptriſque Manaſſeus,
Sortitus quæ trans fluvium ſibi junxerat ampla,
Protulit imperium, quà Nepheca, Berſaque ſurgunt
Venatrix, pecorumque altrix, et Dora ferarum.
Olli etiam parent Tenachos, nemoroſaque Jebla,
Et Magedos nulli populis opibuſque ſecunda.
Quaſque rigat Taphua claris argenteus undis,
Ver ubi perpetuum, ſcatebriſque recentia prata.

Succedunt

Thoſe march'd along, who high Naſona till'd,
A race, in arts of elocution ſkill'd;
And Nephthalis, which wide thro' plains below
Sees from his double fount the Jordan flow.
All Galilee th' appointed journey takes,
And proud Samaria all her gods forſakes;
Not at the ſhrines her holy vows to pay,
But Chriſt's auguſt atchievements to ſurvey.
Bent on his work divine whilſt here he ſtay'd,
Full oft the God his deity diſplay'd:
His wonders Aſſeda remembers yet,
Nor fam'd Caperna can thoſe deeds forget;
Nor that, which whilom bore a diff'rent name,
Now call'd Sebaſte by the voice of fame.
Next, paſs'd from Bethole a num'rous band,
And where Beſſaïs lofty turrets ſtand.
Then crowds from fair Genneſara proceed,
Fam'd for rich captures of the finny breed.
But mixt and blended with each diff'rent throng,
The ſacred race of Levi march'd along.
To theſe, the lots no ſep'rate bounds allow'd,
No flocks they tended, and no country plough'd:
But the great Law-giver, by heav'n's command,
Amidſt their tribe in common ſhar'd the land;
Ordain'd the ſhrines to guard, the victims ſlay,
And holy off'rings on the altars lay.
But not content in regions to reſide,
Beyond where Jordan rolls his ſacred tide,
Manaſſeus aims his empire to extend,
Where Nepheca, and Berſa's tow'rs aſcend;
Where fertil Dora plenteous paſtures yields
For flocks and herds, that graze her verdant fields.
Him Tenachos, and Magedos obey,
And woody Jebla owns his potent ſway;
And that rich tract, where ſilver Taphua leads
His cryſtal current thro' the bord'ring meads;
Where ſpring perpetual thro' each ſeaſon reigns,
And conſtant verdure decks th' enamel'd plains.

Succedunt qui trans Jordanis flumen opima
Arva ſerunt, tribus ipſo etiam deducta Manaſſeo,

Nec non Gade ſati, nec non Rubene creati
Belligero, fratrum cunctorum maximus ævo
Qui fuit, unà omnes urbem ingrediuntur, ut olim
Unà etiam ſedem optarunt trans flumen eandem:
Indigenis quondam regnata gigantibus arva.
Argobiæ qui rura colunt, Baſanidaque oram,
Qui ſaltus Galadina tuos, Ogique ſubactas
Sexaginta urbes, Galaticaque oppida, Iabin,
Et Sebamam, Balmenque, Ramotha, Golanque, Nabenque,
Edrenque, Selcamque, et ſemirutam Cariathen.
Hæc tunc nomina, nunc alio ſunt nomine terræ.
Tum qui cedriferæ paſcunt aſperrima Arimnes,
Omnes fronde caput tecti, omnes terga veruti.
Qui Boſorim, Rabathenque tenent, qui Gaulida, et omnem
Fortibus exercent tauris Bathaltidos oram,
Et quos humectat præceps de montibus Arnos.
Nec vos tranſierim, qui prata feracis Abillæ,
Quique Eleale viri metitis, viridemque Aſerota,
Seoniamque Eſebon, ſaxis horrentia regna:
Deſertaſque Cades, quas Phaſga habet arduus, et quas
Hinc atque hinc Hermus præruptas ſuſtinet urbes:
Quas Abaris, cujus nimboſo è vertice quondam
Paſtores admirati videre morantem
Jordanem,

Next, follow'd many that confed'rate came
From diſtant lands, beyond rich Jordan's ſtream:
Theſe too their birth from old Manaſſeus claim.
From Gad the numbers who their lineage trace,
And Ruben, firſt-born of old Iſrael's race,
In ſocial union to the temple came;
As once their ſeat and country were the ſame:
By lot ſelecting that extent of plain,
Where warlike giants held their native reign.
Who Argob's fields poſſeſs, and Baſan's coaſts
The num'rous cities proud Galatia boaſts;
Thy groves, fair Galadine, and waving wood,
And ſixty towns of ancient Ogg ſubdu'd;
Jabis, and Sebama, and Balme high,
And where Ramotha, Gola, Nabe lie,
Edre, and Selca; names of old well known,
And Cariathe, more than half o'erthrown.
Who till the regions where Arimne lies,
Whoſe lofty cedars touch the neighbouring ſkies;
Their backs ſuſtain a dart, their manly brows
Crown'd with a twiſted wreath of verdant boughs.
They who poſſeſs the fertil tract of land,
Where Rabath, Boſoris, and Gaulis ſtand:
Whoſe ſturdy oxen plow the ſpacious fields,
Where rich Bathaltis plenteous harveſts yields;
And thoſe fair meads, where Arnon's waters flow,
That burſt impetuous from the mountain's brow.
Nor ſhall I paſs thoſe tribes unnotic'd by,
Who till the rich and fertil meadows, nigh
Where Eleale, and Abilla lie;
Where verdant Aſerot her plains extends,
And Eſebon o'er rugged rocks aſcends;
Cades, that widow'd and unpeopled ſtands,
Rude cities, rais'd on Phaſga's hilly lands;
And ancient towns, that ſcatter'd here and there,
With broken tow'rs on Hermus's tops appear,
And cloud-capt Abaris; from whoſe moiſt brow,
Admiring ſhepherds, on the plains below,

Jordanem ingenti ſubſidere mole coacta
Undarum, et curſu cedentia flumina retro,
Dum domus Iſacidum promiſſa capeſſeret arva.

Poſtremi ſubeunt advecti è ſede propinqua
Benjamidæ, data ſorte quibus lætiſſima tellus:
Maxima ubi et Solyme totius regia gentis,
Altaque Jarephile, Luzæque binominis arces:
Quæque modò quarta regem jam luce ſepultum
Bethane obſtupuit, revocari ad munera vitæ.
Et Tarela, et Samare, et lentiſciferæ Gabaothæ,
Gens infeſta feris: ideo exuviaſque luporum
Induti incedunt juvenes, canibuſque fatigant,
Quas ſepire plagis juvat uſque et frangere, ſylvas.
Atque adeò aſſiduo venatu mane recentes
Convectant humeris prædas, quas veſper Olympum
Claudit ubi, gaudent partiri, epuliſque fruuntur,
Atque inter ſeſe per agros convivia curant.
Hìc adſunt, queis Maſpha domus, quibus arduus Hemen,
Difficiles colles, ac ſcabra crepidine terga;
Qui liquere Recen, celſaſque Berothidos arces,
Atque Sylum quondam gaudentem paupere templo:
Qui longumque Helephon, Avinque, Amoſamque, Selamque,
Atque ululata Rhamæ paſſim Rachellidos arva.
Qui Gabeone domo, quique Hierichunte profecti.

Indigenas

Saw Jordan's waves in gather'd heaps ſubſide,
And tow'rd his fountain roll the refluent tide;
Whilſt on dry ground the ſons of Iſrael gain'd,
A ſpeedy paſſage to the promis'd land.
Laſt march'd the Benjamites, by lot poſſeſs'd
Of fields, whoſe beauty far ſurpaſs'd the reſt;
Where lofty Solyma unrivall'd reigns,
The nobleſt city o'er Judæa's plains;
Where tow'rs Jarephila, once known to fame,
And Luza, glorying in its two-fold name;
And Bethany, which loſt in wonder view'd
The four-days buried corſe to vital warmth renew'd.
Samar, and Tarela of old renown'd,
And Gabaoth rich, where maſtic trees abound.
An hardy race, whom ſavage beaſts infeſt;
Hence the bold youth, their brawny ſhoulders dreſs'd
With ſpoils of ſhaggy wolves, the woods ſurround,
Spread the broad net, and chear the op'ning hound.
In hunting thus they paſs the early day;
At length, returning with th' accuſtom'd prey,
Soon as the ev'ning ſtar on high aſcends,
And grateful twilight o'er the earth extends;
On the green turf the homely treat prepare,
And all in ſocial mirth and ruſtic pleaſures ſhare.
Others their deſtin'd courſe from Maſpha bend,
And where proud Hemen's lofty hills aſcend;
Far o'er the land the rugged rocks extend.
Next follow'd thoſe, who from Berothis came,
Recen, and Shylo not unknown to fame;
Where void of ſplendor, unadorn'd and rude,
In days of old God's hallow'd temple ſtood.
With theſe, a thronging multitude aſcends
From fields, where ſpacious Helephon extends;
Avis, and Amoſa, and Sela low,
And Rhama, echoing with ſad Rachel's woe.
Then clos'd the march, from Gabeon's fertil plain,
And tow'r-crown'd Jericho, a num'rous train.

Indigenas, eſt fama, viæ aſſiduique meatûs
Oblitum vidiſſe diu conſidere ſolem
Imperio ducis, atque diem decedere ſerum.
Hos inter facie egregia puer altior ibat,
Qui priſco genus à Saulo, nomenque trahebat.
Jam tum illum vates uno omnes ore canebant,
Præſtanti clarum eloquio, factiſque futurum.
Quantis ille tamen mentem caligine preſſus
In noſtros odiis primùm, furiiſque feretur?
Omnipotens aderit Pater, et ſe pectore toto
Altius infundet juveni, excutietque furorem.
Protinus afflatus divinitus ætheris aura
Implebit terras monitis, latumque per orbem
Mortales meliora docens ad ſacra vocabit,
Nec lethum horreſcet pro relligione cruentum.

Jam duodena tribus magnæ ſucceſſerat urbi:
Ipſe etiam, templo ut ſolitos inferret honores,
Munere nec tali tam læta luce careret,
Affatur ſocios CHRISTUS: Lux ſacra propinquat,
Omnis ſe dapibus feſta domus apparet urbe.
Ecquis erit veſtrûm, primus qui ad mœnia tendat,
Si quis fortè opibus feſſos invitet abundans,
Nos quoque ut, ante meos obitus ac funus acerbum,
Solennes epulas celebremus, et annua ſacra?
Nec longè quærendus erit: puer obvius ultro,
Urnam humero, lymphaſque ferens de fonte recentes.
Quò tendat greſſus, aut quò ſeſe ille receptet,
Obſervate, locumque acie capite uſque ſequendo:
Limina vos eadem accipiant, tectumque ſubite.
Tum dominum affati coràm, hoſpitiumque rogantes
Exiguam ſacris ſedem, noſtrum edite nomen.
Tectum auratum, ingens, pictiſque inſigne tapetis
Protinus oſtendet, ſtructas ibi ponite menſas:

Ipſe

Here, as 'tis rumour'd, on th' embattled field,
At Joſhua's voice, aſtoniſh'd crowds beheld,
Th' obedient ſun his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay
Awhile, and lengthen the declining day.
A beauteous Youth amidſt the numbers came,
From ancient Saul who drew his birth and name:
Ev'n then with one conſent the ſeers of old
His glorious deeds and eloquence foretold.
Yet on his kindred tribes, by frenzy borne,
With what a zeal his anger will he turn!
Till heav'n, its image on his mind impreſs'd,
Shake the blind fury from his lab'ring breaſt.
Then ſudden, by diviner influence led,
O'er the wide world his doctrine will he ſpread;
Teach ſtubborn hearts t'obey religion's laws,
Nor dread death's terrors in ſo juſt a cauſe.
Now all the tribes, their various marches paſt,
Within the city walls arriv'd at laſt:
When Chriſt, reſolv'd religious rites to pay,
As cuſtom orders, on this ſolemn day,
Thus ſpeaks—The ſacred eve approaches near,
The Jews their annual feſtival prepare.
Which then of all this train will haſten on,
With ſpeedy footſteps to yon ſacred town;
That we, if chance ſome lib'ral hoſt invite
Such mean aſſociates to th' approaching rite,
May duly celebrate, e'er yet I taſte
Death's bitter potion, this accuſtom'd feaſt.
Nor vain the ſearch; a youth will ſoon appear,
Whoſe arms an urn of pureſt water bear.
To whate'er houſe for entrance he applies,
Obſerve his footſteps with attentive eyes;
And let the ſelf-ſame roofs that him receive,
To you, my friends, a like admittance give.
Then for ſome ſmall apartment make requeſt
Of its kind owner, and proclaim his gueſt.
He to your eyes a ſplendid room will ſhow,
Where coſtly carpets rich with purple glow:

Ipſe adero, atque eadem ſocios ad limina ducam.

Dixit: Joannes mandata, Petruſque faceſſunt,
Et moeſti magnæ ſuccedunt mœnibus urbis.
Ibant incerti, atque oculis procul omnia obibant,
Cum puer urnam humero geſtans, lymphamque recentem
Vicino veniens de fonte occurrit: eum uſque
Servantes, greſſum ferret quacunque, ſequuntur:
Quaſque ſubit, ſubeunt ipſi quoque protinus, ædes.

Huc atavis claruſque Simon, et prole beatus
Septena, ſeſe ſemper referebat ab agris,
Si quando charis cum natis viſeret urbem.
Namque illum potius campis, rurique juvabat
Degere, civileſque procul contemnere honores.
Umbræ illi nemorum cordi, rivique ſecantes
Prædia, quæ centum dives vertebat aratris.
Jam gravis, argutaſque fides, et carmina amabat
Fluminis in ripis, aut fontem propter amœnum.
Norat enim cœli numeros, menſuſque, viaſque:
Sæpe Deo plenus porrò ventura canebat
Agricolis, quid ſol, quid menſtrua luna pararet:
Sudique, pluviæque docens prænuncia ſigna.
Tūm ſacris intentam igitur concēſſerat urbem,
Ut de more dies feſtos celebraret avito.
Dumque aliâ famuli menſas, et dona parārent
Parte domus, veterum facta ipſe canebat avorum:
Nunc citharæ levibus digitis, nunc pectine eburno
Percurrens molli attactu vocalia fila.
Præcipuè à prima revocabat origine, quænam
Has ex more epulas, atque hæc ſolennia priſcæ
Relligio intulerit genti. Verùm ecce canenti

Improviſus

Within this dome your ſacred rites prepare,
Myſelf and friends will here the banquet ſhare.
Peter and John their Lord's commands obey,
And penſive to the city bend their way.
With anxious thoughts they paſs the ſtreets along,
And caſt their eyes o'er all the buſy throng.
At length a youth, who on his ſhoulders bears
An urn of water, to their ſight appears;
His ſteps with eyes obſervant they ſurvey,
And gladly enter where he leads the way.
Simon, of lineal dignity poſſeſs'd,
And with a train of ſev'n fair children bleſs'd;
Hither at ſeaſons from the field repair'd,
When with his ſons the genial feaſt he ſhar'd.
In rural tasks he paſs'd his days alone,
And bleſs'd with calm retirement ſcorn'd the town.
Woods were his chief delight, and ſtreams that glide
'Midſt various paſtures with a plenteous tide,
Wat'ring his farm; where rich abundance grows,
Beneath the tillage of an hundred plows.
Now crown'd with years, by fountain ſtretch'd along,
He lov'd to warble the mellifluous ſong.
For well he knew the various laws to trace
Of bodies, circling thro' th'etherial ſpace:
Oft too, with ſacred inſpiration fill'd,
He to the liſt'ning huſbandmen reveal'd,
What Phœbus, or the menſtruous moon divines,
And mark'd the weather by foreboding ſigns.
Now to the royal ſeat, an honour'd gueſt
He came, obſervant of the ſacred feaſt;
And while due works employ'd the menial throng,
The deeds of heroes to his harp he ſung;
Now plies the iv'ry quill, now light he flings
His volant fingers o'er the vocal ſtrings.
Chiefly thro' ancient hiſtories he ran,
And trac'd how firſt the ſolemn feaſt began;
Search'd back the cauſes of its birth to find,
And what religion in this rite deſign'd.

While

Improviſus adeſt Petrus, et ſacra carmina rumpit:
Rex, ait, eſt nobis, quo nuſquam juſtior alter,
Aut pietate prior; CHRISTUM omnes nomine dicunt.
Is tua nos ultro ſupplex ad limina mittit:
Exiguam ſacris ſedem menſiſque rogamus.

His ille auditis, gaviſus nomine tanto,
Imperat, haud hærens animo, tectum omne recludi.
Hinc hilares totis adolere penatibus ignes,
Et pingui ſuffire Arabum jubet atria ſylva.
Interiuſque viros media in penetralia ducit.
Inde locum oſtendit mira teſtudine pictis
Aulæis circumvelatum, oſtroque rubenti.
Luxuriant ſola ſtrata, nitent argentea eburnis
Fulcra toris, ſcyphique, auroque è ſimplice lances:
Et paſſim domus, argentoque, auroque renidet:
Atque hæc deinde refert: non hoc mihi nomen ad aures
Nunc primùm venit, illius ſed cognita fama
Jampridem virtus: neque enim mihi cernere coràm
Fas fuit, aut vocem divinam hauſiſſe loquentis.
Adveniat: placidus tectis aſueſcat amicis.
Vos hìc expectate: viros, qui exacta reportent
Omnia dimittam, meaque illum ad limina ducant.
Atque utinam libeat longum his in ſedibus olli
Degere, et hoſpitii dignetur nomine tectum;
Quod noſtros juvet interdum memorare nepotes,
Hoſpitibuſque locum felicem oſtendere ſeris.
Interea adventu veſtro intermiſſa ſequamur
Carmina, et antiquos patrum repetamus honores,
Dum nigra roriferis nox terras obruat umbris.

Sic ait, ac nervis ſocians concordibus ora
Obloquitur numeris: quæ concinit, ordine picta
Cuncta

While theſe concerns his earneſt thoughts detain,
Lo! Peter ſudden interrupts the ſtrain;
And thus—A King we have; than whom is found
None more for worth, or piety renown'd;
For juſtice too thro' all the world his fame
Reſounds, and Chriſt is his illuſtrious name.
Me ſuppliant to your roof our Lord diſmiſs'd,
And begs ſome ſmall convenience for the feaſt.
Pleas'd at ſo great a name, without delay
He bids his ſervants all the dome diſplay;
Thro' each apartment wake the genial fire,
While round the court Arabia's ſweets expire:
Then leads the men thro' many a winding ſpace,
And kindly ſeats them in the inmoſt place.
Thence wide unfolds a room, where hung on high
The ſplendid tap'ſtry ſhines with Tyrian die:
A gorgeous carpet the rich floor o'erſpreads,
Bright ſilver feet ſupport the iv'ry beds;
Of gold the chargers and the cups were made,
And the whole dome magnificence diſplay'd.
Then thus begins—Your Maſter's glorious name
Has reach'd my ears; his worth is known to fame;
Yet to behold this Chief was never mine,
Or hear the accents of his tongue divine.
Hither with kind acceptance let him haſte,
And ſhare the honours of this ſacred feaſt.
Reſt here yourſelves; my ſlaves I'll ſend away
To ſpread the news, and to this roof convey
My honour'd friend; oh! wou'd the Hero come,
And dwell for years within this happy dome!
That future ſons may boaſt our manſion bleſs'd,
With the rich preſence of ſo great a Gueſt.
Meanwhile the ſubject of this labour'd ſtrain,
Your tale prevented, we'll reſume again,
Heroic deeds; till darkneſs ſpreads around,
And dewy ſhades refreſh the weary'd ground.
He ſaid; and to their ears the ſtory ſings,
With voice accordant to the trembling ſtrings.

The

Cuncta putes, aut textilibus ſimulata figuris.
Nempe Paretoniis cantu deducit ab oris
Iſacidum genus, arrepta maris æquora virga
Ut profugùm dux findat, aquaſque impune per altas
Ut ſine navigiis ierint, pelagique profunda
Sicco calcarint pede. Namque induruit humor
Aridus, et liquidas latè eſt via ſecta per undas.
A tergo tota ex Ægypto curribus hoſtes
Quadrijugis vecti, inſtabant fulgentibus armis.
Jamque pios canit emenſo pelago alta tenere
Littora, littoreiſque metu ſe condere ſylvis.
Nulla mora eſt: iterum telo tellure recuſſa
Divino, redeunt in ſe maria ecce refuſa,
Quæ media ingenti dirimebat ſemita tractu.
Inde hoſtes ruere, et ſalſis in fluctibus arma,
Armaque, quadrupedeſque, et corpora merſa virorum.
Aſpiceres magis atque magis ſubſidere in undis
Semper, et abſumptos velut evaneſcere currus,
Qui medii extabant, medios ſalis hauſerat æſtus.
Addit, ut omnipotens rerum ſator æthere ab ipſo
Paverit in vaſta gentem regione locorum
Errantem, dape cœleſti, miſeratus egenos.
Cernere ibique putes epulas nivis inſtar ab æthra
Defluere ad terram ſubitas, cœtuſque paratis
Accinctos dapibus latis epularier arvis.
Proinde etiam duras cautes pulſabat eadem
Dux cœlum aſpectans virga, cùm protinus amnis
Proſilit, et dulcem ſaxa erupere liquorem,
Atque hauſere novis populi de fontibus undam,
Quos ſitis ex longo collecta urebat hiantes.
Tum canit, ut primus Solymorum conditor arcis

Dona

The whole you'd think in colour'd tints pourtray'd,
Or rich embroid'ry to the view diſplay'd.
He ſung, how ancient Iſrael's warlike hoſt,
March'd forth triumphant from th' Egyptian coaſt;
How the brave Leader, by divine command,
The waves divided with his magic wand;
While all the favour'd tribes, on ſolid ground,
In ſafety travell'd thro' the ſeas profound:
On either ſide the waves incruſted ſtood,
And form'd a paſſage thro' the cryſtal flood.
Prone on their rear th' Egyptian hoſt they feel,
With thund'ring chariots and with glitt'ring ſteel.
Next he relates, how ſafe to ſhore convey'd,
Within the neighbouring woods conceal'd they laid.
When lo! as Moſes waves th' enchanted rod,
Swift to its bounds th' obedient ocean flow'd;
And where but lately the diſſever'd main
Aſunder broke, huge billows roll'd again.
Then, as the hoſts indignant urg'd their way,
Your eyes might horſes, armour, men ſurvey;
And broken chariots, ſcatter'd all around,
At once immerging in the vaſt profound.
To theſe he adds, how God by pity led
To Iſrael's race, with heav'nly manna fed
His choſen people; as forlorn they paſs'd
Thro' the dry deſert, and unfruitful waſte.
You'd think the ſudden bev'rage you beheld,
Cov'ring, like heaps of ſnow, the whiten'd field;
While the glad tribes, in gather'd ranks around,
Spread their rich banquets o'er the ſacred ground.
Then, lifting up his eyes, a ſtubborn rock
Fierce with his wand the pious Leader ſtruck:
From the hard flint a plenteous river flow'd,
And all around refreſhing ſtreams beſtow'd;
With thirſt oppreſs'd they quaff'd the liquid ſtore,
Drawn from a living fount, unknown before.
Then, at the cloſe, his ſacred ſongs relate,
How the firſt founder of the Jewiſh ſtate,

Preſented

Dona laboratæ frugisque, recensque reperti
Pocula plena meri, obtulerit campestribus aris,
Cespite quas viridi, sectaque extruxerat orno.

Atque ea dum intentis hauribant auribus omnes,
Haud rerum ignarus CHRISTUS, de montibus altis
Cesserat, infensæque iterum successerat urbi:
Et jam declivi cùm sol properaret Olympo,
Hospitis intravit, sociis comitantibus, ædes,
Regifico instructas luxu; dapibusque paratis,
Discubuere omnes: unà inter dirus Iüdas
Dissimulans sedet, et vultu mentitur amorem.
Jamque Heros puras fruges, properataque liba
Accipiens, frangensque manu partitur in omnes.
Inde mero implevit pateram, lymphaque recenti,
Et laticis mixti dium sacravit honorem,
Spumantemque dedit sociis, mox talia fatur:
Corporis hæc nostri, hæc vera cruoris imago,
Unus pro cunctis quem fundam sacra Parenti
Hostia, ut antiquæ noxæ contagia tollam.
Vos ideo, quoties positas accedere mensas
Contigerit, sacrasque dapes, libamina jussa,
Funeris his nostri mœstum referetis honorem,
Et nunquam istius abolescet gloria facti.

Nec plura; ex illo mox servavere minores
Hunc semper ritum memores, arisque sacramus
Sinceram Cererem, et dulcem de vite liquorem,
Pro veterum tauris, pecudum pro pinguibus extis.
Ipse sacerdotum verbis eductus ab astris
Frugibus insinuat sese Regnator olympi,

Libaturque

Preſented gifts, and new-diſcover'd wine,
In rich oblations to the pow'r divine;
On ruſtic altars were the off'rings laid,
Of verdant turf and rude materials made.
While theſe, enraptur'd with the ſolemn ſtrain,
Attentive liſten'd to the warbling ſwain;
Our Lord, to celebrate the feſtal rite,
Had now deſcended from the mountain's height;
And to the hoſtile town once more was come,
Prepar'd, and conſcious of th' approaching doom.
And now, the ſun declining to the main,
The room he enter'd with th' aſſociate train;
Where all, reclin'd on ſplendid couches, ſhar'd
The feaſt; in rich magnificence prepar'd.
Ev'n Judas-ſelf amidſt the reſt was ſeen,
His hate diſſembling with a placid mien.
Now bleſſing bread, and breaking with his hand,
Our Lord divides it 'midſt the ſocial band;
Then mixing water with the pureſt wine,
The chalice conſecrates with rites divine.
This bread, my body; and this purple flood,
Conveys, he cries, an image of my blood;
Which, as from ſlaughter'd lamb, muſt ſoon be ſpilt,
In full atonement for primæval guilt.
Then hear, my friends; and oft as ye prepare,
This ſolemn rite and feſtival to ſhare;
Regardful of your Maſter's lateſt breath,
Preſerve the dear memorial of my death:
This act perpetual glory ſhall acquire,
Till ages ceaſe, and time itſelf expire.
From hence, their ſucceſſors with due regard
This ſacred banquet have for ever ſhar'd.
And now, for fat of choiceſt victims ſlain,
For blood of bulls and goats, oblations vain;
On ev'ry altar ſolemnly is laid,
With pureſt wine, the conſecrated bread.
Sudden, th' Almighty Sire who rules on high,
Call'd by the prieſt, forſakes th' etherial ſky;

And

Libaturque Dei ſacrum cum ſanguine corpus.
In ſummos hæc relligio ſucceſſit honores.

Ergo ubi pulſa fames ſociis, ſeſe ocyùs Heros
Exuit inſignem tunicam, et mantilibus albis
Succinctus poſcit flammis undantia ahena.
Tum gelidam irrorans dextra, lævaque ſonoris
Pertentans labris ferventem temperat undam.
Hinc genibus poſitis Petro, reliquiſque ſuorum,
Plurima quanquam ille attonitus novitate recuſet,
Dat pedibus lymphas, et molli ſiccat amictu
Accurvus, ſociis linquens imitabile factum.

Mox gemitus imo ducens de pectore fatur:
En, mihi ſumma dies, ſocii, quamque ipſe propinquam
Prædixi toties, nox illa advenit acerba:
Vos linquam, et moriens genitoris juſſa capeſſam.
Unus erit veſtrûm (vix ô vix credere tantum
Fas ſcelus) inſidiis prodet qui me hoſtibus ultro.
Haud me animi fallit: furias jam perfidus ille
Concipit, inſidiaſque animo meditatur avaro:
Id pietas mea magna, mei meruere labores.
Non tamen ipſe diu pulchro lætabere facto,
Quiſquis eris: ſatius, ſi nunquam lucis amorem
Guſtaſſes, dulcis nec vitæ limen inîſſes.
At vos eſte pii, inque vicem (quæ exempla reliqui)
Inter vos aliis alii parete volentes,
Summiſſiſque animis faſtus abolete ſuperbos.
Non Erebi in tanto ceſſabunt cardine diræ
Veſtra poteſtates prævertere corda timore.

Pervigiles

And chang'd to hallow'd bread, men taſte the blood,
And ſacred body of th' eternal God.
This ſolemn act of worſhip has obtain'd
The nobleſt honours in the chriſtian land.
Soon as the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
The humble Chief reſigns his ſplendid veſt;
And taking ſofteſt towels in his hands,
The boiling cauldron from the fire demands;
Then pouring water to the vaſe's brim,
Allays the fury of the raging ſtream:
Hence, on his knees, to Peter and the reſt,
Tho' he alarm'd the ſtrange attempt repreſs'd,
Pours the pure water on their feet around,
And gently wipes them, bending to the ground;
In this dear act bequeathing to mankind
The trueſt pattern of an humble mind:
Then his belov'd diſciples thus addreſs'd,
The ſighs thick burſting from his heaving breaſt.
The hour, oh! friends! I oft foretold, is come;
The night that wraps me in the ſilent tomb:
Soon ſhall I leave this load of mortal clay
On earth, and dying heav'n's beheſts obey.
One from amidſt this ſocial band, I know,
Will ſoon betray me to the cruel foe;
Ev'n now (what ſcarcely can belief obtain)
He plots my ruin for the luſt of gain.
Such the reward on pious acts beſtow'd,
And daily labours for the public good!
Yet thou, whoe'er thou art, to virtue loſt,
Shalt never long this brave atchievement boaſt;
Happy! in youth had'ſt thou been ſnatch'd away,
Or ne'er ſtood forth a candidate for day!
But ye, my friends! your piety maintain,
With humble minds the pride of life diſdain;
Among yourſelves unite with firm accord,
And copy thus th' example of your Lord.
At this event hell's pow'rs will ſcarce forbear
To fill your boſoms with unmanly fear;

Pervigiles quæſo jam cuſtodite, proculque
Conſulite: hìc animos, atque illos promite ſenſus,
Quos toties mihi polliciti, ne cedite peſti:
Vos ſervate viri noctem non amplius unam.

Extemplò turbati omnes, gemitumque dedere,
Suſpenſi, quem cæcum adeò, furiiſque ſubactum
Ore premens ſignet venturi præſcius Heros.
Quem ſenior tali aggreditur ſermone precando:
O cœli decus, in quenquam tam immane putandum eſt
Poſſe ſcelus cadere? quiſnam fœdiſſimus ille?
Faxo hodie nunquam nobis illudat inultis.
Non adeò effugit cum ſanguine vivida virtus
Pulſa annis, nec dextra mihi tam frigida languet.
Sic ait: et pariter vagina liberat enſem.

Dux autem ſignis manifeſtis prodidit hoſtem:
Sed cunctis mentem eripuit, voluitque latere,
Donec res perfecta. Dehinc hæc edidit ore:
Immò omni ex numero mihi nemo hac nocte ſuprema
Veſtrùm non infidus erit, ſoluſque relinquar.
Tu quoque, magnanimo cui nunc ea copia fandi
Sub tecto, atque amplis tendis ſuper æthera dictis,
Omnes irritans ventos, omneſque procellas,
Hinc atque hinc circumfuſos ubi videris hoſtes,
Me capto, quæres latebras, jacieſque ſalutem
Mendaci in lingua, pedibuſque fugacibus acer.
Atque ubi curriculo mediam nox humida metam

But let intrepid reſolution arm
Your minds, and guard againſt the dread alarm.
Ne'er let that noble fortitude be loſt,
So often vaunted with a gen'rous boaſt:
This night, oh! friends! call ev'ry virtue forth;
This ſingle night be witneſs of your worth.
At this, the pious train with grief oppreſs'd,
Heav'd forth a ſigh of anguiſh from their breaſt;
In deep ſuſpence, what wretch, by frenzy blind,
The Hero, conſcious of th'event, deſign'd.
When Peter thus with mild requeſt began;
Oh! pride of heav'n! oh! more than mortal man!
Say, in what breaſt can ſuch injuſtice riſe?
What heart ſo baſe a treachery deviſe?
Ne'er ſhall he load us with this foul diſgrace,
A juſt revenge the ſcandal ſhall efface.
What? tho' the flight of envious ſeaſons drains
The ſprightly current from my languid veins;
This arm has vigour ſtill—with warmth he ſaid;
And from the ſcabbard ſnatch'd the ſhining blade.
By obvious ſigns our Lord the wretch reveal'd;
But willing he ſhou'd reſt awhile conceal'd,
Till rip'ning time the horrid fraud betray'd,
O'er their dark minds he caſt an ambient ſhade,
Then thus proceeds—Of this aſſembled train,
Not one to night his valour will maintain;
But all, by fears alarm'd, with one accord
Fly recreant hence; unfaithful to their Lord.
Ev'n thou, who while beneath this roof we ſtay,
Do'ſt ſafely here thine eloquence diſplay,
And in a ſtrain of pompous words defy,
The ſtorms and tempeſts of a threat'ning ſky;
Soon as thou view'ſt the hoſtile troops around,
Thy Maſter captive, and with fetters bound;
Shalt place all ſafety in thy tongue's deceit,
And coward ſwiftneſs of thoſe flying feet.
Nay, e'er the ſable chariot of the night,
Has more than half-way reach'd its deſtin'd height;

Attigerit, ter me tibi notum ille ipſe negabis,
Futilis, incutietque metus tibi fœmina inermis.
Dixerat: ille animi robur magis uſque, magiſque
Spondebat, turpique metu impenetrabile pectus:
Fœda alios ſervet fuga, nec tu me antè timoris
Argue, quàm terga urgenti dare videris hoſti.
Quò te cunque feres, adero: ſequar ultima tecum,
Nulla tuis poterit me vis abjungere rebus.

His Deus exactis, menſas, urbemque reliquit,
Et ſe cum ſociis pura ſub nocte virentes
Tranſtulit in colles olea, et loca ſola petivit:
Atque omnes ſecum juſſit vigilare: ſed illi
Aſſiduis noctiſque, dieque laboribus hauſti
Haud poterant invictum oculis defendere ſomnum,
Et gelidi in ſummo recubantes æquore ſaxi
Infuſum toto proflabant ore ſoporem.

Intereà curis confectus triſtibus Heros,
Cœleſti velut oblitus ſe ſemine cretum,
Indignos animo eventus, indigna labanti
Supplicia, atque genus leti verſabat acerbum,
Horrebatque: id enim matris de corpore traxit,
Ut quæcunque hominum mortalia pectora terrent,
Ipſe etiam hæc eadem mortali corde paveret.
Mens immota tamen, virtuſque invicta manebat.
Ergo iterum, atque iterum Genitorem affatus, et ambas
Ad cœlum tendens palmas, hac voce rogabat:
Omnipotens, talin' Pater ô me funere obire?
Mene aliena malis tantis commiſſa piare?
Eripe me informi leto, et tua flecte ſevera
Conſilia in melius, duroſque averte dolores.
Si tamen id fixum ſedet, atque hæc certa tibi mens,
Nec generi humano Nati niſi morte ſequeſtra
Placaris, non fas orbis me deeſſe ſaluti.
Ibo ultro: crimen generis commune refellam.

Dixerat,

Thrice ſhall thy tongue deny its Lord; afraid,
And idly trembling at a ſimple maid.
Conſcious he ſpoke; but Peter now diſdain'd
The charge; and bolder his firm zeal maintain'd.
Let others owe their ſafety to their fear;
But thou, my Lord, to tax my flight forbear,
Till thine own eyes my daſtard feet ſurvey
Turn from the hoſtile ſword, and haſte away.
Lead where thou wilt; no force ſhall e'er divide
Thy faithful ſervant from his Maſter's ſide.
  Theſe rites diſcharg'd, attended with his friends
Our Lord his footſteps from the city bends,
To that fam'd hill with verdant olives crown'd,
And ſought concealment in the lonely ground:
There bids them with attention watch; but they
Spent with hard toils, and labour of the day,
In vain attempted, the long night, to keep
Their weary eyelids from invading ſleep.
Stretch'd on the ſummit of the rock they lay,
And heedleſs ſnor'd th' important hour away.
  Meanwhile the Chief, with cares and grief o'erſpent,
As if unconſcious of his high deſcent,
Revolves within his breaſt the woes to come,
His ſhame and death; and dreads th' appointed doom.
Such fears, the lot attending all mankind,
From earth he drew; unconquer'd in his mind.
Then, both his hands uplifted to the ſky,
He pours his plaints to Him who rules on high:
Almighty Father! muſt my death fulfil,
A death ſo dreadful, thy eternal will?
Muſt I for man's offending race atone,
And bleed for crimes and follies not my own?
Oh! gracious Sovereign! this decree forego,
And ſnatch thy offſpring from impending woe.
But if the world for ever loſt muſt lie,
Unleſs for man I ſuffer, bleed, and die;
Freely my death ſhall human guilt efface,
And ſave from ruin this devoted race.

Dixerat, atque graves curas ſub corde premebat,
Multa agitans, toto ſimul ibat corpore ſudor
Proruptus, ſimul et ſanguis, vel ſanguinis inſtar.
Ecce autem effulgens ſubitò dilapſus ab axe
Stelligero, pictis juxtà puer aſtitit alis,
Dicta ferens Patris, in tanto ſolatia rerum
Turbine, mulcebatque ægrum, curaſque levabat,
Abſtergens toto fluidum de corpore rorem.

Hortator verò, ſceleriſque inventor Iüdas
Compoſito intereà vocat hoſtes vertice ab alto,
Seque ultrò comitem, atque ducem venientibus offert.
Ergo adſunt improviſi, illum in vincla petentes.
Longius æra micant tremulaï lumine lunæ.
Jam clypei reſonant, jam ferri ſtridit acumen,
Pinguiaque exuperant noctem funalia longo
Ordine, multifidæque faces, quas unguine ſuprà
Obduxit manus, et ferro inſpicavit acuto.
Fit ſtrepitus: vaſto circùm mons undique pulſu
Armorum ſonat, atque virûm clamoribus omnis.
Quos his nil trepidus compellans vocibus Heros:
Heus, inquit, jam ſtate viri, quem quæritis, adſum.
Quò ferrum, flammæque? palàm conſpectus in urbe
Conventu cecini magno præcepta Parentis:
Cur non unà omnes vos tunc tenuiſtis inermem?
Iſta ſub obſcurum noctis cur agmina cerno?
Quòd ſi me tamen ad mortem depoſcitis armis
Inſontem, et vobis adeò obſtat gloria noſtra,
Hos ſinite illæſos: nihil hi meruere, nec auſi.
Tantum dilecti comitis mandata faceſſunt.
Unus ego veſtras explebo deditus iras.
Hæc ait, et bis ſe quærentibus obtulit ultrò.
Illi autem ad vocem toties (mirabile viſu).
Procubuere, ſoloque ingentem fuſa dedere

Arma

He ſaid; and urg'd with deep concern ſuppreſs'd
The cares that labour'd in his anxious breaſt;
While from his painful limbs huge drops of blood,
Like trickling ſweat, in copious meaſures flow'd.
When lo! an angel, charg'd with heav'n's commands,
Before his face in radiant veſture ſtands;
Sooths the deep cares that on his ſpirits lay,
And wipes the moiſture from his limbs away.
Meanwhile, his horrid purpoſe to fulfil,
Judas, the grand artificer of ill,
The foe now ſummons from their lofty ſtand,
And boldly offers to conduct the band.
Swift at his word the hoſtile troops appear,
Their arms by moon-light glimm'ring from afar.
Now ſound the ſhields; the faulchions glitt'ring bright
Claſh with loud din; and thro' the ſcouling night,
A diſmal glare the blazing lamps reveal,
And pitchy flambeaus, tipt with ſharpen'd ſteel.
Wide o'er the ſacred hill, the mingled ſound
Of hoſts and armour, echoes all around.
Whom thus the Hero undiſmay'd addreſs'd—
Behold in Me the perſon you requeſt:
What mean theſe ſwords and flames? in open day,
I taught your tribes heav'n's precepts to obey.
Why did you not ſurround and ſeize me then?
Why come by night, with troops of armed men?
But if you ſeek My guiltleſs life in arms,
And 'tis My glory all your fears alarms;
Then ſuffer theſe uninjur'd to depart,
Plain, harmleſs men, devoid of guile or art;
Whoſe only fault is, if a fault it be,
To ſerve, obedient to their Lord's decree.
Myſelf alone beneath your rage will fall,
And ſingly ſuffer for the crimes of all.
Thus He; and twice advancing as he ſpoke,
His boſom offer'd to the fatal ſtroke.
But they as often, at th' alarming ſound,
(Strange to relate) fell proſtrate to the ground:

Arma ſonum, atque oculis ſubitò nox plurima o-
borta eſt.
Conſurgunt tandem ſomno vinoque gravatis
Aſſimiles, hærentque obliti: donec Iüdas,
Qui nuſquam ſomno noctu ſe ſtraverat illa,
Signa dedit manifeſta, hoſtique objecit amicum.
Namque pii ſcelus id prætexens nomine amoris
Compoſuit ſeſe, et fićto dedit oſcula vultu.
Ille dolum præſenſit, et hæc preſſo edidit ore:
Hæc verò meruit comitum fidiſſime noſter
Oſcula amor? tanton' ſcelere ulla ad præmia tendis?
Haud equidem hæc tecum pepigi commercia quon-
dam.

Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfuſa juventus
Cæca ruit, denſaque omnes indagine cingunt:
Non aliter quàm conjectum cum in retia rara
Cervum, aut fulmineis metuendum dentibus a-
prum,
Paſtorum circùm ſævit manus: ilicet haſtas
Comminus agglomerant certatim: ad ſidera voces
Undique eunt, reboant montes clamore propin-
qui.
Sic juvenem obſeſſum longè fulgentibus armis
Sæva cohors premere, atque omnes incumbere in-
ermi.
Hi prenſare manu, hi ſtupea vincula collo
Injicere, et nunc huc, nunc illuc ducere captum,
Perfurit ante alios, et ſeſe turbidus infert
Malchus, Idumæis miſſus captivus ab oris:
Nulli ferre manum, nulli contendere ſuetus.
Non ea vis illi, non tanta in pectore virtus.
Verùm, ut ſe Caïphæ præſtantem oſtendat in ar-
mis,
Cui datus hærebat famulus (nam tuta videbat
Omnia, et audenti nullum hìc obſtare perì-
clum,)
Audet, cedentemque ultro petit improbus hoſtem,
Ventoſam

A rattling noiſe their ringing armour made,
And their eyes ſunk in night's ſurrounding ſhade.
At length, like men with wine and ſleep oppreſs'd,
They riſe; when Judas, bold beyond the reſt,
Who ne'er that night in ſlumber clos'd his eyes,
Proclaim'd the ſign, in friendſhip's fair diſguiſe;
Beneath that covert his attack he made,
And with the kiſs of love his Lord betray'd.
Thro' the thin maſk he ſaw the fraud appear,
And thus ſoft whiſper'd in the traytor's ear:
Cou'd love like mine, oh friend! deſerve a kiſs
Fraught with ſuch baſe ingratitude as this?
Such ſudden change has luſt of lucre wrought?
A time was once, when Judas pure in thought,
Far other commerce with his Maſter ſought.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the furious foes
Ruſh on the Chief; and in the midſt encloſe.
As when ſome ſtag, or tuſky boar, is found
Snar'd in the hunter's toils; the ſwains around
Seize the defenceleſs prey, and ruſhing near
Brandiſh the ſword, and ſhake the threat'ning ſpear;
Tumultuous ſhouts and clamour rend the ſky,
The neighbouring mountains echo to the cry.
Thus round the Youth, in burniſh'd armour dreſs'd
Near and more near the dreadful cohort preſs'd.
Some ſeiz'd his hands, and ſome with twiſted thong
Around his ſhoulders, drag'd the Chief along.
Before the reſt advanc'd with hoſtile boaſt,
A wretched captive from Idume's coaſt,
Malchus by name; who ne'er was known to dare
With gen'rous courage in the fields of war:
But eager now to prove a conduct brave
Before his Maſter; this heroic ſlave,
(Deſcrying, as he caſt his eyes around,
No danger near at hand, and ſafe the ground)
Comes ruſhing forward in a marſhal ſhow,
And falls with fury on the yielding foe:

And

Ventoſam nequicquam acuens in jurgia linguam,
Et vix ille ſuas tumefactus corde capit ſpes.
Non tulit hoc præceps animi Petrus, arripit enſem,
Et ſuper incumbens inhoneſto vulnere tempus
Occupat, ac patulam dicto ocyus amputat aurem.
Quod Deus aſpiciens, ſubitò dextramque tetendit,
Deciſamque ab humo madido cum pulvere partem
Suſtulit, applicuitque manu medica, unde reſecta eſt,
Affixitque loco: nullo hæſit fixa dolore,
Ulla nec apparent veſtigia vulneris uſquam.
Mox ſocium increpitans vim dextra arcere volentem,
Condere tela jubet, vetito neque fidere ferro.
Ni faciat, ſenior nequicquam magna locuto
Strictum ardens illi per coſtas exigat enſem.
Non iſtis opibus, non iſtis nitimur, inquit,
Viribus: eſt Genitor, qui me ſi funere acerbo
Eripere, et fuſo Nati ſine ſanguine vellet
Placari generi humano, centum agmina poſſet
Cœlicolûm, mihi centum acies ſummittere ab arce
Siderea, infenſum qui cœtum hunc enſe trucident.
Militiam ne adeò ſuperûm, pugnataque bella,
Atque poteſtates varias, et nomina neſcis?
Nunc ſine me imperiis magni parere parentis,
Quæ me ſola premunt: hominum nil demoror arma.

Talibus auditis ſenior vix deſinit iræ
Invitus: veluti aſpexit ſi forte magiſtri
Aſſuetum imperiis cervum media urbe moloſſus,
Sylveſtrem ratus inſequitur, vix voce coercet
Venator rabido inſtantem cervicibus ore.
Ergo ſponte ſua victum, nec viribus uſum,
Corripiunt cuncti (heu ſpecies indigna) trahuntque
Invalidum, et dictis lapſantem immitibus urgent.
Hæc Pater omnipotens, ſuperûm regnator, olympo
Tam lentus cernis, nec cœlo tartara miſces?

Ecquando

And while his tongue pours forth reproaches vain,
Scarce can his ſwelling heart his hopes contain.
This Peter ſaw; and fir'd with gen'rous zeal,
Snatch'd from his armed ſide the glitt'ring ſteel;
Then with a furious aim advancing near,
Lops from the Caitif's head his quiv'ring ear.
The God this fact diſcerning, from the ground
Lifts the diſmember'd part, and heals the wound;
Faſt to his head it joins, devoid of pain,
And of the bloody ſtroke no marks remain.
Then, with a mild rebuke, our gracious Lord
Bids him reſtrain his zeal, and ſheath the ſword;
Elſe had the ſenior, by no threats diſmay'd,
Plung'd in the boaſter's ſide his ſmoking blade.
Our cauſe, he cries, demands no arms like theſe;
My heav'nly Father, if his will decrees
To ſnatch his Offspring from this bitter death,
And ſave mankind without my forfeit breath;
Can mighty troops of armed Seraphs fend,
Theſe guilty wretches in his wrath to end.
Do'ſt thou not know, what pow'rs in bright array,
What warring legions throng the realms of day?
But now be heav'n's imperial will obey'd,
Hard as it is, I ask no human aid.
Peter unwilling heard, and ſcarce ſuppreſs'd
The anger boiling in his gen'rous breaſt.
So when by chance ſome eager hound ſurveys
A ſtag, that devious thro' the city ſtrays,
Familiar, tame, obedient to the hand,
That wont to hearken to its Lord's command;
Deeming it wild, he ruſhes on the prey,
And ſcarce the huntſman can his fury ſtay.
Now to his fortune willingly reſign'd,
Nor uſing ſtrength of body or of mind,
Loaded with bitter taunts, the madding throng
(Oh! ſight unworthy!) drag the Chief along.
View'ſt thou this ſcene, and from th' etherial pole,
Eternal Sov'reign! bid'ſt no thunder roll?

When

Ecquando horrificum dextra jaculabere fulmen,
Si nunc immoto facies innubila mundo eſt?
Fœdere jam rupto, rerum confuſa laborent,
Atque repentè elementa ruant, ruat arduus æther.
Cur tua dextra vacat? cur non face terra triſulca
Jam fumat? quos flamma vorax ſervatur in uſus?
Non genus humanum, non tanti regia cœli
Alitibus ſupplenda choris, non aurea gens, quæ
Mox hinc ſe tollet pietate inſignis ad aſtra.
Ne noſtri tanto te cura incendat amore,
Jactari ut tali patiaris turbine natum
Unigenam, deſertum, inopem, atque extrema ferentem.
Diffugêre metu comites, ſylviſque teguntur:
Spumiferi ut ſuis adventu, ſævique leonis,
Semianimes: paſſim inſequitur ferus hoſtis euntes.
Aſpiceres hunc jam captum, jam veſte relicta
Elapſum, manibus rapido petere ardua curſu:
Illum ſpeluncas, et ſicubi operta ſubire
Per ſylvam loca, ſaxorumque in fornice condi:
Nec mora, nec requies, curſu nemora avia fervent,
Et vaſto intonſi colles clamore reſultant.

Jamque ſacerdotis ſummi tecta ampla ſubibant:
Protinus huc tota paſſim concurritur urbe,
Primores adſunt procerum, pœnaſque repoſcunt
Uni infenſi omnes, atque illum torva tuentes
Perterrent, vinctumque minis crudelibus urgent.
Tum gentis primus Caïphas ita denique fatur:

Res hodie bene geſta viri, non artibus ullis
Infandum evaſit caput, illi nulla ſuperſunt
Effugia, inſtaurandi animi, et quod reſtat agendum.
Nunc eſt illa dies, qua gloria maxima ſeſe
Oſtendit nobis; ſed opus properantibus aſtu.

Accipite,

When from thine arm will angry lightnings fly,
If now no cloud deforms the azure ſky?
Let all the bonds of nature be deſtroy'd,
Air, ſeas, and ſky ruſh lawleſs thro' the void!
Let fire diſſolve earth's univerſal frame;
Ah! why, why lingers thy devouring flame?
Not human race, not all th' etherial band,
Deſerve ſuch mild forbearance at thine hand;
Not ev'n thoſe ſouls, which hence with glory crown'd
Shall riſe to heav'n, for piety renown'd.
Let not thy love, oh! gracious Sire! be ſhown,
Thus, thus to ſuffer thy begotten Son,
From human race ſuch wrongs to undergo,
Forſaken, friendleſs, and o'erwhelm'd with woe.
Fled are th' aſſociate train, with fear ſubdu'd,
As by the feet of ſavage beaſts purſu'd;
And where to caverns or to woods they run,
The hoſtile ſquadrons ruſh vindictive on.
This you might captive ſee; the ſame again
Eſcap'd, and ſcouring naked o'er the plain:
While that in winding caves a ſhelter meets,
Or devious woods, or mountains lone retreats.
No ſtop, no reſt; the paths are throng'd around;
With noiſe and clamour the rough hills reſound.
Now to the Pontiff's ſtately palace come
Tumultuous crowds, and fill the regal dome.
Around the throne the rev'rend elders ſtand
Incens'd, and inſtant puniſhment demand:
Stung with revenge they knit their angry brow,
And threat deſtruction to the captive foe.
Then words like theſe from Caiphas proceed—
This day ſtands noted for a glorious deed;
The Traytor's arts have fail'd; no hopes remain
Of ſpeedy reſcue from our hands again.
Take courage then, and let us ſtrait purſue
Thoſe obvious meaſures fortune points to view.
This day ſhall lift our glory to the ſkies,
But let us act with craft what we deviſe.

Then

Accipite, et linguis omnes, animisque favete,
Nulli fas noſtrûm quenquam demittere morti:
Romani ducis arbitrio ſtat quiſque caditve:
Quæramus leti cauſas, et crimina primùm,
Inde ducem inſtructi verbis adeamus, ut ipſe
Audiat, et morti indefenſum deſtinet hoſtem.

Sic ait: hinc captum alloquitur: Tu ne ille ſupremi
Vera Dei ſoboles, verus Deus, æthere ab alto
Quem vates oriturum orbi cecinere priores?
Per Patris obteſtor numen, qui ſidera fulcit,
Fare age, ne te diſſimula quærentibus ultrà,
Diſcuſſiſque palàm qui ſis nunc nubibus ede,
Ne te, divino ignari fraudemus honore.
Dixerat: ille autem in medio defeſſus, inermis
Conſpectu paulùm ſuſtollens lumina fatur:

Sum quod ais, quid me ſtudio tentatis inani,
Hæc eadem toties ſcitati? parcite tectis
Inſidiis, victique dolis deſiſtite tandem.
Ipſe palàm fateor: nec jam mora longior obſtat,
Cùm mihi ſublimis cedet plaga lucida olympi
Regnanda: ætherea jamjam cernetis in aula
Amplexum dextram Patris omnipotentis, et inde
Mox iterum terras petere aſpicietis eundem,
Fulgentem clara in nebula, quem mille ſequuti
Cœlicolæ auratis impellent æthera pennis.

Vix ea dicta: humeris ſibi cum de more ſacerdos
Abſcindens tunicam, inquit: Eget quid lucis adhuc res,
Indiciis tot clara? palam ſcelus ipſe fatetur.
Nonne Deo quicunque audet ſe fingere natum,
Fas et jura jubent mulctari funere acerbo?

Tollite,

Then hear attentive my deſign—You know,
Our pow'r extends not to condemn the foe;
Spoil'd of our rights, the Roman judge's breath
Acquits the culprit, or conſigns to death.
Firſt then, oh Fathers! let us ſearch at large
For various crimes, to found the ſpecious charge;
Next, to the chief in full commiſſion go,
And ſue for vengeance on our nation's foe.
Then turning to the Youth—art thou, he cries,
The true, undoubted offspring of the ſkies,
That God, expected from the bleſs'd abode
To viſit earth, as ancient bards foreſhow'd?
Now, by thy Sire, who props th' etherial frame,
No more diſſemble, but the truth proclaim;
Speak what thou art, all doubt remov'd away,
That we due honours to thy worth may pay.
To this, uplifting from the ground his eyes,
The weary'd Hero thus in brief replies:
Thou ſayeſt what I am; then why in vain
Seek'ſt thou to hear this obvious truth again?
Such covert artifices learn to ſpare
Henceforth, and vanquiſh'd your deceits forbear.
The truth I here proclaim; and ſoon a day,
Borne on the wings of time will ſpeed its way,
When I ſhall glorious ſit, enthron'd on high,
Th' imperial Ruler of the ſtarry ſky.
Soon ſhall you view me in th' etherial plain,
Advanc'd to God's right hand, triumphant reign;
From thence behold me once again deſcend,
And to this nether earth my footſteps bend;
While girt with radiant clouds, in pomp I move,
By choirs ſurrounded of the bleſs'd above.
Scarce had He ſpoken, when the frantic prieſt
With indignation rends his ſacred veſt.
Yourſelves, he cries, this bold confeſſion hear;
What need we witneſs in a caſe ſo clear?
Is not He guilty, by all laws allow'd,
Who claims the title of the Son of God?

Away

Tollite, ferte moras; Romani ad præfidis ædes
Abripite hunc jubeo, meritaſque repoſcite pœnas.

Interea caſu Petrus perculſus iniquo
Proſequitur mœrens, longeque obſervat amicum.
Jamque ſub ingentis devenerat atria templi,
Tecta ſacerdotis magni, ſoluſque ſedebat
Triſtis, inops animi, ante fores nocturnus apertas;
Olli ſerva, domus cui curæ janua herilis,
Id quod erat rata: Tune etiam fugis, inquit, et iſti
Junctus eras ſcelerum conſors, ideoque per umbras
Explorator ades, quando omnia nocte quieſcunt?
Diriguit Petrus ad vocem formidine turpi,
Oblituſque ſui eſt (quæ vitæ tanta cupido?)
Nec jam ſcit ſubita turbatus imagine rerum,
Quid faciat, quò ſe vertat, quas advocet artes.
Qualis ubi dulci virgo decepta ſopore,
Parvula, quam mater campis ignara reliquit
In ſolis abeunte die ſub tecta revertens,
Confeſtim rupto circumtulit humida ſomno
Lumina, nec comites, nec matrem conſpicit uſquam,
Sed loca ſola metu videt exanimata, viarumque
Immemor, atque horrere nigra circum omnia nocte,
Talis erat miſer ille, animo confuſus et hærens:
At chari nomen tandem abjuravit amici,
Pro quo ſponte neci modò ſe devoverat ardens.
Quinetiam, quò ſe tegeret, ſuccedere tecto
Hoſtili tulit, et famulis ſe immiſcuit amens.
Nec latuit tamen: illum omnes inimica tueri
Suſpectum, et latebras verbis urgere foventem,
Terque adeò objectum nomen, patriamque Magiſtri
Audierat, ficto ter diſſimulaverat ore,
Cùm matutino mediæ jam noctis abactæ
Edebant cantu criſtatæ ſigna volucres,
Auroram in tectis ſolitæ acri voce vocare.
Tum monitus verborum, Heros quæ extrema canebat,
Ingemuit, rupitque imo ſuſpiria corde;

Et

Away then to the Roman chief with ſpeed,
And let the Traitor die the death decreed.
Peter meanwhile, at theſe diſaſters ſtruck,
His Maſter follow'd with a penſive look.
And now dejected and with grief oppreſs'd,
He reach'd the palace of the ſov'reign prieſt;
There at the doors in trembling ſilence ſate—
At length a female ſlave who watch'd the gate,
Obſerv'd his fears: and do'ſt thou fly, ſhe cried,
Thou, who in treaſon waſt with Him ally'd?
And com'ſt thou here a ſpy in cloſe diſguiſe,
While all creation wrapt in ſlumber lies?
Peter at this, to ſudden fears reſign'd,
Forgets his boaſted fortitude of mind;
Nor knows, while death's grim terrors riſe in view,
What courſe to follow, or what ſchemes purſue.
As when, by ſlumber's pleaſing charm betray'd,
Reſts on a moſſy bank ſome infant maid;
Left by the mother, as ſhe haſtes away
To reach her cottage at the cloſe of day:
Soon as ſhe wakes, ſhe lifts her weeping eyes,
No parent now; no kind attendant ſpies;
But views with wild affright the lonely ground,
Unknown her way, and darkneſs hov'ring round.
Such was the dread his ghaſtly looks expreſs'd,
And ſuch the doubt that rack'd his tortur'd breaſt.
At length reſolv'd, his Maſter he deny'd,
Whoſe zeal ſo late the fears of death defy'd.
And now he mixes with the menial train,
Fluſh'd with fond hopes of ſafety; but in vain:
All view the daſtard with ſuſpicious eyes,
And urge him, ſculking in his dark diſguiſe.
Thrice his lov'd Maſter's honour'd name he hears,
And thrice diſowns him, ſunk in abject fears:
When the ſhrill cock, night's darkneſs chas'd away,
With ſprightly note ſalutes the morning ray.
Rous'd at the words his gracious Maſter ſpoke,
Deep ſighs that inſtant from his boſom broke;

Et penitus duris triſti dolor oſſibus arſit.
Tum ſeſe miſer incuſans, turpemque timorem,
Erepſit furtim foribus, ſoluſque per urbem
Totam illam ingemuit ſomni ſine munere noctem,
Menti caniciem demiſſam in pectore vellens.
Quin illum hanc perhibent mox ſemper fleſſe ſub horam,
Admiſſi memorem, dum vixit: eum æthera pandens
Sæpe oriens, ſolis ſæpe ater veſper in antris
Invenit luctu indulgentem, eademque querentem,
Dum nulla admittit mœſto ſolatia amori:
Deſerti ſubeunt monita uſque noviſſima regis,
Ac ſe perculſum muliebri voce recurſat.

Et jam tempus erat, cùm nondum aurora relato
Orta die albentes cœli diſcriminat oras.
Jamque Deum vinctis manibus poſt terga trahebant
Præſidis ad ſedem, quò crimina quæreret ipſe,
Quem penes arbitrium, et morti damnaret acerbæ.
Illo Judæam frenabat tempore miſſus
Cæſaris imperio Tiberi Pilatus opimam
Pontius inſigni Romanus origine gentis:
Quem furibunda manus trepido eſt aggreſſa tumultu,
Vociferans: Hunc dede neci, trabe fige merentem
Infami auctorem ſcelerum, fraudumque potentem.
Hæc crebrà ingeminant, denſique ad limen inundant.

Ille autem juvenis procero in corpore fixos
Intentuſque oculos, intentuſque ora tenebat.
(Nondum illi dulcis flos prorſum evanuit ævi)
Inſolitam ſpeciem, inſolitos miratur honores
Oris, et expleri nequit: hunc è ſtirpe fatetur
Aut Davûm, aut ſaltem magnorum è ſanguine regum,
Et ſecum ſortem capti miſeratur iniquam.

Jamque

Inly he groans, with ſwelling grief oppreſs'd,
And bears a load of anguiſh in his breaſt.
Then ſtealing ſilent from the buſy throng,
Forlorn and ſad he roams the ſtreets along;
While thro' the night, freſh ſighs ſucceeding ſighs,
No pleaſing ſlumber ſeals his wakeful eyes.
'Tis ſaid, that conſcious of th' ungrateful crime,
He wept for ever at that fatal time.
Oft as the morning roſe with chearful ray,
Oft as mild Heſper cloſ'd the parting day;
In ſome lone rock or cavern was he found,
O'erwhelm'd in tears, and breathing ſighs around;
For injur'd friendſhip to ſad woes reſign'd,
No beam of comfort dawning in his mind:
His Lord's laſt warnings to his thoughts appear,
A ſlave's detection, and his daſtard fear.
Now was the time, when ſcarce Aurora's ray
Had giv'n the ſignal of approaching day:
With zeal to bind the Captive they proceed,
And to the Roman chief's tribunal lead;
That he alone the crimes alledg'd might know
By legal proceſs, and condemn the Foe.
Beneath a foreign yoke Judæa's land
Then groan'd, and Pilate held the ſole command:
To him the frantic crowds tumultuous preſs,
And in rude clamours thus the chief addreſs—
Strait let the wretch, who juſtly merits death,
On the vile croſs reſign his forfeit breath.
This oft they urge, with fierce imperious ſound,
The gath'ring tumult thickens all around.
He, with ſuch firm majeſtic carriage ſtruck,
On the fair Youth attentive fix'd his look.
(Not yet the vernal bloom and lively red
Of op'ning roſes from his cheeks were fled)
Th' unuſual ſplendor charm'd his raviſh'd ſight,
Silent he gaz'd with wonder and delight.
Some God he deems him, or of royal race
At leaſt; and inly mourns his dire diſgrace.

Jamque favet, tacituſque agitat, ſi qua potis illum
Impunè eripere, et ruptis exolvere vinclis.
Quem ſic alloquitur: quæ te commiſſa fatigant?
Fare age, qui caſus? unde hæc effuſa repentè
Tempeſtas tibi? num tantis ſcelera impia merſum
Implicuere malis? an divûm triſtior ira?
Unde domo? quo te memoras è ſanguine cretum?
Aut quibus aſpiras ſceptris? quæ debita regna?

Chriſtus ad hæc paucis: non huc ego criminis ergò
Protrahor, haud turpi mihi mens obnoxia facto:
Sed Patris, immenſi cœli cui regia paret,
Juſſa ſequor. Nec regna moror mortalia: quamvis
Haud equidem clara me regum è ſtirpe negarim.

Hæc tantum, ille autem admirans decus oris honeſti,
Nunc hoc, nunc alio ſermone affatur, et omnem
Explorat: ſed reſponſo non amplius Heros
Dignatur, ſævo curarum exercitus æſtu.
Tandem illum dux, ut turbam compeſcat acerbam,
Servari jubet, atque domo interiore recondit.

Reſolv'd, he labours in his mind to gain
The Captive's freedom from the galling chain.
Then thus begins—Illuſtrious Youth! diſcloſe
The fatal cauſe, from whence this ſtorm aroſe?
Say, in this deed is heav'n's fierce anger ſhown,
Or ſpring theſe evils from thy crimes alone?
Declare from whence thou art, where tend thy aims,
And what the kingdom thy ambition claims.
For no offences am I hither brought;
My ſoul, he cries, is guiltleſs of a fault.
But in this act my gracious Father's will,
Who rules heav'n's awful kingdom, I fulfil.
I ſeek no earthly ſceptre; tho' I own
Myſelf ally'd by birth-right to a throne.
The chief admiring in his looks, the ſign
Of conſcious worth, and dignity divine;
With various queſtions the fair Youth addreſs'd:
But grief and anguiſh lab'ring in his breaſt,
No more he deigns to anſwer his demand—
At length, to ſilence this ſeditious band,
The chief commands to lead the Youth away,
And to ſome ſecret ſafe retreat convey.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER TERTIUS.

FAMA volans jam finitimas impleverat urbes,
Exceptum insidiis Heroa, dolisque suorum:
Obscurus tamen, atque incerto auctore vagari
Rumor adhuc, nec dum matris penetrârat ad aures,
Cuncta licet nunquam illa animo secura timeret
Præsagò: nempe audierat, vatumque tremenda
Terrebant monita: pro libertate piorum
Natum sponte sua subiturum funus acerbum.

Ast ubi Josephus senior præsensit (ei olim
Alma parens fuerat superûm concredita jussis)
Nazaren linquens Solymorum se intulit urbi.
Vix introgressus, videt omnia fervere multo
Concursu populi sublustri nocte per umbras,
Mœniaque ingenti misceri tota tumultu.

Ecce autem elapsus manibus, telisque cohortis
Fidus Joannes, pallenti tristior ore
Occurrit:

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. III.

NOW fame ſwift mounted on the winds, had blown
Her ſounding trumpet thro' each neighbouring town,
And ſpread the news, that Chriſt was captive made,
By the vile baſeneſs of his friends betray'd.
But vague and doubtful the report appears,
Nor reach'd as yet his mother's trembling ears;
Tho' ſhe, unhappy parent, had divin'd
The worſt diſaſters in her fearful mind.
Oft had ſhe heard, and bards inſpir'd of old,
With ſad predictions to the world foretold,
That He a painful death ſhou'd undergo,
To reſcue ſinners from the realms of woe.
But when old Joſeph, (who by heav'n's command
Poſſeſs'd the dame in hymen's ſacred band)
Heard the ſad tale; from Nazareth he came,
And reach'd the city of imperial fame.
Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes ſurvey'd
A mighty concourſe, thro' the glimm'ring ſhade,
Of men tumultuous thick'ning all around,
While mingled clamours from the walls reſound.
Lo! juſt eſcaping from the impious hands,
And frantic weapons of the hoſtile bands,
The faithful John, with terror and diſmay
All pale his viſage, ſpeeds athwart the way;

Occurrit: ſed vix amens agnovit amicum,
Dum trepidat, caſuſque animo Ducis hæret acerbus.

Cui ſenior: Heus ſiſte gradum, quò te rapis? inquit:
Quo res noſtra loco? ſine te nunc veſter ubi dux
Patre Deo ſatus? aut ſtrepitus quis tantus in urbe?
Hei mihi, non fallunt pavidam præſagia matrem.

Sic ait: illum autem juvenis complexus, et hærens
Tantùm fundebat lachrymas, gemituſque ciebat.
Tandem pauca refert: noſtra heu ſpes occidit omnis,
Atque abſumpta ſalus: dux fœdè carcere captus
Clauditur: invidia primores urbis in illum
Conſpirant, pœnaſque graves cum ſanguine poſcunt.
Fidi omnes petiere fugam, terrore ſubacti.
Mater ubi eſt? miſerè ne adeò jam nuncius aures
Perculit? hìc utinam tecum nunc afforet ipſa.
Pontius aſpiciens lachrymas, gemituſque parentis,
Forſitan indigni caſus miſereſceret ultro.
Ire tamen libet, ac pacem veniamque precari,
Et populi invidiam, atque odium crudele profari.

Sic memorans, greſſum Syriæ rectoris ad ædes
Tendit: ei ſenior comitem ſe jungit, et ambo
Incedunt pariter triſtes: ceu fortè boves cùm
Agricola amiſit pauper, quos hoſtis abegit
Depopulatus agros, quæſitum protinus illos
Longum iter ingreditur, natorum maximus olli
It comes, hìc illic ſæpe ambo ignota per arva,
Si quos fortè ſuis ſimiles videre vagari,
Subſiſtunt flentes, atque avia queſtibus implent,
Haud illi ſecus: et jam ventum ad limina tecti,
Quod regum quondam fuit antiquiſſima ſedes,
Cùm res incolumi regno Judæa maneret:

Sed

But whelm'd in ſorrow at his Maſter's woes
Scarce his old friend amidſt the tumult knows.
To whom the ſenior—To what deſtin'd place
Tend thy ſwift ſteps? oh! ſtop thy rapid pace.
In what condition are our hopes, he cried?
And where without thee roves thy heav'nly guide?
What dreadful noiſe is this? alas! I find
Too well his mother's boding breaſt divin'd.
Thus he; the Youth in cloſe embraces preſs'd
His friend, while ſighs burſt frequent from his breaſt;
Then thus return'd—Alas! all hope is flown!
Each flatt'ring view of ſafety loſt and gone!
Faſt bound in priſon lies our faithful guide;
The prieſts inflam'd with jealouſy and pride,
Againſt the Chief unanimous conſpire,
And to appeaſe their rage his blood require.
His faithful friends, all ſeiz'd with wild affright,
Have ſought their ſafety in ignoble flight.
Where is his wretched parent? do'ſt thou know
If yet the tidings of this diſmal woe, [ſee
Have reach'd her ears? wou'd heav'n! mine eyes cou'd
The Virgin-mother here, O friend! with thee!
Mov'd by her tears, perhaps the Roman chief
To woes ſo piercing wou'd afford relief.
Myſelf will go ſubmiſſive, and relate
At large the nation's unrelenting hate.
Thus ſaying, to the Syrian court he bends
His courſe; the ſenior on his ſteps attends.
† Penſive they march; as when ſome ruſtic ſwain
Mourns his loſt cattle, from the ravag'd plain
Driv'n by the hoſtile troops; he journies on
Forlorn, attended by his firſt-born ſon:
To ſeek their treaſure loſt, thro' paths unknown
They rove; the deſert echoes with their moan.
Thus paſs'd the friendly pair; and now they come
To the proud threſhold of th' imperial dome;
The ſeat of regal pomp, in times of yore,
When fair Judæa held the ſov'reign pow'r;

Now

Sed tum Romulides oræ moderator habebat.
Fervere cuncta vident ſtrepitu, patreſque ſub ipſo
Veſtibulo ante fores diſſenſu tendere magno.
Jamque ſacerdotes paulatim cedere ab aula,
Romano velut infenſos, ac dira minantes.

His animum arrecti paulùm lenire dolorem
Incipiunt, rebuſque aliquam ſperare ſalutem.
Atque ita Ioannes: mihi ſe nonnulla aperit ſpes,
Solve metum, atque virum pro nato affare, Deique
Diſſimula ſobolem, et cauſas innecte precandi.

His dictis, pariter ſuccedunt ædibus ambo,
Atque ducem ſenior, qui re ſuſpenſus eadem
His ſuper in medio procerum conſulta rogabat,
Alloquitur genua amplexans, ſupplexque precatur:

Optime Romulidum, quem clari rector olympi
Juſtitia voluit Syriam frenare ſuperbam:
Parce piis, ſævumque hominum compeſce furorem.
Hinc ratio penitus ſublata eſt: vi geritur res.
Ille ego ſum genitor, quem primi gentis in unum
Conjurant omnes, et ficto crimine terrent.
Jamque tibi, ut ſcelere ante omnes immanior unus,
Traditus, immeritas quo pendat ſanguine pœnas.
Illum autem virtus tantum, et benefacta per orbem
His merſere malis ſua, dum gens effera laudi
Invidet eximiæ, nec fert ſurgentis honorem.

Talibus orabat: largo ſimul imbre rigabant
Ora ſenis lachrymæ: placido quem Pontius ore
Accipit, atque ambos verbis ſolatur amicis;
Depoſitumque ſenem molli locat ipſe ſedili,
Atque hæc deinde refert: Ut vos hìc tempore adeſtis
Optati! nec enim forſan veniſſe pigebit:

Tu

Now ſubject to the Roman chief's command,
Who ſtretch'd his empire o'er the conquer'd land;
Before the crowded entrance here they found
The chiefs diſſenting, and a tumult round:
Then view the prieſts by ſlow degrees retreat,
Incens'd and threat'ning, from the regal ſeat.
At this, their terrors gradually ſuppreſs'd,
A ray of comfort dawns within their breaſt.
Some hopes, O friend! ariſe (thus John begun)
Diſmiſs thy fear, and for thy captive Son
Implore the chief; his heav'nly birth ſuppreſs,
And feign ſome ſpecious cauſes of addreſs.
This ſaid, together to the dome they went;
Then to the chief, who dubious of th' event,
Was ſearching freſh diſcoveries to make,
His knees embracing thus the ſenior ſpake.
Oh! beſt of Romans! who by heav'n's command,
With ſacred juſtice rul'ſt the Syrian land;
A pious race with kind compaſſion view,
And curb the madneſs of an impious crew.
From them no reaſon in our cauſe is ſhown,
All, all proceeds by violence alone.
Behold in me the Youth's unhappy ſire,
'Gainſt whom the rulers with one voice conſpire;
And now deliver to thy awful throne,
As one in crimes unrivall'd and alone.
But virtue only, and good actions wrought
O'er the wide world, have theſe diſaſters brought;
Whilſt Him with envy the whole nation view,
And grudge the honours to his merit due.
Fervent he pray'd; while trickling tears apace
In ſilent ſhow'rs bedew'd his aged face.
Him Pilate with a gracious mien receiv'd,
And with kind words their mutual grief reliev'd.
Then plac'd with tenderneſs the good old man
Soft on a velvet couch, and mild began:
As thus, oh friends! my wiſhes you prevent,
Perhaps you may not this addreſs repent:

Tu modò vera mihi ſcitanti ediſſeſe pauca
Nunc pater, haud veritus, fidei te credere fas eſt
Omne meæ: cœlum et cœli vaga ſidera teſtor,
Sollicito mihi cura tui eſt nunc maxima nati:
Quem tibi mente agito incolumem ſervare, furoremque,
Et rabiem, ut potui, compreſſæ gentis iniquæ.
Fare age (namque mihi haud nunc primum venit ad aures)
Quæ fortuna viro, unde domo, quo ſanguine cretus:
Ede tuum, matriſque genus: non ille creatus
Stirpe humili, mihi ſi verum mens augurat, ut ſe
Inceſſu gerit! ut vultuque et corpore toto eſt
Humana major ſpecies! ut lumina honorum
Plena! ut regifici motus! verba inde notavi,
Nil mortale ſonat: ſenſi illo in pectore numen.
Aut certè Deus ille, aut non mortalibus ortus.
Dicite vos: nam me citantem avertitur ipſe,
Et vix reſponſo tacitus dignatur amicum,
Contemptorque illi eſt animus luciſque, meique.
His dictis, ſenior pauliſper ſubſtitit anceps,
Sene ultrà tegeret quærenti, an proderet illi
Et Divi genus, et verum ſine fraude parentem.

Cùm breviter comes admotus ſic fatur ad aurem:
Regia progenies, Nymphæ dignate ſuperbo
Conjugio, quid adhuc hæres? abſiſte vereri,
Omnia ſublatis aperi jam nubibus ultro.
Pone metus, et rumpe moras, video omnia tuta.
Dixerat: ille igitur miſſa formidine cœpit:

Dicam equidem, nec dux, tibi magna arcana ſilebo.

Sed

Do thou, oh father! thy aſſiſtance lend
To clear my doubts, and ſafely truſt a friend.
I ſwear by heav'n, and all th' etherial race,
My ſoul is anxious for thy Son's diſgrace;
Whom to releaſe I ſtrove, and, all I cou'd,
The clam'rous nation's zealous rage withſtood.
Say then, (for e'er this time theſe ſtrange affairs
By public rumour have approach'd my ears)
What happier fortune on thy Son attends?
What lineage boaſts he? from what blood deſcends?
Thine, and his mother's glorious birth-right trace;
For ſure He ſprings not from a vulgar race.
With what an air he moves! how much are ſeen
Diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt, his ſhape and mien!
How with his princely motions am I ſtruck!
What heav'nly luſtre ſparkles in his look!
His words I mark'd, above a mortal ſound;
Within that breaſt a Deity I found.
Doubtleſs, ſome Youth he is of heav'nly birth,
Or not deſcended from the race of earth.
Declare yourſelves; the chief in ſilent ſcorn
Vouchſafes no further anſwer to return;
But bears in his determin'd looks, I ſee,
A ſoul regardleſs both of life and me.
  Theſe mild expreſſions when the ſenior heard,
Doubtful awhile, and wav'ring he appear'd;
Whether ſome part in prudence to ſuppreſs,
Or the whole truth without diſguiſe confeſs.
When thus his friend ſoft whiſper'd in his ear;
Why do'ſt thou longer heſitate, or fear;
Oh! worthy of the virgin bride alone,
Thou true deſcendant of a royal throne?
Without concealment all the truth declare,
Each ſcruple now and jealouſy forbear;
All, all is ſafe, ſuſpence and fear are vain—
He ſaid; the ſenior in theſe words began:
  To thee the truth, O prince, I will reveal,
Nor longer now this myſtic tale conceal.

Sed quando genus insedit cognoscere nostrum,
Id primum, neque te suspensum ambage tenebo:
Quamvis res inopes opera ad fabrilia versum
Exercent, tamen est mihi regum à stirpe propago,
Admotumque genus superis, clarique parentes.
Principio innumeræ pater Abras gentis, et auctor
Maximus ille, tuas non (ut reor) effugit aures,
Qui generi legesque tulit, moremque sacrorum.
Isacon hic dedit, Hacides Jacobus ab illo,
Bis senos qui mox proceres genuit, quibus omnis
Nostra domos in bis senas gens secta, tribusque est.
Hos inter pietate olim quàm major Iüdas,
Tam sese sobole egregia super extulit omnes,
Judæamque suo dixit de nomine terram.
Hinc (licet in medio series longissima patrum)
Davides ortus, regum pater, unde meorum
Per bis septem exit genus actum ab origine reges.
Verùm longè aliud juveni genus, ille parentes
Quamvis mortales mortalibus editus oris
Dignatur, tamen est Divo cœlestis origo,
Estque Deo genitore satus, gaudetque parente,
Cui mare velivolum, cui tellus paret, et æther.
Illum autem aëreas in luminis edidit auras,
Nunquam mixta viro mulier, fœtæque remansit
Virginitas, olim ut vates cecinere futurum.
Nam pater omnipotens fœcunda desuper aura
Afflatam implevit, tumuit divinitus alvus.
Quòd verò genitor vulgò sum creditus ipse,
Haud ita res, mihique alma parens accredita tantum,
Quicum animi posset curas, durumque laborem

Partiri,

But ſince you ſeek my high deſcent to trace,
Hear firſt in brief the ſtory of my race.
Tho' now unfriended and of wealth devoid,
In ſervile taſks my labour is employ'd;
Yet from a ſacred ſtem I draw my birth,
My royal kindred once renown'd on earth.
You live, I gueſs, no ſtranger to the fame
Of Ab'ram, father of the Jewiſh name.
This patriarch founded an illuſtrious line,
And gave them laws, and ſacred rites divine:
From him, ſprung Iſaac of diſtinguiſh'd worth;
From ancient Iſaac, Jacob drew his birth:
From Jacob's loins twelve famous patriarchs came,
Who gave to twelve conſpicuous tribes a name.
'Midſt theſe, great Judas held the ſov'reign place,
For worth heroic, and a noble race;
Till the whole land, as he encreas'd in fame,
Was call'd Judæa from the leader's name.
From hence (tho' here I numbers more might trace)
Roſe David, author of a royal race:
From him, deſcending thro' a line of kings,
My blood thro' fourteen generations ſprings.
But claims far diff'rent to this Youth belong;
Tho' from a ſtock of mortal parents ſprung,
He deigns to breathe this vital air of earth,
Yet ſprings the Hero from cœleſtial birth;
And boaſts a Sire, who ſits enthron'd on high,
Th' eternal Sov'reign of earth, ſeas, and ſky.
Him, a fair maid, by ſtrange and wond'rous birth,
Guiltleſs of man's embrace, produc'd on earth;
And, as our bards foretold, ſtill free from ſtains
Her heav'n-defended purity remains:
Th' Almighty Father with his ſpirit fill'd
This favour'd maid; her womb divinely ſwell'd.
To ſtyle myſelf his parent I forbear,
The nymph was only truſted to my care;
With whom her days in ſocial peace to ſpend,
And ſhare the labours which on life attend.

At

Partiri, mox me famæ, niveoque pudori
Permetuens, eadem dignata eſt nomine veri
Conjugis immeritum, nec tali munere dignum.

Hæc erat (ut revocans rem cunctam ab origine pandam)
Judæas inter virgo pulcherrima nymphas,
Centum optata procis (Mariam dixere) parentum
Unica progenies, urbe edita Nazaræa.
Ipſa autem æterno præ virginitatis amore
Oderat et thalamos, et ſe ſacraverat aris.
Anna tamen grandæva parens, haud neſcia vatum,
Plenaque venturi è nata præviderat olim
Egregiam factis ſobolem, Regemque futurum,
Qui populos magnos magna ditione teneret;
Id cœlo fixum eſſe, pios id prodere vates.
Sæpe illam in ſomnis monuit vox miſſa per auras,
Jungere connubio natam, generoſque vocare.
Jamque erat apta viro, jam nubilis: hactenus autem
Diſtulerant ſuperûm monitis parere parentes,
Cum media ecce iterum ſublimes luce per auras
Vox audita: viro properate ô jungere natam,
Nec generi longè optandi, de ſanguine veſtro
Quærantur de more, omnis mora ſegnis abeſto.

Continuò parvum vulgatur fama per urbem:
Tum conſanguinei pulchræ ſpe conjugis omnes
Conveniunt juvenes, complentur virginis ædes:
Ipſe etiam patri conſanguinitate propinquus
Acceſſi, quamvis ævi maturus, ut ipſi
Æquævo natæ ob thalamos gratarer amico.
Stabant innumeri forma, atque ætatibus æquis
Florentes, cœlum cui munera tanta pararet
Incerti, et ſortem ſibi quiſque optabat amicam.
Dum ſpes ambiguæ, dum turba ignara futuri,
In ſecreta domus omnes evaſimus altæ
Tecta, ubi Joachides numen placare ſolebat

Virginis

At length, regardful of her ſpotleſs fame,
She deign'd to grace me with an huſband's name.
From early times my ſtory to declare,
This nymph was faireſt of Judæa's fair.
From diſtant Nazareth the Virgin came,
An only child, and Mary was her name;
Of num'rous lovers the diſtinguiſh'd flame:
But coyly chaſt from Hymen's rites ſhe fled,
And ſhun'd the pleaſures of the bridal bed.
Yet had her aged mother, deeply ſkill'd
In what authentic prophecies reveal'd,
Foreſeen, in time's revolving courſe, a King
Renown'd for glory, from her womb ſhou'd ſpring,
And mighty nations in ſubjection hold;
This heav'n decreed, and this the bards foretold.
A voice in dreams oft gliding thro' the air,
Invites the parents to betroth the fair;
But tho' the maid was ripe for Hymen's bands,
They ſtill obey'd not theſe divine commands:
When at mid-day the voice this ſound convey'd—
In ſacred wedlock haſte to join the maid;
And ſeek ſome ſon, by kindred blood ally'd,
As cuſtom dictates, for the blooming bride.
Swift ſpread the news, and ſoon in crowds appear
The kindred youth, to court the virgin fair.
Ev'n I, tho' old, yet near of kindred, came
Amongſt the reſt, who ſought the beauteous dame:
Not to theſe arms the damſel to invite,
But ſhare ſome portion of my friend's delight.
The youths around in graceful circles ſtand,
As yet uncertain, to whoſe favour'd hand
Heav'n yields the fair; and of the rival train
Each wiſh'd in ſecret the lov'd prize to gain.
Whilſt all the crowd were doubtful of th' event,
Within the ſecret dome retir'd we went;
Where oft the father of this lovely maid,
To heav'n's high throne his holy off'rings paid.

Virginis ore pater: fuit ara veterrima, noſtræ
Quam gentis primi poſuere, metuque ſacratam
Ter centum totos atavi coluere per annos.
Hanc humiles circum, et proſtrati fundimur omnes,
Orantes pacem ſuperos, ſuperûmque parentem,
Det ſignum cœlo placidus quem poſcat ab alto.
In medio aſtabat lacrymans pulcherrima virgo,
Flaventes effuſa comas, demiſſaque largo
Rorantes oculos fletu, pudor ora pererrans
Cana roſis veluti miſcebat lilia rubris.
Qualis, virgineos ubi lavit in æquore vultus
Luna recens, ſtellis latè comitantibus, orta
Ingreditur gracili cœli per cœrula cornu:
Talis erat virgo juvenum ſtipata corona,
Multa Deum verbis teſtata, Deique miniſtros
Aligeros, non ſponte ſua hæc ad munera flecti.
Hortatur pavidam pater, et lacrymantia tergit
Lumina, juſſa docens ſuperûm, ſimul oſcula libat.
Ecce autem, ut præſens aderat quoque pronuba, cœtu
In medio Anna parens, ſubito correpta furore,
Plena Deo tota (viſu venerabile) in æde
Bacchatur, tollitque ingentem cœlo ululatum,
Unum in me converſa oculos, me fertur in unum,
Nil minus hoc ducentem animo, nil tale verentem.
Corripienſque manu: ſolus tu poſceris, inquit.
Annuit hoc uni ſuperûm tibi connubium Rex.
Obſtupuere omnes: nec tunc ex agmine tanto
Exortem quiſquam ſeniori invidit honorem.
Ipſe ævi quòd eram ſeris minùs integer annis,
Multa recuſabam, multà huc veniſſe pigebat.
Æquales aderant fidi, ſimul et renuentem
Hortari, atque animum mihi blandis addere dictis.
Cedo igitur victus, tandemque uxorius illam
Accedo, et lacrymans lacrymantem ad limina duco.

Here crown'd with wreaths an ancient altar ſtands,
Rais'd by our great forefathers pious hands;
Whoſe ſage deſcendants, full three hundred years
Have held it ſacred to religious fears.
Round this we kneel, and beg the pow'r divine
To point the youth by ſome auſpicious ſign.
With hair diſhevell'd in the midſt appears
The penſive virgin, drown'd in flowing tears:
O'er either cheek a bluſh ſoft wand'ring, ſhows
Like lilies mixing with the vernal roſe.
As when bright Cynthia, with her ſtarry train,
Bathes her chaſt viſage in the glaſſy main,
And with her lucid creſcent tow'ring high,
Walks graceful thro' the blue etherial ſky;
So ſhone the damſel; with ſuch equal grace
She ſtands, encircled by her kindred race;
Atteſting heav'n, and all th' angelic choir,
Theſe rites were foreign to her pure deſire.
Her father warns her with perſuaſions mild
T'obey heav'n's will, and kiſs'd his weeping child;
But lo! propitious as the mother ſtands,
To join her offspring in the nuptial bands;
Sudden ſhe ſeems like one with rage poſſeſs'd,
An heav'nly frenzy lab'ring in her breaſt.
With piercing ſhrieks thro' all the dome ſhe flies;
Then ſole on me ſhe fix'd her frantic eyes;
Me, only me, who leaſt of all aſpir'd
To ſuch fond hopes; the madding dame requir'd.
My hand fierce graſping, thou alone, ſhe cried,
So heav'n determines, ſhalt poſſeſs the bride.
Amazement ſeiz'd them; yet of all the crowd
Not one with envy grudg'd the lot beſtow'd.
I, what I cou'd, my years unlike her own,
Refus'd the grace conferr'd on me alone.
My faithful equals on my ſide appear,
And with kind words my drooping courage chear.
At length I yield, by their deſires o'ercome,
And weeping lead the bluſhing damſel home.

Et jam nox aderat ſtellis fulgentibus apta,
Suffundens umbras mundo nigrantibus alis.
Secretis thalamis pariter ſuccedimus ambo:
Flebat ſponſa, ſolum lacrymis juxtà omne madebat.
Ac veluti, cùm vere ſubeſt uberrimus humor
Arboribus, lentæ vitis ſi fortè cacumen
Falce putans ſtirpem feriat malè providus unca
Agricola, immeritam et violarit vulnere matrem.
Ipſe aderam, et dictis ſolabar mitibus ægram,
Virginis haud cupidus primùm decerpere florem.
Cùm ſic longa trahens ſuſpiria, pectore ab imo eſt
Orſa loqui: non religio mihi vana ſuaſit
Et thalamos odiſſe, et virginitatis amorem
Æternum colere: intus agit vis ætheris intus,
Longævam reſponſa licet contraria matrem
Sollicitent, vatumque minæ: ſunt et mea contrà
Vatum juſſa mihi, nulli ſuccumbere labi,
Nullis virgineam tædis ſummittere mentem:
Antè retro primos properet revolutus ad ortus
Jordanis, ſiſtantque ſuos vaga ſidera curſus.
Hæc ait, inque genas ſtillantes undique honeſtæ
Ex oculis ſimul incipiunt turgeſcere gemmæ.
Nec mora, deinde mihi inſinuans quatit ima repentè
Oſſa timor, genua ægra labant, nox plurima oborta
Ante oculos: ter ſum conatus pauca profari,
Ter fruſtrata ſono lingua eſt, nec verba ſequuta.
Tum quoque vox audita: toro, thalamiſque paratis
Parce: tamen conceſſa tibi connubia ſerva,
Exurgo, atque oculos jamdudum in virgine fixus
Horrenda, tali ſum tandem voce loquutus:
Quis mihi te virgo invito conjunxit olympo?
Quis tantis (non hos equidem quæſivi hymenæos)
Immeritum implicuit monſtris? haud talia quondam

Prædixit

Now ſilent night, her ebon wings diſplay'd
O'er half the globe, diffus'd a grateful ſhade.
Retir'd, as cuſtom wills, from public view,
Within the ſecret chamber we withdrew:
Faſt wept the bride, all wrapt in thought profound,
And with her trickling tears bedew'd the ground.
As if, in genial ſpring when trees obtain
Luxuriant moiſture; ſome unſkilful ſwain
Pruning a vine, has turn'd the knife aſlant,
And hurt with caſual wound the parent plant:
To ſooth her grief I urg'd my utmoſt pow'r,
Nor ſtrove to violate her virgin flow'r.
Then, heaving from her breaſt a length of ſighs,
The maid relenting thus in brief replies:
No vain religion has my fancy led,
To ſcorn the pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
In virgin freedom; but ſome force unſeen,
Prompts the chaſt motions of my ſoul within.
If my fond mother in this act regards,
Th'advice and threat'ning of cœleſtial bards;
I have my prophets too; and their commands
Enjoin my ſoul to fly from Hymen's bands:
Sooner may Jordan to his native ſource
Roll back; and planets ſtop their wand'ring courſe.
Thus ſpoke the fair, and in her lovely eyes
Like cryſtal gems the ſtarting tears ariſe.
A ſudden trembling all my limbs invades,
And my eyes ſunk in night's ſurrounding ſhades;
Fear ſhook my knees, and thrice to ſpeak I tried,
Thrice my mute tongue its wonted pow'r deny'd.
Then thus a voice—from nuptial rites forbear,
But hold thy contract with the wedded fair.
At length recover'd from my dream, I riſe,
And on the awful virgin fix my eyes.
Then thus exclaim—What fate, oh charming bride!
With heav'n averſe, has join'd me to thy ſide?
What envious pow'rs (I never ſought thy bed)
Have ſhow'r'd theſe evils on my guiltleſs head?

Prædixit puero genitor ludibria vates,
Jam ſenior vates idem, templique ſacerdos.
Ille quidem aut nullos thalamos, mihi nulla manere
Connubia, aut certè clarum fore me inde canebat.
Verùm age quæ menti ſurgat ſententia, pandam.
Quandoquidem ſuperi mihi te junxere, ſed iidem
Abſterrent monſtris; licet, et mox uſque licebit
Virgineum ſerves intacto corpore florem.
Haud tamen ipſe auſim injuſſus diſſolvere ſacri
Connubii vincla iſta: domo degemus eadem,
Ipſe tibi ut genitor, mihi tu ceu filia ſemper,
Teque adeò caſus jam nunc complector in omnes:
Hoc tua relligio velit, hoc mea ſerior ætas.
Annuit his, aliâque domus in parte puella
Secubuit: mitto totam quæ monſtra per illam
Sum paſſus, quàm mira horrens inſomnia noctem.

Jamque dies pulſis tenebris invecta rubebat,
Et face ſol roſea nigras disjecerat umbras,
Corripio è ſtratis artus, ſponſamque reviſo.
Vix thalami impuleram bipatentis cardine portas,
Cum lux ecce oculis ingens offuſa repentè:
Collucent ſummi radiis laquearia tecti,
Collucentque trabes, viſumque ardere cubile.
Ipſa autem thalami in medio ſedet aurea virgo,
Attonitæ ſimilis: nec enim me multa rogantem
Dignatur, nihil illa meo ſermone movetur.
Tantum fixa oculos cœlo, palmaſque tenebat
Aut ſtellæ ſimilis, aut puniceæ auroræ.
O' illa à ſolita quantum mutata figura?
Quantus honos oculis, quantus decor additus ori?
Haud aliter, quàm cum ſimulacrum excidit acernum
Artificis manus è ſylvis, in ſede locandum
Sacrata, quod plebs dehinc ſupplex omnis adoret.

Si,

My aged ſire far other lot foreſhow'd,
At once the prophet and the prieſt of God.
Either, he cried, his ſon ſhou'd never wed,
Or prove illuſtrious by the marriage bed.
Then hear what I deviſe—Since heav'n above
Vouchſafes me partner of thy envy'd love,
Yet warns to ſhun thy charms; for ever be
Thy maiden treaſures unenjoy'd by me.
But ſince I dare not, ſuch is heav'n's command,
Diſſolve the chain that links this nuptial band,
Our days in peaceful union let us ſpend,
My daughter thou, and I thy ſire and friend:
Thro' all life's ills to guard thee I engage;
This ſuits thy modeſty, and this my age.
The nymph conſented to this fair requeſt,
Then to ſome ſecret room retir'd to reſt.
I wave the horrors of that diſmal night,
Nor what I ſuffer'd ſhall my tongue recite.
Aurora now an early bluſh diſplay'd,
And from her preſence chas'd the dewy ſhade;
When riſing from the couch I haſte away,
My bride to viſit at the dawn of day.
Scarce to the rich apartment was I come,
A ſudden luſtre ſhot thro' all the dome;
The beams and cieling catch'd the ſpreading rays,
And the bed ſparkled with a quiv'ring blaze:
But in the middle of the couch, array'd
In golden ſplendors ſate the dazzling maid,
Like one entranc'd; and tho' with warmth addreſs'd,
She deign'd no anſwer to each kind requeſt:
Unmov'd ſhe ſeem'd, her hands to heav'n upborne,
Like ſome bright ſtar, or like the golden morn.
How chang'd her form! around what glories riſe!
What heav'nly radiance ſparkles in her eyes!
So bright ſhe ſhines, as when the workman's hand
A maple image carves, decreed to ſtand
For pure devotion at ſome ſacred ſhrine,
Where throng'd aſſemblies pay their rites divine;

Si, poſtquam effigiem poliens trunco extudit arte,
Extremum ſuper impoſito decus induat auro.
Immotam penitus circumdat lucida nubes,
Solis inardeſcens radiis, ſtellæque videntur
Lucentes capiti circum aurea tempora paſci,
Sub pedibuſque deæ lumen dare candida luna.
Pertimui, et mira ſtupefactus imagine rerum,
Talia voce dabam: Pater his ô me exue monſtris
Omnipotens, non hæc ſuperi ſine numine veſtro.
Veſtra hæc portenta, agnoſco, manifeſtaque ſigna.
Aſpirate animo placidi, dubiumque monete
Quid ſequar, aut quænam vobis ſententia conſtet.

Tantum effatus eram, tandem pulcherrima virgo
Ad ſeſe redit, abrupto velut excita ſomno
Suſpirans, lacrymiſque ſinus humectat obortis.
Accedo, atque rogo nova per connubia ſupplex,
Atque illum æternæ per virginitatis amorem,
Unum quem niveo colit intemerata pudore,
Admittat ſocium curarum, et magna recludat
Rerum arcana, nihil metuens, mihique omnia credat.

Illa ſolo vultum, atque oculos dejecta nitentes,
Rore velut demiſſa caput roſa matutino,
Cunctatur, demum incipiens ſic ora reſolvit:
Dicam equidem pater, haud patiar te noſtra latere
Gaudia, ſed quæ nunc, aut unde exordia ſumam?
Nam quis narranti rerum miracula credat
Tantarum? per ego has lacrymas, quas excutit ingens
Lætitia, obteſtor, quæ fabor, pectore condas,

Ne

If, when his touch has ſhap'd the beauteous mould,
He clothes the figure in refulgent gold.
Fix'd as ſhe ſate, around the damſel ſhone
A radiant cloud that glitter'd like the ſun:
Bright ſtars, encircling with their vivid rays
Her golden temples, caſt a burniſh'd blaze;
While Cynthia from her ſilver horn was ſeen,
Beneath the goddeſs' feet to ſhed a light ſerene.
At this appearance ſeiz'd with trembling fear,
To heav'n's high throne I thus addreſs'd my pray'r:
Almighty Sire! and oh! ye pow'rs above!
Theſe ſigns portentous from my breaſt remove;
In theſe events your heav'nly hand is ſhown,
Theſe golden dreams, and viſions are your own:
Propitious ſmile, whilſt loſt in doubts I ſtray,
And ſafely guide me thro' this myſtic way.
Thus far with holy vehemence I pray'd;
At length recover'd from her trance, the maid
Heav'd from her panting breaſt a length of ſighs,
While ſtreaming tears flow'd copious from her eyes:
Soft I approach, and preſs the lovely dame,
By the new rites that crown'd our ſpotleſs flame;
By that dear love to virgin honour ſhown,
Which ſhe preſerves inviolate alone;
T'admit me partner of her ſecret woes,
Each fear reſign, and all her ſoul diſcloſe.
Penſive on earth ſhe fix'd a thoughtful view,
Her head declin'd, as wet with pearly dew
The morning roſe appears; awhile ſhe ſtay'd,
In deep ſuſpenſe; then thus began the maid:
Theſe lips no longer ſhall the truth conceal,
But all my joys to thee, oh Sire! reveal;
Yet how, or whence ſhall I begin the tale?
For who to my report will credit give,
Or theſe ſtupendous miracles believe?
By all theſe tears I beg; which not from woe,
But ſcenes of joy alone ſpontaneous flow,

The

Ne prius incipiant in vanum ſerpere vulgus,
Quàm Deus ipſe aliis vulgaverit omnia ſignis.
Jàm monitrix operum ſtellas aurora fugârat,
Et ſol pallentes luſtrabat lampade terras:
Ipſa revolvebam vatum monimenta priorum,
Dicta animo recolens: ſed præ tunc omnibus unum
Fortè mihi ante oculos (neque enim ſine numine certo
Oblatum reor) immotum, fixumve manebat,
Quod cuncti pariter ſuper omnia prædixere
Affore, concubitu nullo cùm regia virgo
Impatiens, exorſque viri (mirabile dictu)
Cœlicolûm regem ſub luminis ederet auras,
Cujus in adventu lætentur cuncta per orbem
Protinus, et toto ſurgat gens aurea mundo.
Illam felicem tacitè mecum ipſa vocabam,
Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumularet honore.
Jamque Dei matrem venerabar mente futuram:
Infantique Deo, ſi fortè his ille diebus,
His ſi fortè oris naſcatur, dona parabam.
Talia dum mecum eventus ignara voluto,
Ecce mihi nova lux oculis oblata repentè:
Suſpicio, liquidas ſine nube remetior auras.
(Mira loquar) video medium diſcedere cœlum,
Pennataſque acies, populos felicis Olympi,
Exultare polo, ſuperûmque applaudere Regi.
Non obſtant clauſi poſtes, non pariete tectum
Marmoreo circumſeptum, video ignea cœli
Sidera, ſidereoſque globos, ſuperûm aurea tecta.
Tum mihi ſe puer ante oculos allapſus Olympo,
Ora Deo propior radiantibus obtulit alis,

Et

The wond'rous ſecret that my words impart,
Hide in the cloſe receſſes of thy heart;
Nor thro' the crowd divulge this fact divine,
Till heav'n confirm it by ſome future ſign.
Aurora now had chas'd the ſtars away,
And tipt the mountains with her golden ray;
Within my breaſt in fair ſucceſſion roll'd,
Each ſtrange event prophetic bards foretold.
When one peculiarly employ'd my thought,
(T'was heav'n, I deem, the bleſs'd occaſion wrought)
A fact, which far diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
The holy prophets with one voice expreſs'd.
That borne on wings of time the hour wou'd come,
When, without man's embraces, from her womb,
A royal virgin, by uncommon birth, [earth;
With heav'n's high King ſhou'd bleſs this favour'd
The world with joy his advent ſhou'd behold,
And view once more a riſing age of gold:
I deem her happieſt of the female race,
Whom heav'n ſhou'd honour with ſuch envy'd grace.
I bleſs the virgin-parent, and deſign
Illuſtrious preſents for the babe divine;
If chance, in theſe fair days, he viſit earth,
If this bleſs'd coaſt be witneſs of his birth.
While thus I muſe on this event unknown,
Before my view a ſudden glory ſhone:
To heav'n's blue arch I lift my trembling eyes,
And mark the air ſerene, and cloudleſs ſkies.
Wond'rous to tell, I ſee the heav'ns diſplay
A radiant chaſm; and thro' th' etherial way,
The winged armies hymns of triumph ſing,
In loud hoſannas to th' eternal King.
No bars, or bolted portals intervene,
Or dome with marble walls obſtructs the ſcene;
I ſee the ſtarry ſeats, ambroſial bow'rs,
And golden manſions of th' etherial pow'rs.
When lo! ſwift gliding from the bleſs'd abode,
A radiant youth deſcends, in form a God;

Et placidus tendens candentia lilia dextra
Me ſic affâri, lætaſque expromere voces:

O' una ante alias cœlo acceptiſſima matres,
Magnus adeſt tibi præſenti Regnator olympi
Numine, tu nuribus felix magis omnibus una.

Hìc mihi vix paucis auditis talibus ingens
Miranti gelidos ſubitò tremor alligat artus.
Tum ſic ille animum divino pignore firmat:
Parce metu virgo, placuiſti ex omnibus una
Cœlituum regi, faciat quam prole parentem,
Et jam concipies puerum gravis: ille erit ingens,
Progeniemque Patris ſummi ſecla omnia dicent.
Et quoniam multis olim feret ipſe ſalutem,
Servabitque pios, patrio dic nomine JESUM,
Sedibus infernis jam nunc lacrymabile nomen.
Supra homines, ſupra aſpicies ſe tollere et ipſos
Cœlicolas, fama inſignem, ac præſtantibus auſis.
Nam pater omnipotens atavorum in ſceptra reponet
Priſtina regnantem latè, regumque ſedebit
In ſolio: neque enim metas, neque tempora regni
Accipiet, toto æternùm dominabitur orbe.

Dixerat: ipſa autem paulatim abeunte timore,
Subjicio: ſed qua verò ratione, quod inquis,
Confieri poterit? nam mens mihi denique fixa,
Atque immota manet, nunquam violare pudorem
Virgineum, ſemperque virûm commercia fugi.

His ego finieram paucis, his ille ſequutus:
Te ſuperûm Pater afflabit cœleſtibus auris
Deſuper, afflatu quo ſolo plena, ſine ullo
Concubitu, exacto gravis edes tempore partum.
Atque ideo, quem fœta dabis, Deus ille feretur
Æterno genitore ſatus, qui temperat orbem.

Quæ

A bunch of lilies in his hand he preſs'd,
And thus his errand in mild terms addreſs'd.
Hail thou! that far above the beauteous race,
Art highly favour'd with cœleſtial grace;
Unnumber'd bleſſings are to thee convey'd,
Beyond thy ſex, oh! heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd maid!
This ſhort addreſs I ſcarce with wonder hear,
When all my limbs were ſtiff with ſudden fear.
Then thus the youth confirm'd my trembling mind;
Oh! happy virgin! be theſe fears reſign'd.
Thou, thou alone haſt pleas'd heav'n's gracious King;
Hence from thy womb a fav'rite ſon ſhall ſpring.
The babe from this bleſs'd moment thou ſhalt bear;
Divine atchievements will his fame declare,
And men ſhall call him God's eternal heir:
But as the world from ſins he ſhall reclaim,
On earth let JESUS be his ſacred name;
A name, that ev'n now preſages woe,
And ſure deſtruction to the realms below:
In glorious deeds and fame he ſhall aſpire
Above mankind, above th' etherial choir.
For He, who rules with ſov'reign ſway alone,
Will ſeat him in his great forefathers throne;
O'er the wide world extend his large domain,
And fix no meaſures to his boundleſs reign.
Thus ſpoke the youth; my fears at length allay'd
By words ſo gracious, this reply I made:
How can th' event be true thy lips relate?
For in my ſoul I ſtand reſolv'd as fate,
Never my virgin honour to forego;
And with man's ſex no intercourſe I know.
On thee, return'd the youth, heav'n's Sire above
Will breathe the ſpirit of cœleſtial love:
Impregnate by this genial breath alone,
The time compleated, thou ſhalt bear a Son;
His offspring ſhall he be who rules on high,
Th' eternal Sire, and Sov'reign of the ſky.

And

Quæ ne vana putes, ſcis quæ tibi ſanguine juncta eſt
Eliſabe, ſobolis ut degerit hactenus exors,
Ut ſterili ſeciis jamdudum effœta ſenectus
Spem cunctam abſtulerit partûs, proliſque creandæ:
Plena viro pariet tamen illa, et tempore luna
Perfecto gravidæ jam ſextum circuit orbem.
Cuncta poteſt etenim, qui me tibi mittit ab alto
Æthere, ſiderei Rex idem, atque auctor Olympi.

Hæc ait, et paribus ſe in cœlum proripit alis.
Quem ſupera aſpiciens tali ſum voce ſequuta:
Quiſquis es ô cœli juvenum pulcherrime præpes,
Obſequor: ac votis, quod Rex jubet, omnibus opto.
Interea nubes maculoſo diſcolor auro
Demiſſa ad terram, croceis me amplectitur alis.
Diffulgent intus radiique, ignique coruſcæ
Scintillant veluti ſquamæ vario ordine circùm:
Squamæque, ſtellæque auri fulgore micantes.
Adverſo quales imitatur ſole colores,
Cum picturato cœlum diſtinxit amictu,
Nubicolor liquidis effuſis imbribus arcus.
Hanc ſimul omnipotens Genitor perflavit ab alto,
Continuò ruit ecce voluta liquentibus aſtris
Aura potens, quaque illa venit, procul undique circùm
Scintillæ abſiliunt radiis vibrantibus aureæ.
Turbine corripior rapido, viſque illa per omnes
Auraï vis omnipotens mihi diditur artus,
Æthereuſque vigor toto ſe corpore miſcet:
Viſaque prædulci mihi corda liqueſcere amore.
Qualis ſecreto naturæ fœdere tellus
Concipit, et vario clàm fœtu plena graveſcit,
Matris ubi in gremium deſcendit plurimus Æther,
Auraque fœcundos afflavit verna tepores.

His

And that my words may due attention claim,
Thy near of kin, Elizabeth by name,
Thou know'ſt as yet has paſs'd her days in care,
Deny'd the wiſh'd-for bleſſing of an heir;
Nay, that the dame, now old and barren grown,
Has loſt all proſpect of a fav'rite ſon:
Yet in her womb ſhe ſhall at length conceive,
And one fair offspring to her huſband give:
To ſpeed this birth, already has the moon
Around the earth ſix circling journies gone.
For He, whoſe ſov'reign orders I obey,
Directs events with unreſiſted ſway.
This ſaid, he wing'd his flight; my ardent eyes,
In wonder loſt, I lifted to the ſkies;
Whoe'er thou art, I cried, oh youth divine!
What heav'n ſhall dictate, to obey be mine.
Meantime a cloud diſtinct with ſpots, and bright
With golden luſtre, ſail'd before my ſight;
Hov'ring with ſlow deſcent it reach'd the ground,
Then with its ſaffron wings embrac'd me round.
Thick ſtreams of rays refulgent ſhone within,
And golden ſtuds, like ſpangled flames, were ſeen
O'er the bright cloud with various luſtre ſpread;
The ſtuds and ſtars a golden gleam diſplay'd.
Such and ſo bright the vivid colours glow,
That paint the ſurface of the ſhow'ry bow.
This golden cloud th' eternal Sire on high
Fill'd with his breath; and thro' the melting ſky,
With rapid whirl the genial gale roll'd on;
Swift as it paſs'd the radiant ſparkles ſhone.
Rapt in the furious guſt, the heav'nly flame
Shot in a moment thro' my trembling frame;
Th' etherial breath thro' all my ſenſes drove,
And my heart ſeem'd to melt in flames of love.
So, by great nature's ſecret law, the earth
Conceives, and fruitful teems with various birth,
When ſhe th' embraces of moiſt Ether ſhares,
And genial warmth is breath'd from vernal airs.

This

His actis, clarum ſonuere per æthera cœtus
Aligeri, cantu vario, plauſumque dedere.
Hinc tonitru ingenti tremuerunt ardua olympi,
Crebraque per cœlum hic illic rima ignea fulſit.

Talia narrabat virgo, ſimul ora rigabat
Lætitia illacrymans: tum tendo ad ſidera palmas,
Multa orans, animi ambiguus: nec credere quibam
(Mens adeò mihi læva fuit) tam mira ferenti.
Quandoquidem juvenes plerumque innectere fraudes
Virginibus ſoliti incautis, et fallere furto,
Ah faciles dictis aurem præbere puellas.
Quinetiam hanc volui (ſcelus) olim linquere demens.
Verùm eadem in ſomnis pueri redeuntis imago
Viſa mihi, vultuſque habituſque ſimillimus illi,
Ipſa ſibi modò quem memorabat ſponſa loquutum.
Nudus erat roſeos humeros: tantum aurea lævo
Pendebat demiſſa chlamys, quam fibula ſubter
Ilia ter gemino mordebat raſilis auro,
Rubraque compactis pendebant cingula bullis,
Molles à tergo tractim ſuccreſcere plumæ,
Ac ſenſim geminas humeris aſſurgere in alas:
Tum ſuras gemmis incluſit, cætera nudus.
Oris multus honos, gratique in corpore motus,
Haud noſtri puerum generis teſtantur adeſſe,
Sed cœli ſobolem, atque aulæ ſtellantis alumnum.
Nec minus ipſa etiam mira ſpectabilis arte
Veſtis erat baccis ſuperas illuſa per oras.
Textile mæandro duplici infrà circuit aurum,
Admirabile opus: tres hìc impunè per ignes
Læti ibant pueri intexti, pariterque canebant
Cœlicolûm Regi converſi ad ſidera laudes.

Cernere

This done; at once th' etherial manſions rung,
With glad applauſes from the heav'nly throng;
Loud thunder ſhook Olympus' tops on high,
And forkey lightnings flaſh'd along the ſky.
Here the fair damſel ceas'd her wond'rous tale,
While down her cheeks ſoft tears of tranſport ſteal.
At this, on high my ſuppliant hands I rear,
Doubtful of mind, and breathe to heav'n my pray'r.
So blind my thoughts, no credit cou'd I give
To ſuch narration, or the truth receive:
Since youths too often with induſtrious care,
For heedleſs virgins ſpread their wily ſnare;
And heedleſs virgins, when ſoft love aſſails,
Too often liſten to their flatt'ring tales.
Ev'n to ſuch madneſs was my mind betray'd,
I raſhly purpos'd to forſake the maid.
When in my dreams a radiant viſion came,
The ſame in features, and in mien the ſame,
With that bright youth who late approach'd the fair;
His beamy ſhoulders to the view were bare;
But bound with claſps of gold beneath his breaſt,
Down the left ſide depends a golden veſt:
A crimſon girdle richly wrought, and grac'd
With ſtuds of gold, adorn'd his beauteous waſte:
Smooth o'er his back, ſoft plumes in many a row
Riſe by degrees, and on his ſhoulders grow
To two fair wings; his manly legs were dreſs'd
In ſtarry gems, uncover'd all the reſt:
His ſhining looks and graceful motion prove
The youth deſcended from the realms above.
Rich was his veſt, and work'd with curious art,
Large rows of pearls adorn'd the outward part;
With gold neat woven in mæandring lines,
A wond'rous work! the ſplendid lining ſhines.
Embroider'd here three youths of graceful mien,
To paſs uninjur'd thro' the flames are ſeen;
And while to heav'n their conſcious eyes they raiſe,
To heav'n's high King they tune their ſongs of praiſe.

Cernere erat mediis acres fornacibus ignes
Parcere corporibus, longeque abſiſtere flammas.
Mirabar tacitus, cùm ſic pulcherrimus ore
Affatur trepidum juvenis: ſate ſanguine regum,
Quod tantum irrepſit menti ſcelus? omnia non te
Signa movent, haud hæc fieri ſine numine certo?
Ne dubita, nam vera canit ſanctiſſima virgo.
Jam nunc congreſſus nunquam perpeſſa viriles
Concepit, gravis ætherea divinitus aura.
Nam Pater omnipotens cœleſti afflavit ab arce,
Atque uterum implevit dilapſum numen ab aſtris.
Caſta fides nobis colitur, deſiſte vereri.
Hæc vates olim veſtri cecinere futura,
Cuncta ſed obſcura implicuere ambage tegentes:
Namque hæc illa quidem cœli in penetralibus altis
Porta ingens clauſa æternum, nec pervia greſſu
Ulli hominum, tantùm omnipotens Deus ipſe per illam
Itque, reditque viam, nec clauſtra immota reſignat.
Hanc tibi commendat ſummi Regnator Olympi,
Conjugio adjungens ſtabili: ſed conjugis uſum
Effuge, ſecurum tecum ſponſa exigat ævum,
Quamvis tuta Deo jam nunc ſit præſide virgo.

Sic fatus, ſubitò in tenues evanuit auras
Pernici liquida arva fuga per nubila carpens,
Et ſimul incuſſit mihi blandum in pectus amorem:
Utque rigor ferri rutilo lenteſcit in igne,
Sic mihi cor rapido ſenſi molleſcere motu.
Conſurgo, et veniam converſus ad æthera poſco.
Meque ipſum incuſo amens, et lux reddita menti,
Inque dies magis atque magis cœli alta pateſcunt
Conſilia, antiquis quæ vatibus omnia quondam
Obſcuris vera involvens Deus oſtendebat.
Hæc virgo eſt rubus ille, procul quem in monte videbat
Ardentem vates igni crepitante cremari

Corniger,

From all their limbs th' obedient fires refrain,
Thro' the fierce furnace, and their heat reſtrain.
Whilſt at this ſight a ſudden trembling ran
Thro' all my frame, the beauteous youth began:
A crime ſo impious can thy heart deſign,
Oh! true deſcendant of a royal line!
What yet is wanting to convince thy thought,
That heav'n itſelf this bleſs'd event has wrought?
No more with ſcruples teize thy anxious breaſt,
This holy Virgin has the truth confeſs'd.
Within her womb ſhe has conceiv'd a Son,
Yet never man's impure embraces known;
The work of heav'n's immortal Sire alone.
Each vain ſuſpicion from thy mind remove,
Chaſt faith is rev'renc'd by the pow'rs above.
Your ancient prophets this event beheld,
But in ambiguous types the truth conceal'd.
For this high gate amid th' etherial plain,
Is barr'd for ever from acceſs of man;
And the abſtruſe myſterious paſſage known,
To the great footſteps of high heav'n alone.
To thee in wedlock He conſigns the fair,
Yet thou an huſband's privilege forbear:
To guard her perſon to thy charge belong,
Tho', heav'n protected, ſhe can fear no wrong.
He ſaid; and inſtant vaniſh'd from my eyes,
Cleaving with ſounding wing the liquid ſkies;
While love's pure joys within my boſom riſe.
As fires all hardneſs from the ſteel remove,
My heart thus melted in the flames of love.
I riſe; and pardon for th' offence implor'd,
Feel my glad mind to wonted light reſtor'd.
Now more and more, the clouds diſpers'd, I find
Heav'n's ſecret counſels op'ning on my mind;
Which all the ſacred bards in times of old,
Involv'd in myſtic prophecies, foretold.
This virgin is the buſh, the ſeer beheld
In flames conſpicuous on the mount reveal'd;

Corniger, attactu cùm nullo innoxia flamma
Lamberet, et frondes illæſæ in ſtirpe virerent.
Hæc eadem niveæ quondam impenetrabile lanæ
Nimbis vellus erat cùm latè cuncta maderent
Imbribus effuſis circùm, telluſque nataret
Humida: ni veterum vana eſt prudentia vatum.
Hæc mecum, et toto penitus nox pectore abacta eſt.
Haud mora, prodigiis tantis facit ipſa fidem res.

Jam diffuſa canit Galilæa per oppida fama,
Inventam (portentum ingens) in montibus altis
Nuper anum, quæ ſuprema jam affecta ſenecta
Plena viro attulerit ſobolis ſpem: cùm tamen acta
Infœcunda illi fuerit, ſteriliſque juventa.
Tum mihi ſponſa: puer cœli demiſſus ab oris
Hoc, inquit, mihi prædixit, nam cuncta recordor.
Hæc anus eſt, hæc Eliſabe mihi ſanguine juncta,
Cui ſextum luna gravidæ jam circuit orbem.
Nec plura: extemplò placet ire, et ſtirpe propinquam
Viſere anum, gradimurque ambo ſuper alta locorum,
Tectaque Zachariæ petimus procul ardua vatis.
Vix primum attigeram limen (mirabile dictu)
Occurrit tremebunda anus, intrantique puellæ
Optatos dedit amplexus: Deus amplexantem
Invaſit, ſubituſque ſub oſſa repentè cucurrit
Ima calor, taleſque dedit venerata loquelas:

Longè una ante alias tu fortunata parentes,
Tuque, uterique tui, virgo ſanctiſſima, pondus,
Unde repentè mihi tanta indulgentia cœli?
Unde hæc affulſit ſeræ tam clara ſenectæ
Tempeſtas? fas ecce Dei vidiſſe parentem,
Et coràm affari lectam de millibus unam

Dignantem

When thro' the leaves the blaze innoxious ſtray'd
Awhile, and lambent on the branches play'd.
She too reſembles that myſterious fleece,
Which, when the earth was wet with large increaſe
Of haſty ſhow'rs, that pour'd upon the plain,
Was proof to moiſture, nor imbib'd the rain;
Unleſs prophetic bards have ſung in vain.
Th' event itſelf, as light ſtill clearer ſhines,
Gives ample credit to theſe wond'rous ſigns.
Now fame, as o'er the ſpacious towns ſhe fled
Of northern Galilee, this rumour ſpread;
That 'midſt Judæa's barren mountains wild,
An ancient matron had conceiv'd a child;
Who in her earlier days had never known,
The envy'd bleſſing of a darling ſon.
If right I recollect, the damſel cries,
The youth, who late deſcended from the ſkies,
Such fact foretold; this, doubtleſs, is the dame,
To me allied, Elizabeth by name:
To ſpeed whoſe growing infant into birth,
Six circling moons have journey'd round the earth.
Aſſur'd of this, we haſte without delay
The dame to viſit; and direct our way,
O'er rocky mountains, till fatigu'd we come,
To Zacharias's hoſpitable dome.
Scarce had we reach'd with weary'd ſtep the gate,
When the ſage matron (wond'rous to relate)
The God deſcending to her glowing breaſt,
Cloſe in her trembling arms the Virgin preſs'd;
A ſudden warmth thro' all her vitals ran,
And thus the venerable dame began:
Oh! happy thou! beyond a mortal's doom,
And bleſs'd the Babe that ſwells thy teeming womb!
Whence ſprings this favour of kind heav'n to me?
How comes it that theſe eyes with rapture ſee,
The Mother of our Lord, this manſion grace,
So far diſtinguiſh'd o'er the female race?

Dignantem has ſedes, meaque ultro in tecta profectam.
Nam mihi (vix primùm attigeras hæc limina) pectus
Emicuit, ſalienſque utero ſignum edidit infans.
Felix diva parens, ſuperûm gratiſſima Regi,
Sincera ſpectata fide, quæ credere veris,
Dum tua nondum animo præſagis gaudia, dictis
Haud verita es: promiſſa manent pueri alitis ecce
Certa tibi: jam nunc ades, orbiſque aſpice caſus
O cœli regina, hominum miſerata labores.

Dixerat: at teneri qualis roſa plena pudoris,
Haud animis elata tumentibus aurea virgo,
Cœlicolûm Regi laudes lætata canebat,
Quòd ſe tam propè ſidereo aſpexiſſet olympo
Indignam bonus, atque humilem, nil tale merentem:
Exultanſque ſuos ſibi vaticinatur honores
Promiſſos atavis, priſciſque parentibus olim.

Ex illo quanta immenſum portenta per orbem
Terruerint hominum mentes, præſagaque ſigna,
Limina dum vitæ omnipotens attingeret infans,
Longa renarrare eſt mora. Jam tunc Caſpia regna
Reſponſis vatum horrebant: jam Nilus, et omnis
Ægyptus trepidare, omnes orientis et urbes.
Veſtri etiam audierant (ſi vera eſt fama) per oras
Auſonias jamjam venturum lucis ad auras
Invictum Regem, cui paſſim cederet orbis
Regnandus, qui ſe patria virtute potentem
Seque ſuumque genus ſublimi inferret Olympo.

His tandem certus ſignis ego numinis inſtar,
Plenam utero ſupplex ſponſam venerabar, et ultro
Parebam: victum gravidæ, et divina ferebat
Pocula de cœlo volucer puer: illum ego ſæpe
Intrantem thalamum manifeſto in lumine vidi.

Jamque

For lo! (when ſcarce you had approach'd the dome)
The babe exulting leap'd within my womb.
Thrice happy parent! of heav'n's King belov'd,
Unſtain'd in honour, and for faith approv'd;
Who, e'er thy breaſt cou'd future joys divine,
Gav'ſt early credit to each ſacred ſign!
This promiſe of the youth, by heav'n's decree,
Shall boaſt its full accompliſhment in thee.
Ev'n now propitious thy compaſſion ſhow,
Great queen of heav'n! and pity human woe:
She ſaid; the damſel's modeſt cheeks diſcloſe
The hue, that bluſhes on the maiden roſe;
While with an humble decency expreſs'd,
To heav'n her ſongs of triumph ſhe addreſs'd:
Thankful, that God had deign'd to view from high,
Her lowly fortune with benignant eye.
Then ſings the honours in prophetic ſtrain,
Which bards had promis'd to her future reign.
To tell what prodigies alarm'd the earth,
E'er yet th' expected Infant roſe to birth,
The tale were tedious; a foreboding dread
Of ſtrange events, thro' barb'rous Caſpia ſpread;
Portentous ſigns o'er Nilus' bounds encreas'd,
And ſhook the kingdoms of the diſtant eaſt.
Ev'n Rome herſelf (if fame a truth can boaſt)
Heard the report, thro' all th' Auſonian coaſt;
That ſoon ſome glorious Prince ſhou'd ſpring to birth,
Spread his wide empire o'er the ſubject earth;
In future time to nobler heights ariſe,
And with his true deſcendants claim the ſkies.
Convinc'd at length by each undoubted ſign,
My bride I rev'rence, as ſome pow'r divine;
And till the Babe ſhou'd bleſs the wiſh'd-for day,
Her juſt beheſts implicitly obey.
A winged youth, deſcending from the ſkies,
With rich repaſt the teeming maid ſupplies:
Oft the fair form before my wond'ring ſight,
The chamber enter'd, cloath'd in radiant light.

Jamque optanti animo divini tempora partûs
Expectabam ardens, ſed ſpem mora iniqua trahebat,
Et ſæpe hæc cupido repetebam pectore mecum:
Si modò, ſi mihi cœleſtis ſe oſtendere coràm
Non fugiat puer ante obitus, quando omnia de ſe
Rettulit ipſa mihi virgo pulcherrima vera:
Purpureos flores metite, et candentia plena
Lilia ferte manu, venienti ad limina lucis
Dona parate Deo, puerumque inviſite Regem.
O mihi ſi quoque tam longè ſuprema ſenectæ
Pars maneat, quantum valeam tua cernere facta,
Sancte puer, cùm ſublata formidine mundum
Pacabis, patrioque Deus regnabis olympo!
Tum pax alma colet terras, pietaſque fideſque,
Quæque labat nunc relligio, atque reſurgere ubique
Juſtitiam in melius verſus mirabitur orbis.
Tum ferus in falces curvas conflabitur enſis,
Aureaque incipient mundo ſuccedere ſecla.
Sic ego ſæpe moras mecum lenire ſolebam,
Et magis uſque animo mihi ſpes accenſa vigebat.

Fortè recognoſcens populos numerare jubebat
Auguſtus Cæſar, rerum cui ſumma poteſtas.
Ipſe igitur veteris repetebam mœnia Bethles,
Unde genus duco, quo me quoque civibus urbis
Inſererem, nomenque meum, nomenque meorum:
Sponſa ſequebatur Nazaræ ab ſede profecta.
Vix patriæ intrâram muros, et rara domorum
Tecta, ſoporiferis cùm nox cœlum abſtulit umbris.
Eſt ſedes deſerta humilem ingredientibus urbem,
Horrenti culmoque et carice tecta paluſtri,
Agricolis olim ſtatio gratiſſima, ſiquos
Rure procul patrio nox deprendiſſet in urbe:

Namque

And now I long impatient to ſurvey
Th' expected birth; but ſtill unkind delay
Mocks all my hopes, and anxious thus I ſay:
Oh! might the heav'nly Infant ſpring to light,
And bleſs theſe eyes, e'er yet they cloſe in night!
Since what the beauteous Virgin yet has told,
In ev'ry point accompliſh'd I behold!
Lilies and purple roſes hither bring,
With all the incenſe of the fragrant ſpring;
The coſtlieſt tribute, earth affords prepare,
To crown th' auſpicious birth of God's eternal Heir.
And oh! wou'd heav'n's indulgent love, to me
An ample portion of old age decree,
Enough, bright youth! thy glorious acts to ſee;
When thou all terror ſhalt from earth remove,
And reign triumphant on thy throne above!
Then, oh! bleſs'd land! ſhall ſacred peace be thine,
And meek-ey'd piety, and faith divine:
Once more religion ſhall her influence ſpread,
Returning juſtice lift her awful head;
Deſtructive ſwords ſhall into ſickles bend,
And a new age of gold o'er earth extend.
With thoughts like theſe I ſooth the long delay,
While hope ſprings forward each approaching day.
It chanc'd Auguſtus iſſu'd forth command,
To tax the ſubjects of each conquer'd land;
When I, th' imperial edict to obey,
To Bethle's walls direct my deſtin'd way,
(The ſeat from whence in early youth I came)
T'enroll my tribe, my family, and name;
The bride ſlow follows with unequal pace:
Scarce had I reach'd my ancient native place,
When night deſcending with a grateful ſhade,
O'er the ſtill earth her mantling curtain ſpread.
There ſtands a place, as near the town you draw,
A plain mean ſtructure, thatch'd with coarſeſt ſtraw;
An inn of ſome reſort, in times of yore,
To ſwains benighted, when their courſe they bore.

To

Namque aliis procul à tectis ſummota recedit.
Huc igitur feſſi pariter ſuccedimus ambo
Seu caſu, ſeu ſic rector ſortitus Olympi,
Ut potius reor, et potius fas credere duco.
Natum etenim non ſolum extrema per omnia vitam
Ducere, et in terris indignos volvere caſus,
Verumetiam tecto voluit ſub paupere eundem
Naſci, humilique domo miſerabilem, et omnium egenum.
Principiò in ſtabulis pandum ad præſepia ſiſto
Quadrupedem, auxiliumque viæ, onerumque levamen:
Quem juxta in ſtipulis ſeſe locat inclyta virgo.
Quippe alia interior domus ulla haud parte vacabat.
Bos erat à læva tepidum flans ore vaporem,
Quem pauper campis luce exercebat arator,
Pauca ſoli curvo ſuſpendens jugera aratro:
Nec ſera niſi nocte domum repetebat ab agro
Conducto, vitam ut poſſet tolerare labore
Ipſe ſuo, atque famem parvis avertere natis.

Et jam nox medium ſpatium confecerat horis,
Cùm mihi, qui ſaxo hærebam jam lumina victus,
Somnus abit: neque enim merſum tunc me altus habebat.
Ecce oculos fulgore novo lux occupat ingens:
Diffulgent intus latè magalia, quæque
Stramina tetra modò horrebant, nunc aurea cernas.
Exurgo, aſpicio juxta præſepia nudum
Infantem radiis illuſtrem, ac luce coruſcum:
Quem virgo tenerum in duris modò pauper avenis
Ediderat nullo nixu, nullo ægra dolore.
Aſtabant taciti, bos hinc, hinc tardus aſellus,
Pabulaque obliti pariter capita alta tenebant.
Ipſa etiam radiis fulgebat mater, utroque

To Bethle's walls; the building ſtands alone,
Detatch'd, and diſtant from the crowded town.
Here in this humble and obſcure retreat,
O'erſpent with toils, we reſt our weary'd feet;
By chance perhaps; or rather if my mind
Conjecture rightly, heav'n this place deſign'd:
Not only dooming his cœleſtial Heir,
On earth dire ſcenes of miſery to ſhare;
But, in a wretched cottage, feel the weight
Of life's afflictions, from its earlieſt date.
Firſt, the ſlow beaſt whoſe crooked back ſuſtain'd
Our heavy burdens, at the rack remain'd:
Next, on a bed of ſtraw the Virgin reſts;
No coſtlier welcome for ſuch needy gueſts.
Cloſe on the left a patient ox ſtood near,
And from his noſtrils breath'd the tepid air;
Whom, at each riſing morn, ſome plodding ſwain
Goads with ſlow pace along the furrow'd plain;
Nor, till the night extends her ſhade around,
Seeks the lone cottage from his rented ground:
Life's ills by conſtant labour to ſuſtain,
And chaſe pale famine from his infant-train.
Now had ſtill night her midway journey ſped;
When, on a rock as I reclin'd my head,
Sleep's gentle vapours from my eyelids fled:
Sudden there ſhone around a ſtreaming blaze,
The cottage glitter'd with refulgent rays:
And what our eyes but lately might behold
Coarſe homely ſtraw, now ſhone like dazzling gold.
I riſe; and view a naked Babe recline
On the hard manger, crown'd with rays divine:
Whom, void of pain, as on the ſtraw ſhe lay,
The ſacred Virgin had diſclos'd to day.
The ox and ſluggiſh aſs in dumb ſurprize,
Neglect their food, and lift their wond'ring eyes.
Lo! as ſhe ſate, a glory beam'd around
The heav'nly maid; and bending to the ground

Her

Poplite ſubſidens, oculos demiſſa nitentes,
Ah nudum lacrymis parvum ſpectabat obortis,
Tendebatque manus ſuffuſo lumine junctas.
Aſtrorum qualis facies rorantibus umbris
Poſt imbrem, ſiccis Boreas ubi frigidus alis
Ingruit, ac cœlum populans cava nubila differt:
Talis virgineo ſpecies acceſſerat ori.
Quid facerem? partem ſubjeci ambobus amictûs
Ipſe mei, atque olidæ ſubſtravi terga bidentis
Pro picturatis cunis, pro murice, et auro.
Cætera pauperies, noxque intempeſta vetabant.
Nec dum clara dies merſo diluxerat orbi,
Jam conferto aderant paſtores agmine, et antri
Floribus, ac variis auxerunt limina ſertis
Ruſtica multifori fundentes ſibila canna.
Ut ſtabula ingreſſi, ad præſepia lumina vertunt
Summiſſi, terramque petunt, et numen adorant:
Mirabar mecum tacitus, fama unde per agros
Hæc ſubitò exiſſet, deque ipſis quærere cœpi.
Unus quærentem ſic eſt affarier orſus:
Paſtores ſumus, in vicinis ſaltibus omnes
Paſcimus: inſomnem ut nobis mos ducere noctis
Haud partem exiguam, atque gregem ſervare coactum
Nocte ferè media vigilantibus aſtitit ingens
Lux cunctis ſupra caput, attonitiſque pavore
Ingenti talis vox eſt audita per auras:
Ne trepidate viri, vobis nova gaudia porto.
Ille piis toties promiſſus vatibus olim,
Finibus his hodie natus Deus: eximet ille
E tenebris hominum genus, atque in priſtina reddet.
Illum vicina fas vobis cernere in urbe
Effultum ſtipula, atque humile ad præſepe jacentem.
His moniti, vicinam oculos torquemus ad urbem.
Ecce autem volucer pictis exercitus alis,
Cœleſtes ſuprà pueri toto æthere viſi,
Nubibus impoſiti liquidas equitare per oras,
Et mirum in morem celeri proludere cœtu.
Atque ubi ter cœlum ternis toto agmine verſi

Luſtravere

Her radiant eyes, the naked Babe ſhe view'd,
While falling drops her matron cheeks bedew'd.
+ As, after ſhow'rs, each glitt'ring ſtar appears,
O'er heav'n's bright concave, hung with pearly tears,
When northern gales with fanning wing ariſe,
And ſweep th' incumbent vapours from the ſkies;
So ſhone the Virgin; ſuch reſplendent grace,
Attemper'd mildly, gilds her angel face.
For the rich canopy and golden bed,
A fleecy ſkin ('twas all I cou'd) I ſpread;
My own mean garb their preſent wants ſupply'd,
Night and hard poverty the reſt deny'd.
Scarce had the morn her orient viſage rear'd,
When num'rous ſwains in rural bands appear'd;
Gay flow'rs and garlands o'er the roof they hung,
And on their oaten pipes rude carols ſung:
Their footſteps to the manger ſtrait they bore,
Then bow ſubmiſſive and the Babe adore.
I muſe; admiring how report cou'd run
So ſwift abroad; when thus a ſwain begun:
Strangers! our wonted province is to keep,
Upon theſe neighbouring hills, our fleecy ſheep;
Which as we lately watch'd in dead of night,
Around our heads there ſhone a radiant light:
Wond'ring we gaz'd, oppreſs'd with ſudden fear,
When thus a voice approach'd our trembling ear:
Let no vain dread your anxious hearts annoy,
I bring glad tidings of cœleſtial joy;
On this auſpicious day is born the God,
Whom bards ſo oft in holy ſtrains foreſhow'd:
He from the realms of night ſhall bear away
The ſouls of ſinners, and reſtore to day.
To yonder neighbouring city point your eyes,
Wrapt in coarſe ſtraw the heav'nly Infant lies.
Strait to the town our eager view we bend;
When lo! from heav'n triumphal hoſts deſcend,
And thro' the ſky in wond'rous choirs appear,
Borne on light clouds, to ride the liquid air.

When

Luſtravere choris, ter luſtravere choreis,
Concentu petiere polum, longè ardua olympi
Reſponſant, lætis diſſultat plauſibus æther.
Talia narrabant, nec ſeſe explere coruſci
Infantis facie poterant, fixique manebant
Hærentes oculis, hærentes pectore toto.
Fulgebat puer ore, oculis, ac corpore ab omni,
Divino longè circùm loca lumine complens:
Qualis puniceo ſe pandens ore, roſarum
Cùm primum dias flos viſit luminis oras,
Aut ubi ſole novo roſcis orientis in oris
Enituit verni ſpecies patefacta diei.
Nos vero interea, quamquam indubitabile numen
Novimus, atque Deum, nec opis, nec lactis egentem,
Parvum alimus tamen, ut mortali ſemine cretum,
Ubera ſiccantem matris, tenerumque fovemus,
Invalidumque artus: mortalem quippe creatus
Mortali matris traxit de corpore partem.
Atque ideo, ut veterum mos eſt antiquus avorum,
Imprimimus generis ſignum, Samiaque putamus
Exiguam teſta pellem genitalia circum:
Addimus et nomen, memoreſque vocamus IESUM,
Ut quondam admonuit puer actus ab æthere præpes.
Idem etiam quòd ſit regum de ſtirpe ſacerdos,
Gentibus eſt Graio dictus de nomine CHRISTUS.
Quinetiam, quamvis nullo intemerata remanſit
Concubitu mater, tamen intra tecta morata eſt,
Uſque quater denos dum ſolis cerneret ortus.
Tum demum ſacram Solymorum advenimus urbem,
Cum puero, quò ſe luſtraret regia virgo,
Torquataſque aræ attulimus de more columbas.
Stabat ſacra ferens altaria ad ipſa ſacerdos
Succinctus lino albenti, capitiſque bicorni
Tegmine pervigilem adſervans penetralibus ignem.
Hunc circum ante aram natorum intonſa corona
Fundebant pateris vituli, ut tunc fortè, cruorem:
Quem pater, ut ſontis populi commiſſa piaret,
Mactârat ſuperûm Regi, veniamque precatus
Suppliciter

When now, three ſeveral times, the youthful race
Had danc'd in circles thro' th' etherial ſpace,
Aloft they flew; Olympus' ſummits rung,
And heav'n reſounded with the choral ſong.
Thus ſpoke the ſwains; then fix'd their wond'ring ſight
On the fair Babe, with rapture and delight.
Radiant he look'd; nor from his eyes alone,
But ev'ry part, coeleſtial ſplendors ſhone:
As, when with op'ning bloom the purple roſe
Begins her infant beauties to diſcloſe;
Or as, when firſt the ſun's bright beams ariſe,
Reſplendent glories gild the vernal ſkies.
Meantime, tho' in the Babe our eyes beheld
Th' undoubted tokens of a God reveal'd;
That ſuch a Being cou'd no ſuccour need,
Yet Him with human nouriſhment we feed:
On his weak helpleſs limbs our care beſtow,
And pay the duty tender parents owe.
For as in part from human ſtock he came,
He took ſome portion of this earthly frame.
Hence, as our law directs, the ſkin around
His manly part, with ſharpen'd flint we wound;
And mindful of the angel's warning ſign,
We call him JESUS by command divine:
But as the ſtamp of high deſcent he wears,
Among the Greeks the name of CHRIST he bears.
Full forty days, tho' free from legal ſtains,
The Virgin-parent cloſe confin'd remains.
At length to ſacred Solyma we came,
With the fair Infant and the royal dame,
Studious the law's injunctions to obey;
And turtle doves, for coſtlier tribute, pay.
The mitred prieſt, array'd in robes of white,
Attends the altar, and performs the rite.
His ſons, aſſiſtant at the off'rings, pour
In ſacred bowls, the deſtin'd heifer's gore;
Slain by their pious father, to atone
For all our tribes tranſgreſſions, and his own.

The

Suppliciter ſolitos aris adolebat honores.
Circumfuſi aderant primores gentis, et omnes
Tempora tangebant dextris vittata juvenci.
Jamque levi fuſum delibans ille cruorem
Terque, quaterque ſacram digito irroraverat aram,
Aræque impoſitam flammam, et ſeptem ordine lychnos,
Linteaque ampla, quibus ſacrorum arcana teguntur.
Et jam finis erat ſacris, feſſusque ſacerdos
Cum natis, dapibus ſeſe accingebat opimis.
Tunc humili greſſu virgo procedit ad aram,
Infantem læva geſtans, dextraque volucres.
Quid memorem, quæ ſigna polo Pater edidit alto,
Teſtatus veram ſobolem? quantùm ipſe ſacerdos
Horruerit pueri aſpectu? quàm mira repentè
Ignibus inſolitis lux circumfulſerit aram?
Ter thura accenſos venerans conjecit in ignes,
Ter ſubjecta tholo ſubitò ingens flamma reluxit.
Ille tamen collo, patrio de more, volucres
Immolat intorto, atque effundens ritè cruorem.
Porrigit et plumas, et aperti gutturis exta,
Solis ab occaſu nitidos converſus ad ortus,
Diffringitque alas: tum ſacros ſuggerit ignes
Viſceribus, grato vapor it ſuper æthera fumo,
Araque Panchæos flagrans exhalat odores:

Ecce hominum ſubito turbantur pectora caſu.
Nomen avi Simeon referens erat obſitus annis,
Quo nemo tota urbe fuit ſervantior æqui.
Huic, ut erat longè venturi præſcius, olim
Ætherææ vis omnipotens promiſerat auræ
Viſurum ſeſe antè Deum, auctoremque ſalutis,
Expectatum orbi, quàm lucis linqueret auras.

Jam

The rev'rend prieſt in ſuppliant poſture ſtands,
And burns the incenſe with his holy hands.
The rulers of the nation throng around,
And touch the victim's head, with garlands crown'd.
And now the prieſt, ſome portion of the gore
Thrice with his holy finger ſprinkles o'er
The ſacred altar, and the hallow'd flame;
Next, on the ſev'n bright lamps diſtills the ſtream;
Then touch'd the ſpacious veil, that parts the ſhrine,
And ſhades from vulgar eyes the myſteries divine.
Thus ceas'd the rites; and now the weary'd prieſt
Was ſharing with his ſons the genial feaſt;
When to the ſhrine the pious Virgin moves,
Her left the Babe, her right ſuſtains the doves.
Why ſhou'd I tell, what wond'rous ſigns were ſhown,
By heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to proclaim his Son?
How the prieſt trembled at his looks divine?
What ſudden fires around the altar ſhine?
Thrice the rich incenſe on the flames he threw,
Thrice o'er the vaulted roof the vapours flew.
Now in his hands he takes the doves, and wrings
Their ſtruggling necks, and wide expands the wings;
Then, with his face as tow'rd the eaſt he ſtood,
Pours on the thirſty ſoil their reeking blood;
Then breaks the pinions, then the entrails lays
On the warm hearth, and wakes the ſacred blaze:
In grateful ſmoke the curling vapours riſe,
And all Panchæa's ſweets perfume the ſkies.
But lo! ſome ſudden ſtrange event appears,
That fills the nation with alarming fears.
A man there was, of fair and honeſt fame,
Advanc'd in years, and Simeon was his name:
None walk'd the earth, of whatſoe'er degree,
For ſacred juſtice more renown'd than he.
To him, in arts of holy preſcience ſkill'd,
The great prophetic ſpirit erſt reveal'd;
That gracious heav'n wou'd bleſs his longing ſight
With the world's Saviour, e'er he ſunk to night.

Jamque erat hunc vitæ pertæſum, ægerque ſenectæ
Optabat duros leto finire labores:
Sed ſpes illa animo cupido uſque infixa manebat.
Ergo ubi adeſſe Deum præſenſit numine plenus:
Qualis, ubi greſſum per agros comitatus herilem
Fortè canis leporem vi longè ſenſit odora,
Continuò intenditque aures, atque aëra captat
Naribus, et cœptum rumpens iter avius errat;
Atque oculis incerta feræ veſtigia luſtrans,
Nunc hos, nunc illos curſus fert, atque recurſus
Incertus, longè latratibus arva reſultant:
Talis erat ſenis in templo exultantis imago.
Tum puerum tremulis correptum amplectitur ulnis,
Atque arctè premit: hinc lacrymis ita fatur obortis:

Macte infans virtute, Dei indubitata propago,
Mundi opifer, qui noſtra venis, veterumque parentum
Sponte admiſſa tui largo lavere amne cruoris,
Et liquidas aperire vias ad ſidera cœli:
Exoptatus ades, nec me tua maxima fallunt
Summe Pater, promiſſa, mori me denique fas eſt.
Nunc ô me, nunc ad requiem, finemque laborum
Corporis exutum vinclis dimittis, ut olim
Pollicitus: jam viderunt mea lumina, quem tu
Auxilium mundo miſiſti, ut gentibus eſſet
In tenebris lux, Iſacidos nova gloria prolis.
His dictis, matrem verſus mox fatur ad ipſam:
O cui te forma aſſimilem? cui laudibus æquem?
Quaſve tibi referam grates, quæ ſola ſalutem
Felici peperiſti utero mortalibus ægris?
Quanquàm etiam exitio multis hunc affore partum,
Et tempus fore prædico, illætabile tempus,
Cùm tibi cor gelidum gladius penetrabit acutus

Ah

Now ſick of labour, and oppreſs'd with years,
He wiſh'd in death to end a life of cares;
But the dear thought, his Saviour to behold,
For ever in his raptur'd boſom roll'd.
Hence, when inſpir'd by pitying heav'n, he found
Meſſiah's preſence; as ſome faithful hound,
Wont with his lord to paſtures to repair;
If chance his noſtrils ſcent the tim'rous hare,
Inſtant erects his ears, and ſnuffs the wind,
Then flies, and leaves the beaten paths behind;
Each devious track exploring with his eyes
In doubtful ſearch, now this now that he tries;
Inceſſant clamours thro' the fields are heard—
Such, and ſo joy'd th' exulting ſage appear'd.
Then in his trembling arms the Infant takes,
And thus in tears of holy tranſport ſpeaks:
Proceed, ſweet Babe! may ev'ry virtue crown
Thy blooming years, oh! heav'n's undoubted Son!
Who com'ſt, of unexampled love alone,
For human crimes and frailties to atone;
In ſtreams of blood to waſh each guilt away,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the realms of day.
Long-wiſh'd thou com'ſt, to crown my juſt deſire,
Now is thy word fulfill'd, Almighty Sire!
Then oh! thy ſervant from life's toils releaſe,
And lull my ſpirit in ambroſial peace.
Mine eyes have ſeen the Infant, gracious Lord!
So often promis'd in thy holy word,
With heav'nly light on Gentile hearts to ſhine,
And prove the glory of thy choſen line.
Then turning to the Virgin-dame; he ſaid,
How ſhall I ſing thy praiſe, illuſtrious maid!
Or how return thee thanks! who gav'ſt by birth
So rich a treaſure to this favour'd earth.
Yet oh! I ſee the fatal time will come,
When this fair Iſſue of thy ſacred womb,
To num'rous ſouls deſtruction ſhall impart,
And with a naked ſword tranſpierce thy heart.

Ah miſeræ! et magno virgo dotabere luctu,
Mutataque fluet Jordanis decolor unda.
Tum ſerus, ſegniſque dies naſcetur, et ægrè
Lutea vix terris oſtendet pallidus ora,
Atque gravi tellus optabit mole relinqui
Ipſa ſua, et rupto per inania fœdere labi.
Hæc ubi, confeſtim veluti cedentia ſomno
Lumina demiſit, placidaque ibi morte quievit.

Obſtupuere alii: ſed nos, queîs cætera nota,
Terremur magis, inque vicem diſquirimus ambo,
Solliciti, quoſnam matri denunciet enſes,
Aut quibus exitio tantùm puer ipſe futurus.
Haud longum fuit in medio dehinc tempus: utrumque
Exitus edocuit, dubioſque ambage reſolvit,
Ni nobis majora etiam nunc vulnera reſtant,
Atque alia ex aliis ſemper graviora parantur.

Illis extremo quippe ex Oriente diebus
Tres adeò magni reges ditione profecti,
Huc ſeſe intulerant, puero dona ampla ferentes,
Aurumque, et thuris glebas, ſtactæque liquorem.
His vis aſtrorum, ac ratio volventis olympi,
Monſtrârat regem noſtris in finibus ortum,
Quoi cœli, terræque paterent debita ſceptra.
Sancti igitur partûs ſtudio huc venere videndi:
Stella facem ducens venientibus uſque coruſcam
Dux erat, atque viam ſignabat lumine largo,
Ceu quondam patribus deſerta per avia noſtris
In patriam tandem Pharia redeuntibus ora
Præcurrens monſtrabat iter nocte ignea lampas
Deſuper, et mirum ſpargebat lucida lumen.
Jamque urbem ingreſſi, ſedes adiere tyranni
Herodis, cauſamque viæ docuere, rati olli
Hanc ſobolem, quòd erat Rex his in finibus, ortam.

Ah! hapleſs Virgin! ſtreams of kindred blood,
Thy dreadful dow'r, ſhall crimſon Jordan's flood.
Then ſhall the morn all ſlow and ſullen riſe,
Nor with his wonted luſtre gild the ſkies;
Earth trembling at th' event ſhall ſtrive to fly
From her unbalanc'd orb, and nature wiſh to die.
Thus ſpoke the ſage, and as with ſleep oppreſs'd,
Clos'd his dark eyeballs in eternal reſt.
The thronging crowds alarm'd and ſilent ſtood;
But greater fears our trembling hearts ſubdu'd:
And fill'd with doubt we mutually enquire,
What ſwords were threaten'd by the warning Sire;
And how this Infant of cœleſtial birth,
Cou'd bring deſtruction to the ſons of earth?
Th' event ſoon witneſs'd what the prophet told,
And taught this myſtic riddle to unfold.
Unleſs ſeverer wounds are ſtill to come,
And heav'n reſerves us for ſome mightier doom.
Lo! from thoſe diſtant regions, where the day
Firſt bluſhes with Aurora's purple ray;
Three potent chiefs their eaſtern treaſures bring,
Gold, myrrh, and incenſe, to the new-born King:
Theſe, as they mark'd the rolling orbs on high,
And watch'd the various motions of the ſky;
Saw that a King was born in Juda's land,
Whoſe ſceptre ſhou'd the earth and heav'ns command,
Thence to behold this wond'rous birth they come,
A length of journey, from their native home.
A new-diſcover'd ſtar, whoſe beams diſplay
A radiant light, conducts them on the way.
Thus to our great forefathers, when they paſs'd
From treach'rous Egypt o'er the dreary waſte;
The fiery pillar ſhot a blazing light,
And mark'd their progreſs thro' the gloom of night.
Strait to the King's imperial ſeat they went,
And told the jealous monarch their intent;
Deeming the royal Babe his Son alone,
Who held with ſov'reign ſway Judæa's throne.

Obſtupuit ſimul, atque animo perterritus ille eſt.
Nec mora, permetuens ſibi ne ſuccederet hæres,
Quæſitus puer in regnis externus avitis,
Indigenas vates jubet intra mœnia cogi
Regia, ſcitarique omnes tempuſque, locumque
Naſcentis pueri, patriamque domumque requirit.
Illi autem Bethlen veterum monimenta minari
Cuncta docent, dux unde ortus ſe tolleret olim,
Fama ingens, claris ingens ſuper æthera factis.
Tum magis atque magis curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Sollicitamque gerit caſſa formidine mentem.
Tandem his affatus reges dimittit Eoos.
Quæ vos cauſa viri noſtris nunc applicat oris,
Hæc eadem longè ſpe nos ſuſpendit, aventes
Cernere promiſſos pueri tot vatibus ortus.
Haud procul hinc ſaxo Bethle fundata vetuſto
Urbs colitur noſtris: natum illuc quærite Regem,
Mox jubeo, inventum nobis qui nunciet, inde
Mittite; noſtro etiam puer accumuletur honore.
Sic ait, et falſo ſimulat nova gaudia vultu.
Verùm longè aliud malè amico pectore agebat:
Demens, qui cœli Regem, cui ſidera parent,
Crederet in terris mortalia regna morari.

Ergo iter inſtaurant, conſpecto ſidere læti,
Jamque propinquabant magna ſtipante caterva,
Cùm ſubitò ſupra tectum ingens ſubſtitit aſtrum,
Irradians, largoque mapalia lumine complens.
Quales cùm belli motus, aut funera regum
Portendunt, crinem irato ſparſere minacem
Æthere, ni diri rubeant lugubre, Cometæ.
Tres adeò anguſti ſubter faſtigia tecti
Pauper ego excepi reges, in rebus egenis.
Vidi illos auro illuſtres, oſtroque decoros
Ante pedes pueri ſeſe demittere pronos,
Suppliciter,

At this, his mind was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear,
And cautious dreading leſt ſome foreign heir,
Shou'd to his ſceptre and his throne ſucceed,
He calls the nation's holy ſeers with ſpeed:
Then bids them ſearch, and with preciſion ſay,
Where, and what time the Babe ſhou'd ſpring to day?
They with one voice the trembling monarch told,
That Bethle was the ſeat, ordain'd of old;
Whence a great Chief of heav'nly worth ſhou'd riſe,
And lift his fame and glory to the ſkies.
Now anxious, fearful, to the future blind,
Cares crowd tumultuous on his tortur'd mind.
At length the kings he thus addreſs'd—The cauſe
Oh! thrice-renowned chiefs! that hither draws
Your footſteps, from the diſtant realms of earth,
Inflames my mind to ſee this promis'd birth.
Know then; not far from hence, of ancient fame
A city ſtands, and Bethle is the name;
There ſeek with diligence the new-born King:
And when diſcover'd, let ſome herald bring
The gladſome tidings; that without delay
I too my homage to the Babe may pay.
He ſpoke; and with a ſubtil ſmile of art,
Diſguis'd the rancour lurking in his heart.
Madman! to think a Youth of heav'nly birth,
Cou'd want the paltry kingdoms of the earth.
Soon as the ſtar theſe royal ſages view,
With joy their deſtin'd journey they purſue;
When on the roof it ſtands in open ſight,
And fill'd the cottage with a ſtream of light.
So, threat'ning death to kings, or dreadful war,
Shines with diſaſt'rous gleam the fiery ſtar,
And ſhakes dire ſparkles from its blazing hair.
I, in hard want and lowly fortune bred,
Three monarchs welcom'd to my humble ſhed.
Theſe eyes beheld them, in their gorgeous dreſs
Due rites of homage to the Babe expreſs;

Suppliciter, genibuſque piæ procumbere matris,
Dum ſua quiſque facit ſortiti ex ordine dona.
Barbarici ante fores expectabant comitatus
Interea, Tyrioque inſtratus murice terga
Stans ſonipes, teres exercebat dentibus aurum.

His dehinc perfectis abeunt, lætique ſequuntur,
Quod longo irradians aperitur tramite ſidus.
Sed non inde via moniti referuntur eadem,
Regia linquentes à læva mœnia longè,
Rurſus Idumæi ſedem ne regis adirent.
Ille autem, ut ſeſe deluſum denique ſenſit,
Accenſus furiis, ſuſpectam miſit ad urbem
Mille viros ferro inſtructos, qui mœnia furto
Per noctem ingreſſi teneros, quicunque reperti,
Infantes matrum jugularent ubere raptos,
Quo numero in tanto caderet quoque Regius hæres.
Ipſe ſed in ſomnis viſus ſum voce moneri,
Præcipitem celerare fugam, loca linquere nota:
Surge age, rupe moras, puerum tecum arripe, matremque,
Et ſeptengemini curſu pete flumina Nili.
Hinc terram cole, quæ procul his haud diſſidet oris,
Nec refer inde pedem, niſi te prius ipſe vocâro:
Rex etenim letum infanti molitur acerbum.
Conſurgo, et plenus monitis matri omnia pando.
Vidiſſes viſu exanguem, exanimemque puellam
Huc illuc trepidare fuga, et vix fidere nocti.
Jam tum illi pectus gladius trajecit acutus
Ah miſeræ! ingenti labefactaque corda dolore.

Cedimus, et taciti malefidam linquimus urbem,
Per noctem, ac propero petimus nemora avia greſſu:
Et jam palmoſæ ſaltus, atque ardua Idumes

Prætervectus

Then to the Virgin bow ſubmiſſive down,
Ope their rich gifts, and each preſent his own.
In grand retinue at the humble gate,
Barbaric ſlaves their royal maſters wait:
The ſprightly courſer, beauteous to behold,
In purple trappings proudly champs the gold.
These rites perform'd; they chearful bend their way,
Where the bright ſtar directs its glitt'ring ray;
But warn'd a diff'rent journey to purſue,
They leave the beaten track, and ſeek a new;
Leſt by the ſame returning, they ſhou'd bring
Th' expected tidings to this foreign king.
But when the monarch ſaw with proud diſdain
His hopes defeated, and his project vain;
Inflam'd with wrath, he bids without delay
A thouſand ſoldiers ſpeed by night away,
Surprize the town, and ev'ry infant ſlay:
That by the ſword, ordain'd to level all,
The royal Offspring might a victim fall.
But in my dreams I'm warn'd to haſte away,
And thus a voice ſoft-whiſp'ring ſeem'd to ſay:
Ariſe, and inſtant leave thy native ſoil,
Thou and thy charge; and ſeek the ſev'n-fold Nile;
A pleaſant land, that not far diſtant lies,
There ſtay; till I thy ſafe return adviſe:
For lo! the raging king with ſavage joy
Will ſeek this heav'n-born Infant to deſtroy.
I wake; and full of this advice, declare
The warning viſion to the trembling fair;
The trembling fair, all pale with wild affright,
Diſtracted flies, and ſcarce can truſt the night.
Then, then the ſword with agonizing ſmart,
Ah! hapleſs Virgin! pierc'd thy tender heart.
We yield, and ſilent quit the faithleſs town,
Favour'd by night, and wander paths unknown.
And now the groves with verdant palm-trees grac'd,
Now rich Idume's arduous hills I paſs'd;

The

Prætervectus eram, veteris tam mœnia Eluſæ,
Quaque Aſiam Libycis disjungit finibus omnem,
Mapſa, ferax oleæ: ingredior pluviæ inſcia regna,
Regna Phari, quibus eſt cœli vis cognita primùm,
Aſtraque, Lunaïque globus, Soliſque meatus.
Ignotos paſſim montes, ignota ſaluto
Flumina, turrigeraſque legens prætervehor urbes.
Jamque papyriferi ripis Anthedonis ibam.
Auræ omnes terrent pavidos, capitique timentes
Tam charo: at puero blandiri murmure ſylvæ
Lauricomæ, et ramis capita accurvare reflexis,
Aurarumque leves animæ indulgere ſuſurro.
Ipſæ etiam nobis cautes, ipſique videntur
Verticibus leviter motis alludere montes,
Signaque lætitiæ dare ſtagna loquacia circùm.
Audires blandùm feſſas erroribus undas
Perſtrepere, et molli lapſu per ſaxa ſonare,
Humida ſaxa ſuper nitido viridantia muſco.
Præcipuè ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
Aſſuetæ liquidis mulcebant vocibus auras,
Et jactu alarum reſonabant corpora plauſa.
Seſe etiam omnifero gremio venientibus offert,
Læta Dei aſpectu tellus: flant gramina odorem
Cuncta ſuum, et mollem prætexit amaracus umbram.
Nec verò incerta latebroſus origine Nilus
Non manifeſta dedit ſalienti flumine ſigna
Adventante Deo, lætis ſe ſuſtulit undis
Stagna arcana ciens, fundoque apparuit imo.

Ad

The tow'r-crown'd walls where old Eluſa ſtands;
Where Mapſa's town the narrow tract commands,
And ſevers Aſia from the Libyan lands.
Now haughty Pharoah's ancient realms we gain,
Rich fields, unwater'd by deſcending rain;
Where firſt that ſcience roſe, which marks the race
Of orbs revolving thro' unbounded ſpace.
I hail the mountains and the woods unknown,
And paſs unnotic'd many a fenced town:
Till to our view at length Anthedon roſe,
On whoſe moiſt banks the fam'd Papyrus grows.
We ſtart at ev'ry gale; inceſſant fear
Alarms our boſoms for a pledge ſo dear.
But round the Babe a gentle murmur blows
From laurel groves, and fans him to repoſe:
The trees with heads declin'd obſequious ſtood,
And breathing winds ſoft whiſper'd thro' the wood.
Seem'd the rough rocks themſelves, and mountains high,
To bend their ſummits, as we journey'd by;
The ſoft impreſſion ev'n dull lakes receive,
And round us ſigns of gratulation give.
The rivers, tir'd with wand'ring thro' the plains,
Salute our ears in ſadly-pleaſing ſtrains;
And o'er the rocks, with moſs for ever crown'd,
With liquid lapſe indulge a murmuring ſound.
But chief the birds, each flow'ry bank along,
Clap their glad wings, and pour the warbling ſong.
Th' all-fruitful earth, rejoicing as we paſs'd,
Smiles gaily, with unuſual beauty grac'd;
The fields ſpontaneous all their ſweets diſcloſe,
And blooming ſhrubs in od'rous ſhades aroſe.
Ev'n ſev'n-fold Nile himſelf, whoſe fountain lies
Obſcure, and ſhaded from enquiring eyes;
In bounding ſtreams exulting ſignals ſhow'd,
As near his banks approach'd the baniſh'd God:
High o'er the waves he rear'd his awful head,
And call'd the billows from their ouzy bed.

Lo!

Ad bivias nobis fauces, flexuſque viarum
Increpitans clypeo, fulgentique enſe per auras
Ocius uſque aderat cœlo pulcherrimus ales,
Et monſtrabat iter ſibi per divortia nota,
Ne recta regione viæ deprenderet hoſtis.
Cœruleis huic terga notis ſuffuſa rubebant,
Multum illi affimilis qui me connubia quondam
Solventem increpuit, tenebraſque à mente fugavit.
Supra nos alii pendentes aëre pennis
Ibant, et noctis reſupini infantis ab ore
Humorem arcebant lentum, plumaque tegebant.
Jamque ego perplexum per iter propè fida tenebam
Arva legens ſiſtris bacchata ſonantibus, et jam
Tutus erat longè noſtris à finibus infans:
Attamen Ægypti penetro interiora, nec ulla
Fida ſatis tellus mihi viſa, aut regis iniqui
Sat ſceptris diviſa: animo timeo omnia tuta.
Nec placet Hermopolis, nec centum pervia portis
Viſa ſatis Thebe tanto procul eſſe periclo.
Nos igitur regum turritis clara ſepulchris
Accepit Memphis: hac demum ſede quievi,
Paupere ſub tecto veteris ſecurus amici.

Jam verò Peluſiacas vulgata per oras,
Fama Palæſtinum ſubitò ſerit undique regem
Florentem teneris orbâſſe nepotibus urbem,
Quos fruſtra inſontes paſſim ferro impius hauſit,
Dulcia linquentes vagitu lumina vitæ.
Palluit, applicuitque ſinu perterrita mater
Infantem, atque animum ſceleris perſtrinxit imago.
Quos ibi tum gentis fletus, qualive per urbem
Funeſtam credis matres errâſſe ululatu?
Sanguine diluta eſt tellus, cava tecta natarunt.
Non ſi forte olim incautis paſtoribus orta
Ingruerit ſubitò tempeſtas omnibus arvis,

Omnibus

Lo! at the paſſage, where the road divides
Its wonted track, and points to diff'rent ſides,
A winged angel to our ſight appears;
Aloft in air his glitt'ring ſword he rears;
Directs our ſteps thro' devious paths to go,
Leſt the plain road betray us to the foe.
His back with ruddy ſpots was crimſon'd o'er,
And much reſemblance to that youth he bore;
Who, as to break our contract I inclin'd, [mind.
Once check'd my thoughts, and clear'd my darken'd
Others with him a like commiſſion ſhare,
And hov'ring round us thro' the ſilent air,
Drive from the ſleeping Babe night's dews away,
And o'er his limbs their downy plumage lay.
Now thro' dark paths I near approach'd the plain,
Where Bacchus revell'd with his frantic train.
No danger here the heav'nly Babe ſurrounds,
Secure at diſtance from our native bounds;
Yet ſtill to Egypt's fartheſt tracks we go,
And deem no country ſafe from ſuch a foe.
Imperial Thebes, Hermopolis appear,
Tho' far remov'd, to danger ſtill too near.
Hence at fam'd Memphis' walls our wand'rings end,
Where high in air proud pyramids aſcend.
Here in this calm retreat at length we reſt,
Beneath an humble roof, in ſafety bleſs'd.
Now fame reports, thro' all th' Egyptian plain,
That Juda's king had many an infant ſlain:
Soft tender years in vain for mercy plead,
Unpitied by the ruthleſs ſword they bleed.
Cloſe in her arms her Babe the Virgin preſs'd,
Dire ſcenes of ſlaughter riſing in her breaſt.
Alas! what groans, what ſhrieks aſcend the ſkies,
As thro' the ſtreets each frantic matron flies!
With purple ſtreams the ground is cover'd o'er,
And hollow manſions float with infant-gore.
Not, if by chance to ſome unheedful ſwains,
A ſudden tempeſt pours upon the plains,

So

Omnibus et ſylvis, tot fuſi grandine dira
Spectantur per humum affictis cum matribus agni:
Corpora quot paſſim puerorum abjecta jacebant
Per fora, perque vias urbis: ſic denique multis
Exitio fuit, ut vates prædixerat, infans.
Nunc etiam lugent orbæ ſua pignora matres.
Non tamen ille diu ſcelere eſt lætatus ab illo:
Nam membra immundo correptus tabida morbo,
Illaudatam animam parvo pòſt tempore fudit.
Ipſe iterum in ſomnis divina voce coactus
Linquere monſtriferi ſeptemflua flumina Nili,
In patriam redeo, atque memor veſtigia retro
Obſervata legens, pignus cum matre reduco.

Forſitan et puero fuerit quæ cura requiris,
Quæ mens, an virtus illi maturior ævo,
Et quid non puerile annis puerilibus auſus.
Si tibi nunc, quæcunque olim admiranda notavi,
Primævo dum flore virens adoleſceret ætas,
Enumerare vacet, me vox prius ipſa relinquat
Defeſſum, atque diem clauſo nox condat olympo.
Nam quoties dictis tener haud mortalibus ambos
Terruit? aut quoties ſanctos expavimus ignes,
Flammarumque globos, et terrificos fulgores:
Sæpe quibus viſus puer eſt ardere nitentem
Cæſariem, cœli dum ſplendet luce coruſca?
Nec referam, quoties Genitorem audivimus illum
Affari ſolum, arcanaſque expromere voces.
Alma parens tenues arguto pectine telas
Percurrens, ſæpe humana ſub imagine cœtus
Cœlituum tectum intrantes exterrita vidit
Blandiri puero, et pictis colludere plumis,
Aut violis tegere, et nimbo veſtire roſarum.

Nos

So many lambs with bleeding ſheep are found,
Diſpers'd and ſcatter'd o'er the waſtful ground;
As infants mangled bodies might be view'd,
Stretch'd o'er each ſtreet, and welt'ring in their blood.
And thus the Babe, as holy Simeon taught,
To numbers ruin and deſtruction brought.
Now weeping mothers mourn their offspring ſlain;
Yet was the tyrant's cruel triumph vain:
For juſtice ſoon a dire diſtemper gave,
That ſunk his loathſome carcaſe to the grave.
Again admoniſh'd in an heav'nly dream,
To quit the borders of the ſev'n-fold ſtream;
In haſte we leave the monſter-teeming Nile,
And glad once more ſalute our native ſoil.
Perhaps thou may'ſt enquire, what cares engage,
What glorious deeds, beyond his tender age,
Inflame the Youth; if ought in Him appears,
That ſpeaks a ſoul ſuperior to his years?
Had I ſufficient leiſure to purſue
The ſigns he wrought, familiar to our view;
E'er on his chin the ſpringing down began,
To give the early promiſe of a Man:
To ſpeak theſe wond'rous truths, my voice wou'd fail,
And night advancing break th' unfiniſh'd tale.
How often did the Youth, with words expreſs'd
In more than mortal ſounds, alarm our breaſt,
As yet a Child; how often did we dread
The lambent flames that play'd around his head;
When his ambroſial ringlets ſeem'd to blaze,
With the bright ſplendor of cœleſtial rays?
I paſs in ſilence, what diſcourſe he held
With heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to our ears reveal'd.
His Virgin-mother, as the loom ſhe plied,
Has oft with dread aſtoniſhment deſcry'd,
An hoſt of angels from the ſkies deſcend
In human ſhape, and on the Babe attend;
Now o'er his limbs freſh violets they ſhed,
Now ſcatter ſhow'rs of roſes on his head.

Meanwhile

Nos tamen interea cuſtodes ille vereri
Summiſſus, charæ et mandata faceſſere matris,
Noſtraque, et implebat veri genitoris amorem,
Dum membris habilis vigor, et vis firma veniret.

Et jam bis ſenos crèſcens exegerat annos,
Nec dum ſe populis ſigno detexerat ullo:
Tum primùm cœpit Judæa per oppida vulgo
Illius apparere, palamque eſt prodita virtus.
Fortè dies aderat genti ſolennis, et urbi
Huic magnæ ſacer ante alias, quo regia mecum
Venerat et virgo: atque ſequens ſeſe aureus illi
Implicuit dextræ puer: et jam ritè litatis
Ipſe domum ſacris magna cum matre redibam.
Jamque labore viæ feſſis lux prima peracta,
Et piceam clauſo nox cœlo involverat umbram.
Defuit hìc puer, et genitricem, meque fefellit.
Tum conſanguineos fruſtra, et ſcitatus amicos
Terque, quaterque viam repetens clamore replevi.
Flebat ſe incuſans unam pulcherrima matèr,
Flaventem fuſa crinem per eburnea colla.
Ora decent lacrymæ, disjecti colla capilli,
Qualis virginea cùm mollis amaracus urna
Et pluviam, et ventos pariter perpeſſa procaces
Demiſit turbata comas, iterumque reſurgens
Extulit os cœlo, ac priſcum meditatur honorem.
Dumque viam relego, invitum comes ægra ſequuta eſt.
Tres adeò incerti ſoles erravimus urbe
Nequicquam: quarta eſt vix demum luce repertus.
Namque mihi, et miſeræ cùm ſpes ſublata parenti
Cuncta foret penitus, in mentem venit utrique
Templa iterum petere, atque preces effundere ad aram.

Vix

Meanwhile his earthly guardians he rever'd
With due ſubmiſſion, and our precepts heard;
Nor leſs, as years advanc'd, fulfill'd the love,
And gracious purpoſe of his Sire above.
Now o'er his head twelve poſting years were flown,
Nor yet his wonders to the nation known:
'Twas then, thro' Juda's towns began his name
To ſoar triumphant on the wings of fame.
By chance approach'd that ancient ſolemn feaſt,
For ſacred rites diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
When to th'imperial town our courſe we ſped;
My lovely bride her royal Infant led.
And now, the rites compleat, without delay
With the fair dame I homeward bend my way:
Of our appointed courſe one day was paſt,
And gloomy night the face of heav'n o'ercaſt;
When lo! the Youth was wanting to our train,
Sought 'midſt his kindred tribes, but ſought in vain.
Thrice, wild with fear, I meaſur'd back the road,
And thrice my trembling voice I rais'd aloud.
Conſcious of blame in ſilence wept the fair,
O'er her ſmooth neck diſhevell'd hung her hair;
Yet thro' the cryſtal veil a thouſand charms appear.
Thus ſome ſoft tender flow'r, of virgin kind,
By rains aſſaulted and the bluſt'ring wind;
Diſturb'd, confus'd, the rude attack receives,
Bows the fair head, and droops the trembling leaves:
Then high to heav'n its blooming honours rears,
And in its native dignity appears.
Whilſt my ſwift ſteps each obvious track retrace,
The Damſel follow'd with unwilling pace.
Three ſuns we wander'd o'er the town in vain,
The fourth ſcarce yields him to our eyes again.
For now, as hopeleſs and o'erwhelm'd with woes
We roam the ſtreets; a ſudden thought aroſe;
To ſeek the temple once again, and there
Addreſs the Deity in fervent pray'r.

Vix ingreſſus eram limen, cùm protinus ambo,
Ecce ſacerdotum in medio conſpeximus illum
(Prima rudimenta, et virtutis ſigna futuræ)
Alta recenſentem vatum monimenta, patrumque
Primores ultro ſcitantem obſcura, docentemque.
Illum omnes admirari, haud vulgata canentem,
Supra aciem, captumque hominis, mentemque vigentem,
Humana non vi edoctum, non arte magiſtra,
Maturumque animi nimium puerilibus annis.
Nec minus inſigni cunctis ſpectantibus ore
Gratus erat: neque enim poterant ſe explere tuendo
Flagranteſque Dei vultus, blandoſque ſerena
Luce oculos magis, aut propexum verticis aurum:
Et florem grati, qui vix inceperat, ævi.
Nam quocunque caput circùm torſiſſet honeſtum,
Luce recens orta, vel ſidere pulchrior aureo,
Læta ſereno ridebant omnia mundo,
Et toto dulcem jactabat corpore amorem.
Inculti qualis nitet inter gramina campi,
Purpureus ſe cùm primùm foliis narciſſus
Exeruit, ruptoque caput detexit amictu:
Aut qualis nitidi ſpecies micat alma ſmaragdi,
Cùm tenui argento, tenuive includitur auro.
Prima mali fuit hinc nobis ſcintilla, puerque
Ex illo formidata primoribus urbis
Virtute inviſus fuit, et corda aſpera movit:
Atque hoc deinde ingens ſuccenſa eſt fomite flamma,
Inque dies gliſcens furor atque inſania crevit.
Omnia quæ porrò ipſe videns, metuenſque futuri
Orabam impavidum, ne vitæ prodigus hoſti
Objiceret, ne ſe perdendum proderet ultro.
Verùm luce prius lateant in montibus arces,

Aut

Enter'd; our eyes beheld him as he ſate,
Amidſt the rev'rend chiefs in cloſe debate,
Recounting prophecies of ancient days;
(An early preſage of his future praiſe)
And while in queſtions from the prieſts he drew
Th' acknowledg'd types, he ſhow'd their meaning too.
The crowds all wonder'd at the truths he taught,
Admir'd his ſtrength of mind, his reach of thought;
And how, unlearn'd in ſchools, in Him appears
A ripeneſs, diſproportion'd to his years.
Nor ſhone to view with leſs diſtinguiſh'd grace,
His pleaſing aſpect, and his blooming face:
Th' aſſembled throngs with wonder and amaze,
On his bright cheeks and ſparkling eyeballs gaze;
His golden locks their eager view engage,
And the firſt dawn of tender blooming age.
For whereſoe'er he rears his head on high,
Bright as a ſtar that gilds the radiant ſky;
All earthly things in beauteous order move,
And from his limbs he breathes cœleſtial love.
Such charming form the bright Narciſſus wears,
When 'midſt the barren fields he firſt appears,
And from th' encloſing folds his viſage rears.
Thus ſhines the em'rald, glorious to behold,
Enclos'd in ſilver, or the burniſh'd gold.
This was the early ſpark of growing flame;
Hence this unhappy Youth too ſoon became,
A dreaded rival to each ruling prieſt;
And with his virtues fix'd their jealous breaſt.
From this beginning the fierce flame aroſe,
And ſtill each day the ſpreading madneſs grows.
All which beholding, with prophetic fear
I warn'd the Youth ſuch courage to forbear;
Nor raſhly prodigal of life, expoſe
His ſacred perſon to th' inſidious foes.
But towns may ſooner 'ſcape the paſſing eye,
Which rear their proud heads on the mountains high;

Aut nocte in ſummis celetur turribus ignis:
Obruta quàm longùm jaceat ſine nomine virtus.

Non tamen ille odiis magis uſſit pectora acerbis,
Quàm cùm ter denis jam vir volventibus annis
Fontis aquam latices Bacchi convertit in atros.
Fortè Canam mecum Galilææ advenerat urbem,
Mater et ipſa aderat, veteri dum accitus amico
Obſequor, intactam genero qui jungere natam
Conventu procerum magno de more parabat.
Jamque omnes circùm poſitis diſcumbere menſis,
Atque alacres epulari, et vina repoſcere læti.
Nec dum finis erat dapibus, cum murmur ubique
Exoritur, totaſque auditur triſte per ædes,
Lætitiæ cauſam exhauſtis liquentia vina
Defeciſſe cadis, turbarique omnia viſa.
Tum res alma parens tenues miſerata puellæ
Innuit, et natum ſummiſſa voce precata eſt,
Ferret opem. Vidi hìc juvenem primùm ore moveri,
Turbatum: caræ precibus tamen inde parentis
Annuit, et feſſo rerum ſuccurrit amico.
Sex, ut erant ibi tot numero, carcheſia lymphis
Impleri jubet actutum, menſisque reponi.
Quæ ſimul aſpexit propiùs Deus, omnibus ecce
Mutatus ſubitò nigreſcere cernitur humor,
Vinaque pro pura mirantes hauſimus unda.

Audiſti dux et genus, et cunabula nati,
Primitiaſque Dei: ne cætera deinde requiras,
Hanc omnem erexit factis florentibus oram.
Quæ ſi audire tamen tibi nunc fert corde voluptas,
Is longè memoret melior (ſimul ore ſedentem
Signat Ioannem) vidit namque omnia præſens,
Errabunda ducis ſemper veſtigia ſervans,
Dum mihi cura domi ſervandæ virginis hæret.

Dixit, et hìc facto defeſſus fine quievit.
Immo, ait, iſtius cauſas ab origine partûs

Or tow'rs by night conceal the blazing flame,
Than black oblivion ſhade his glorious name.
But his fair deeds no more inflam'd their breaſt
With bitter hatred; till as years encreas'd,
Beneath the magic of his pow'r divine,
† The baſhful water bluſh'd to purple wine.
By chance with me to ancient Cana came,
This wond'rous Hero and the Virgin dame;
Each by our friend invited as a gueſt,
To ſhare the honours of a bridal feaſt.
All ſtretch'd on couches at their eaſe recline,
And call for goblets crown'd with foaming wine.
But lo! e'er yet the ſocial banquet ceas'd,
A ſpreading rumour thro' the dome encreas'd;
That the rich caſks, which caus'd their joy before,
Were all exhauſted, and the wine no more.
The dame beholding this diſtreſs with grief,
Implores her Son to grant ſome kind relief.
He, tho' at firſt diſturb'd in mind; obey'd
The tender parent, and vouchſaf'd his aid.
He bids them on the board ſix goblets place,
Then with pure water fill each ſhining vaſe.
Which when the God approach'd, and nearer view'd;
We ſee the limpid ſtream, by force ſubdu'd,
Its ſimple nature inſtantly reſign,
And from each veſſel quaff the pureſt wine.
Thus haſt thou heard, O chief! the race, the birth,
And firſt adventures of this God on earth.
As for the reſt, his ſpreading fame reſounds
O'er all the coaſt, and fills our utmoſt bounds.
Yet if thou ſeek'ſt more knowledge to obtain,
This young diſciple will the facts explain;
For he, (and then to John he gave the ſign)
Saw, and can name each wond'rous deed divine;
A conſtant follow'r in his Maſter's train,
Whilſt houſhold cares my trembling age detain.
He ſpoke; and weary'd here concludes his tale—
Then thou, ſaid Pilate, this great birth reveal.

Exequere, aut quæ relligio, ſi vera per oram
Percepi, Judæa Deum non amplius unum
Æternum colit, haud mortali ſemine cre-
tum,
Indigeteſque ſuis divos altaribus arcet.
Inde tibi noti recolens ex ordine Divi
Cætera mira refer: namque hunc in corpore
vires
Deficiunt, teque auxilio jubet ipſe ſubire.
Pontius hæc: cuncti intenti ſimul ora tenebant.

MARCI

Say too, why ye alone, if right I hear,
In all religious ſolemn forms, revere
One God eternal; of no earthly line;
And baniſh others from your rites divine:
Then to our ears, fair youth! in order tell,
What various wonders to thy notice fell.
O'er him, thou ſee'ſt, old age too much prevails,
His limbs are feeble, and his ſpirit fails:
Beſides, he begs this favour as a friend—
Thus Pilate ſpoke; the liſt'ning crowds attend.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUARTUS.

HIC juvenis, facie quo tum non gratior alter,
Puberibuſque annis erat ingrediente juventa,
Multa prius veniam præfatus, multa recuſans.
Verba diu premit: inde animo mortalia linquens
Paulatim, oblituſque hominem penetralia divûm
Mente ſubit, cœlum peragrans, fruiturque beato
Cœlituum aſpectu, omnipotentique ætheris aura,
Admiſſus ſuperam depaſci lumine lucem,
Inque Deo tota defixus mente moratur:
Qualis ubi alta petens terris aufertur ab imis
Alituum regina, vagas ſpatiata per auras
Dat plauſum gyro, atque in nubila conditur alis,
Ætherea jamque illa plaga levis inſtat, et acrem
Intendens aciem, criniti lumina ſolis
Suſpicit, obtutuque oculos fixa hæret acuto.
Illum adeò tacitum intereà mirantur in unum
Verſi omnes velut exanimem, ſomnoque gravatum,
Et crebri excutiunt: demum ſibi redditus ipſe
Cum gemitu, ex imo ſic fari pectore cœpit:

Principio Pater omnipotens, rerum ſator, et fons,
Ingens, immenſus, ſolus regnebat ubique:

Nondum

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. IV.

HERE the fair Youth, in whoſe bright form appears
The grace of beauty, mixt with blooming years;
Confus'd, with humble modeſty declines
The arduous taſk the mighty chief enjoins,
Awhile in ſilence fix'd; then rapt on high,
His mind, unbody'd, thro' the ſpacious ſky,
Spurning this lower world, purſues her way,
To the bright regions of eternal day;
Beholds the ſaints that ſhare the bleſs'd abode,
And dwells in rapt'rous viſions on the God.
Thus high from earth the tow'ring eagle ſprings,
And ſails thro' Ether on expanded wings;
Thence ſoaring upward with advent'rous flight,
Undazzled gazes on the ſource of light.
Meanwhile the throng'd aſſembly with ſurprize,
On Him, thus wrapt in ſilence, fix their eyes,
As one quite lifeleſs, or with ſleep oppreſs'd;
And ſtrive to rouſe him from this trance-like reſt.
Then from his breaſt while heaving murmurs broke,
The Youth, recov'ring from his viſion, ſpoke.
In the beginning, on his awful throne
Reign'd the great Sire of earth and heav'n alone.
Not yet his hand had ſhap'd thoſe orbs on high,
That dance harmonious thro' the radiant ſky;

Not

Nos tamen interea cuſtodes ille vereri
Summiſſus, charæ et mandata faceſſere matris,
Noſtraque, et implebat veri genitoris amorem,
Dum membris habilis vigor, et vis firma veniret.

Et jam bis ſenos crèſcens exegerat annos,
Nec dum ſe populis ſigno detexerat ullo:
Tum primùm cœpit Judæa per oppida vulgò
Illius apparere, palamque eſt prodita virtus.
Fortè dies aderat genti ſolennis, et urbi
Huic magnæ ſacer ante alias, quo regia mecum
Venerat et virgo: atque ſequens ſeſe aureus illi
Implicuit dextræ puer: et jam ritè litatis
Ipſe domum ſacris magna cum matre redibam.
Jamque labore viæ feſſis lux prima peracta,
Et piceam clauſo nox cœlo involverat umbram.
Defuit hìc puer, et genitricem, meque fefellit.
Tum conſanguineos fruſtra, et ſcitatus amicos
Terque, quaterque viam repetens clamore replevi.
Flebat ſe incuſans unam pulcherrima matèr,
Flaventem fuſa crinem per eburnea colla.
Ora decent lacrymæ, disjecti colla capilli,
Qualis virginea cùm mollis amaracus urnâ
Et pluviam, et ventos pariter perpeſſa procaces
Demiſit turbata comas, iterumque reſurgens
Extulit os cœlo, ac priſcum meditatur honorem.
Dumque viam relego, invitum comes ægra ſequuta eſt.
Tres adeò incerti ſoles erravimus urbe
Nequicquam: quarta eſt vix demum luce repertus.
Namque mihi, et miſeræ cùm ſpes ſublata parenti
Cuncta foret penitus, in mentem venit utrique
Templa iterum petere, atque preces effundere ad aram.

Vix

Meanwhile his earthly guardians he rever'd
With due ſubmiſſion, and our precepts heard;
Nor leſs, as years advanc'd, fulfill'd the love,
And gracious purpoſe of his Sire above.
Now o'er his head twelve poſting years were flown,
Nor yet his wonders to the nation known:
'Twas then, thro' Juda's towns began his name
To ſoar triumphant on the wings of fame.
By chance approach'd that ancient ſolemn feaſt,
For ſacred rites diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
When to th'imperial town our courſe we ſped;
My lovely bride her royal Infant led.
And now, the rites compleat, without delay
With the fair dame I homeward bend my way:
Of our appointed courſe one day was paſt,
And gloomy night the face of heav'n o'ercaſt;
When lo! the Youth was wanting to our train,
Sought 'midſt his kindred tribes, but ſought in vain.
Thrice, wild with fear, I meaſur'd back the road,
And thrice my trembling voice I rais'd aloud.
Conſcious of blame in ſilence wept the fair,
O'er her ſmooth neck diſhevell'd hung her hair;
Yet thro' the cryſtal veil a thouſand charms appear.
Thus ſome ſoft tender flow'r, of virgin kind,
By rains aſſaulted and the bluſt'ring wind;
Diſturb'd, confus'd, the rude attack receives,
Bows the fair head, and droops the trembling leaves:
Then high to heav'n its blooming honours rears,
And in its native dignity appears.
Whilſt my ſwift ſteps each obvious track retrace,
The Damſel follow'd with unwilling pace.
Three ſuns we wander'd o'er the town in vain,
The fourth ſcarce yields him to our eyes again.
For now, as hopeleſs and o'erwhelm'd with woes
We roam the ſtreets; a ſudden thought aroſe;
To ſeek the temple once again, and there
Addreſs the Deity in fervent pray'r.

Vix ingreſſus eram limen, cùm protinus ambo,
Ecce ſacerdotum in medio conſpeximus illum
(Prima rudimenta, et virtutis ſigna futuræ)
Alta recenſentem vatum monimenta, patrumque
Primores ultro ſcitantem obſcura, docentemque.
Illum omnes admirari, haud vulgata canentem,
Supra aciem, captumque hominis, mentemque vigentem,
Humana non vi edoctum, non arte magiſtra,
Maturumque animi nimium puerilibus annis.
Nec minus inſigni cunctis ſpectantibus ore
Gratus erat: neque enim poterant ſe explere tuendo
Flagranteſque Dei vultus, blandoſque ſerena
Luce oculos magis, aut propexum verticis aurum:
Et florem grati, qui vix inceperat, ævi.
Nam quocunque caput circùm torſiſſet honeſtum,
Luce recens orta, vel ſidere pulchrior aureo,
Læta ſereno ridebant omnia mundo,
Et toto dulcem jactabat corpore amorem.
Inculti qualis nitet inter gramina campi,
Purpureus ſe cùm primùm foliis narciſſus
Exeruit, ruptoque caput detexit amictu:
Aut qualis nitidi ſpecies micat alma ſmaragdi,
Cùm tenui argento, tenuive includitur auro.
Prima mali fuit hinc nobis ſcintilla, puerque
Ex illo formidata primoribus urbis
Virtute inviſus fuit, et corda aſpera movit:
Atque hoc deinde ingens ſuccenſa eſt fomite flamma,
Inque dies gliſcens furor atque inſania crevit.
Omnia quæ porrò ipſe videns, metuenſque futuri
Orabam impavidum, ne vitæ prodigus hoſti
Objiceret, ne ſe perdendum proderet ultro.
Verùm luce prius lateant in montibus arces,

Aut

Enter'd; our eyes beheld him as he ſate,
Amidſt the rev'rend chiefs in cloſe debate,
Recounting prophecies of ancient days;
(An early preſage of his future praiſe)
And while in queſtions from the prieſts he drew
Th' acknowledg'd types, he ſhow'd their meaning too.
The crowds all wonder'd at the truths he taught,
Admir'd his ſtrength of mind, his reach of thought;
And how, unlearn'd in ſchools, in Him appears
A ripeneſs, diſproportion'd to his years.
Nor ſhone to view with leſs diſtinguiſh'd grace,
His pleaſing aſpect, and his blooming face:
Th' aſſembled throngs with wonder and amaze,
On his bright cheeks and ſparkling eyeballs gaze;
His golden locks their eager view engage,
And the firſt dawn of tender blooming age.
For whereſoe'er he rears his head on high,
Bright as a ſtar that gilds the radiant ſky;
All earthly things in beauteous order move,
And from his limbs he breathes cœleſtial love.
Such charming form the bright Narciſſus wears,
When 'midſt the barren fields he firſt appears,
And from th' encloſing folds his viſage rears.
Thus ſhines the em'rald, glorious to behold,
Enclos'd in ſilver, or the burniſh'd gold.
This was the early ſpark of growing flame;
Hence this unhappy Youth too ſoon became,
A dreaded rival to each ruling prieſt;
And with his virtues fix'd their jealous breaſt.
From this beginning the fierce flame aroſe,
And ſtill each day the ſpreading madneſs grows.
All which beholding, with prophetic fear
I warn'd the Youth ſuch courage to forbear;
Nor raſhly prodigal of life, expoſe
His ſacred perſon to th' inſidious foes.
But towns may ſooner 'ſcape the paſſing eye,
Which rear their proud heads on the mountains high;

Aut nocte in ſummis celetur turribus ignis:
Obruta quàm longùm jaceat ſine nomine virtus.

Non tamen ille odiis magis uſſit pectora acerbis,
Quàm cùm ter denis jam vir volventibus annis
Fontis aquam latices Bacchi convertit in atros.
Fortè Canam mecum Galilææ advenerat urbem,
Mater et ipſa aderat, veteri dum accitus amico
Obſequor, intactam genero qui jungere natam
Conventu procerum magno de more parabat.
Jamque omnes circùm poſitis diſcumbere menſis,
Atque alacres epulari, et vina repoſcere læti.
Nec dum finis erat dapibus, cum murmur ubique
Exoritur, totaſque auditur triſte per ædes,
Lætitiæ cauſam exhauſtis liquentia vina
Defeciſſe cadis, turbarique omnia viſa.
Tum res alma parens tenues miſerata puellæ
Innuit, et natum ſummiſſa voce precata eſt,
Ferret opem. Vidi hìc juvenem primùm ore moveri,
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Quæ ſi audire tamen tibi nunc fert corde voluptas,
Is longè memoret melior (ſimul ore ſedentem
Signat Ioannem) vidit namque omnia præſens,
Errabunda ducis ſemper veſtigia ſervans,
Dum mihi cura domi ſervandæ virginis hæret.

Dixit, et hìc facto defeſſus fine quievit.
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Than black oblivion ſhade his glorious name.
But his fair deeds no more inflam'd their breaſt
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Beneath the magic of his pow'r divine,
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This wond'rous Hero and the Virgin dame;
Each by our friend invited as a gueſt,
To ſhare the honours of a bridal feaſt.
All ſtretch'd on couches at their eaſe recline,
And call for goblets crown'd with foaming wine.
But lo! e'er yet the ſocial banquet ceas'd,
A ſpreading rumour thro' the dome encreas'd;
That the rich caſks, which caus'd their joy before,
Were all exhauſted, and the wine no more.
The dame beholding this diſtreſs with grief,
Implores her Son to grant ſome kind relief.
He, tho' at firſt diſturb'd in mind; obey'd
The tender parent, and vouchſaf'd his aid.
He bids them on the board ſix goblets place,
Then with pure water fill each ſhining vaſe.
Which when the God approach'd, and nearer view'd;
We ſee the limpid ſtream, by force ſubdu'd,
Its ſimple nature inſtantly reſign,
And from each veſſel quaff the pureſt wine.
Thus haſt thou heard, O chief! the race, the birth,
And firſt adventures of this God on earth.
As for the reſt, his ſpreading fame reſounds
O'er all the coaſt, and fills our utmoſt bounds.
Yet if thou ſeek'ſt more knowledge to obtain,
This young diſciple will the facts explain;
For he, (and then to John he gave the ſign)
Saw, and can name each wond'rous deed divine;
A conſtant follow'r in his Maſter's train,
Whilſt houſhold cares my trembling age detain.
He ſpoke; and weary'd here concludes his tale—
Then thou, ſaid Pilate, this great birth reveal.

Exequere, aut quæ relligio, ſi vera per oram
Percepi, Judæa Deum non amplius unum
Æternum colit, haud mortali ſemine cretum,
Indigeteſque ſuis divos altaribus arcet.
Inde tibi noti recolens ex ordine Divi
Cætera mira refer: namque hunc in corpore vires
Deficiunt, teque auxilio jubet ipſe ſubire.
Pontius hæc: cuncti intenti ſimul ora tenebant.

MARCI

Say too, why ye alone, if right I hear,
In all religious ſolemn forms, revere
One God eternal; of no earthly line;
And baniſh others from your rites divine:
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Admiſſus ſuperam depaſci lumine lucem,
Inque Deo tota defixus mente moratur:
Qualis ubi alta petens terris aufertur ab imis
Alituum regina, vagas ſpatiata per auras
Dat plauſum gyro, atque in nubila conditur alis,
Ætherea jamque illa plaga levis inſtat, et acrem
Intendens aciem, criniti lumina ſolis
Suſpicit, obtutuque oculos fixa hæret acuto.
Illum adeò tacitum intereà mirantur in unum
Verſi omnes velut exanimem, ſomnoque gravatum,
Et crebri excutiunt: demum ſibi redditus ipſe
Cum gemitu, ex imo ſic fari pectore cœpit:

Principio Pater omnipotens, rerum ſator, et fons,
Ingens, immenſus, ſolus regnebat ubique:

Nondum

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. IV.

HERE the fair Youth, in whoſe bright form appears
The grace of beauty, mixt with blooming years;
Confus'd, with humble modeſty declines
The arduous taſk the mighty chief enjoins,
Awhile in ſilence fix'd; then rapt on high,
His mind, unbody'd, thro' the ſpacious ſky,
Spurning this lower world, purſues her way,
To the bright regions of eternal day;
Beholds the ſaints that ſhare the bleſs'd abode,
And dwells in rapt'rous viſions on the God.
Thus high from earth the tow'ring eagle ſprings,
And ſails thro' Ether on expanded wings;
Thence ſoaring upward with advent'rous flight,
Undazzled gazes on the ſource of light.
Meanwhile the throng'd aſſembly with ſurprize,
On Him, thus wrapt in ſilence, fix their eyes,
As one quite lifeleſs, or with ſleep oppreſs'd;
And ſtrive to rouſe him from this trance-like reſt.
Then from his breaſt while heaving murmurs broke,
The Youth, recov'ring from his viſion, ſpoke.
In the beginning, on his awful throne
Reign'd the great Sire of earth and heav'n alone.
Not yet his hand had ſhap'd thoſe orbs on high,
That dance harmonious thro' the radiant ſky;

Not

Nondum fidereos mundi procuderat orbes,
Nondum mundus erat, necdum ibant tempora in orbem,
Nullaque cœruleo radiabant lumina cœlo.
Quicquid erat, Deus illud erat, quodcunque, ubicunque
Complexus circùm, penitus ſeſe omnis in ipſo.
Filius huic tantum, quem non effuderat ulla
Vel dea, vel ſolito mortalis fœmina partu.
Ipſe ſed æterna genitor conceperat illum
Æternum æternus (dictu mirabile) mente.
Haud olli terreni artus, moribundave membra,
Sed ſine corpore erat, patris alta ut mente ſupremi
Conceptum, arcanoque latens in pectore VERBUM,
Quod nondum in volucres vox edita protulit auras:
Omnipotens VERBUM, finiſque et originis expers,
Quo mare, quo tellus, quo conſtat maximus æther.
Utque pater Deus, æquè etiam Deus unica proles,
At geminos tu proinde Deos fuge credere portò:
Numen idem ſimul ambobus, Deus unus uterque eſt.
Quinetiam, quo inter ſe ambo junguntur, amorem
(Namque ab utroque venit conſpirans mutuus ardor)
Omnipotens æquè numenque, Deumque vocamus,
Afflantem maria, ac terras, cœlique profunda,
Afflatu quo cuncta vigent, quo cuncta moventur,
Treſque unum eſſe Deum, ter numen dicimus unum:
Quove magis mirere, Deus, quem cernimus ipſi
Factum hominem, atque hominum mortali corpore cretum:
Non minus ac prius, ætherea nunc regnat in aula
Cum genitore, pari ſimul omnia numine torquens.
Nempe locis nullis, ſpatiis non clauditur ullis,
Omnibus inque locis idem omni tempore præſens,
Suffugiens noſtras acies, ſenſuque remotus
Cuncta replet Deus, ac molem ſe fundit in omnem.

Lux

Not yet was form'd the world's compacted ſphere;
No various ſeaſons mark'd the rolling year:
No light thro' heav'n's wide circuit yet had place,
But God was all in all, and fill'd unbounded ſpace.
One Son he had, who ne'er deriv'd his birth
From parent-goddeſs, or bright dame of earth;
But Him the Sire, e'er nature's frame was wrought,
Conceiv'd eternal in his boundleſs thought.
No limbs he had compos'd of earthly clay,
No mortal members ſubject to decay;
But unembody'd reign'd, in heav'n's abode,
Conceiv'd, but not reveal'd, the Word of God:
That Word, which never from beginning came,
Nor e'er ſhall end, eternally the ſame:
By whoſe almighty *fiat* and decree,
Were form'd this ether, earth, and ſpacious ſea:
Who with the Sire to heav'n aſſerts his claim,
In godhead equal, and in pow'r the ſame.
Yet think not hence two Deities we own,
Diſtinct the perſons, but one God alone.
Nay more; to that conſummate love divine,
With which in mutual harmony they join;
The ſame ador'd perfections are allow'd,
And chriſtians call this glorious perſon, God:
He, whoſe all-quick'ning breath diffus'd around,
Pervades thro' air, and earth, and ſeas profound.
Thus Sire, Son, Spirit, ever-honour'd Three!
We juſtly ſtile one great Divinity.
Again; to wake thy wonder and ſurprize,
That God, who here to our aſtoniſh'd eyes
Seems merely mortal; with his Father reigns,
Ev'n now triumphant in th' etherial plains;
With equal title claims the bright abode,
And rules heav'n's awful empire with his nod.
By time unbounded, unconfin'd by ſpace,
His preſence ſpreads at once thro' ev'ry place;
And veil'd from reach of ev'ry mortal eye,
Fills the wide circuit of immenſity.

Thus

Lux humiles veluti perfundens lumine terras
Solis ab orbe venit, ſuppoſtaque circuit arva,
Non tamen æthereo diviſa ab ſole recedit
Illa uſquam, quamvis longinquas ambiat oras:
Nec ſine ſole ſuo eſt lux, nec ſine luce ſua ſol.

Quid verò impulerit tantos adiiſſe labores,
Atque hæc ferre Deum, dum morti obnoxius errat,
Dicam equidem, et repetens altas ab origine cauſas
Expediam. Cœlum, et cœli quos ſuſpicis orbes,
Vix opifex rerum extuderat, terraſque jacentes,
Cùm ſimul aligeros populos, ſanctoſque volucres
Ter ternas acies, celerem et ſine corpore gentem,
Qui cœli incolerent ipſos ſeptemplicis orbes,
Condidit æterno genitor ſuccenſus amore,
Ut ſua, qua fruitur ſolus natuſque per ævum,
Communis foret, et multis conceſſa voluptas.
Continuò, fuerat quos æquum dicere laudes
Autorique, Deoque ſuo, ac perſolvere grates,
Regnandi veſanus amor (quis ferret inultus?)
Haud partem exiguam invaſit, furiiſque ſubegit,
Ut cuperent ſummo ſeſe præferre parenti
Immemores, animis victi, cæcique furore.
Non tulit omnipotens ſator, et meliora ſecutos
Armavit contrà: nulla hinc mora, talia adortos
Indecores cœlo ſedes detruſit in imas,
Noctis ubi horriferæ nigror, æternæque tenebræ.

Primus natus homo hinc, terris quem maximus auctor,
Et liquidis latè dominum præfecerat undis,
Quò mox pro ſuperis excuſſis aſtra teneret,
Deſertaſque domos ipſe, et genus omne ſuorum,
Omnigenûmque uni ſubjecit ſecla animantum,
Squamigerûm pecudes, et pennis picta volantum
Corpora,

Thus light, emerging from the ſolar beam,
Spreads o'er the ſpacious earth its ambient ſtream;
Yet never from the ſun's bright ſurface ſtrays,
Tho' diſtant regions feel th' enliv'ning rays:
Still to their parent orb the beams unite,
Nor light's without its ſun, nor ſun without its light.
But what induc'd th' eternal Heir of God,
To quit the glories of the bleſs'd abode,
And here on earth ſuch hardſhips undergo,
To death obnoxious and all human woe;
My vent'rous tongue, O chief! ſhall now relate,
And trace the ſubject from its earlieſt date.
Scarce had the ſov'reign Architect on high,
Hung the bright orbs amid this azure ſky,
And form'd the globe of habitable earth;
When with his potent voice He call'd to birth
The winged ſeraphs, mov'd by heav'nly love,
To dwell for ever in the realms above:
That other Beings might in Him be bleſs'd,
And ſhare the pleaſures heav'n itſelf poſſeſs'd.
But ſome, whom duty ſhou'd have taught to ſing
Eternal praiſes to this glorious King,
Urg'd by ambition, and a luſt to reign
With pow'r deſpotic thro' th' etherial plain;
Aim'd to exalt their tow'ring thrones above
Heav'n's Lord himſelf; forgetful of his love.
The Sire indignant ſaw, and to reſtrain
This daring inſult, arm'd his faithful train;
And all who durſt againſt his pow'r rebel,
Hurl'd down with thunder to the depths of hell.
Hence man was form'd, ordain'd by heav'n's command
Imperial ruler o'er the ſea and land;
Who with his future race in time ſhou'd riſe,
And fill with new inhabitants the ſkies.
Beaſts of all kinds that range the fields or woods,
Gay painted birds, and natives of the floods;

Were

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Conjugis hortatu, quam fraude illexerat anguis,
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Vix avido arreptum pomum fœdaverat ore,
Cùm pater imbripotens jam fulva è nube tonare
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Iratus, quas ille olim, quas omnis ab illo
Progenies lueret, lucis ventura ſub auras.
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Et ſubitò tellus ſcelere eſt imbuta nefando.
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Nondum

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To man, the various produce of the field;
His pow'r he bounded by a fix'd decree,
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But he, encourag'd by his wife to try
The fruit, that glow'd ſo tempting to the eye;
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Which he henceforth and all mankind muſt ſhare,
That draw from him this vital breath of air.
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Vile fraud, and furious luſt advanc'd their head,
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From this dire ſource of ills too ſoon appear
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Talibus orabant omnes, eademque canebant:
Quos Pater omnipotens ſuperûm ſarcire ruinas
Jam meditans, cœli penitus miſeratus ab arce eſt.
Cùm verò æthereas nutu recludere portas
Poſſet, et alitibus potiùs de civibus unum
Mittere, qui regnis manes divelleret atris,
In ſuperûm referens ſedes, ſtellantia templa:
Ipſe ſui ut memores magis, ac majoribus arctos
Vinciret meritis homines, qui cuncta piaret,
Factum hominem è ſummo natum ipſum miſit olympo.
Ne tamen ignaris mortalibus appareret
Ignotuſque, novuſque, ſuis neve ilicet illum
Finibus arcerent pulſum, quòd ſe ipſe Deimet
Progeniem leges contra memoraret avitas:
Præmiſit vatem egregium, his in finibus ortum,
Nomine Iöannem, Eliſabe quem numine plenum
Zachariæ extrema parit infœcunda fenecta:
Gentibus ipſe Deum ut natum prænuncius ore
Proderet, atque ſuas ſpes feſſo oſtenderet orbi.
Ille hominum primis vitans veſtigia ab annis,
Horridus in ſolis agitavit montibus ævum,
Montibus et ſylvis, et littoribus deſertis.
Speluncæ tectum horrentes, victum aſpera nullo
Arbuta terra dabat cultu, aut ſudantia truncis
Mella cavis, liquidi præbebant pocula fontes.
Veſtis erat pellis hirſutis horrida villis.
Tantùm lætificas gaudebat ſpargere voces,
Affatus nemora, et montes, ac littora ponti.
Tanta ſed haud latuit virtus tamen: ilicet ingens
Fama viri circumfuſas penetravit ad urbes.

Jamque

Thus all in fervent pray'rs with one accord
High heav'n petition'd; whom th' Almighty Lord,
Reſolv'd the loſs of angels to ſupply,
Beheld with pity from his throne on high.
And tho' his potent and all-ſov'reign nod
Cou'd ope the portals of the bleſs'd abode,
And ſend ſome winged meſſenger, from death
To reſcue ſpirits in the realms beneath;
And with triumphant victory convey,
To happy regions of eternal day:
But that the world he might for ever bind,
By endleſs favours heap'd on human-kind;
For ſins of wretched mortals to atone,
He ſent incarnate his begotten Son.
But left a Stranger he ſhou'd ſeem on earth,
Unknown his errand, unproclaim'd his birth;
And hence, impoſter-like, the Son of God
By chance be exil'd from his new abode;
Heav'n ſent a meſſenger before his face,
An holy prophet, ſprung from Iſrael's race;
Whom, by ſtrange birth, her years of breeding o'er,
To Zacharias fam'd Eliza bore;
Meſſiah's glorious advent to diſplay,
Point the great Saviour, and prepare his way.
He from his youth to ſolitude inclin'd,
Shun'd the frequented paths of human-kind;
On barren mountains and in woods alone
He paſs'd his days; to ſocial life unknown.
Herbs and wild honey were the prophet's food,
Rocks, his retreat; his drink, the cryſtal flood.
An homely garment o'er his ſhoulders caſt,
Form'd of rough ſhag, his hardy limbs embrac'd:
And thus retir'd he ſung Meſſiah's reign,
To woods, and mountains, and the bord'ring main.
But ſuch rare virtue never long cou'd lie,
Obſcur'd and ſhaded from the public eye;
By ſwift degrees his fame and high renown,
From forth the deſert reach'd each neighbouring town.

Jamque illum cœlo demiſſum credere gentes,
Qui, tot veridicæ ut quondam cecinere Sibyllæ,
Humanum genus horrificis educeret umbris.

Et jam concurſu populi illum accedere magno
Scitatum, quiſnam, unde domo, quid ferret? an ipſe
Afforet è cœlo, miſeris qui gentibus olim
Auxilio venturus? eum bis, terque rogabant.
Ille ſed umbroſis repetebat talia ab antris:
Gaudete, ô tenebris jamdudum, ac nubibus atris
Obductæ gentes: lux ecce optata propinquat.
Ne verò, ne me ignari vos credite lucem
Promiſſam (immeritos neque enim furamur honores:)
Tantùm ego, ceu ſolem naſcentem lucifer ante
Exoritur, nitidoque diem denunciat aſtro,
Prædico actutum vobis jubar affore veſtrum.
Jamjam aderit Deus, ecce, Deus mortalibus oris
Ceu mortalis adeſt, venienti occurrite læti:
Fronde vias feſta decorate, tapetibus agros.
Et numen digno venerati agnoſcite honore:
Diſcite juſtitiam interea, atque aſſueſcite recto,
Et duce me ſcelus infectum lavite amne liquenti.
Ipſe autem ætherea divinitus eluet aura
Omne malum, ac veteris penitus contagia culpæ,
Seclaque mutato ſuccedent aurea mundo.

Talibus auditis, cunctis ex urbibus ibant
Finitimi, quà Jordanis fluit agmine dulci,
Orantes pacem, atque ultrò commiſſa fatentes:

Quos

At length our tribes, by ſpecious forms deceiv'd,
This youth the Saviour of the world believ'd;
By heav'n ordain'd to lead mankind to light,
As ſeers predicted, from the realms of night.
Now from all parts in troops the people came,
To learn his birth, his family, and name.
Were He the perſon (thus they oft enquire)
Sent from above by heav'n's Almighty Sire,
To break the groaning nation's galling chain,
And bring fair freedom to their tribes again?
To each requeſt the ſacred prophet gave,
This myſtic anſwer from his gloomy cave:
Rejoice, oh nations! wrapt in ſhades of night,
Lo! now appears th' expected dawn of light.
Yet deem not me the man by heav'n deſign'd,
To prove the light and bleſſing of mankind;
Far be ſuch honours from my humble mind.
I, like the morning ſtar, whoſe beams diſplay
A glimm'ring light, to point th' approach of day;
Foretel, to you this Sun will ſoon ariſe,
And with new glories gild the radiant ſkies.
Your God, oh! happy tribes! your God appears,
Gracious on earth an human form he wears.
Where'er he comes, let heart-felt joy abound,
Bring feſtal boughs, with carpets ſpread the ground;
Let all due honours to his birth be ſhown,
And with a thankful heart this glorious Godhead own.
Meanwhile, let juſtice in your boſoms ſway,
My words, as heav'n's great meſſenger obey,
And waſh your vices in this ſtream away.
Himſelf, deſcending from the realms above,
Will all contagion from your hearts remove;
Of human ſin purge ev'ry guilty ſtain,
And on the joyful world bring golden years again.
This heard; from all their cities numbers came,
Where ſacred Jordan rolls his ſilver ſtream;
With willing heart confeſs their ſins, and pray
Heav'n's gracious Sire to cleanſe their guilt away.

Quos vates puro nudos luſtrabat in amne,
Ritè cavis capiti invergens ſacra flumina palmis.

Ecce autem Deus ipſe etiam, ceu cætera turba,
Luſtrandi ſeſe ſtudio clàm tendit ad amnem,
Nil ut inexpertum moribundo in corpore linquat,
Mortali quod fas homini, et ſubiiſſe neceſſe eſt,
Ne pigeat ſeros imitari facta nepotes.
Abſtinuit primùm vates, tactuſque refugit,
Agnoſcenſque Deum, palmas utraſque tetendit
Supplex, accurvuſque vadis mirantibus ipſis:
Paruit inde tamen juſſus, divinaque membra
Horreſcenſque, tremenſque liquenti perluit amne.
Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fulſit,
Et ſuperûm vaſto intonuit domus alta fragore,
Inſuper et cœli claro delapſa columba eſt
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma,
Terga ſed auratis circùm et rutilantibus alis.
Jamque viam latè ſignans ſuper aſtitit ambos,
Cœleſtique aura pendens afflavit utrumque.
Vox ſimul et magni rubra Genitoris ab æthra
Audita eſt, nati dulcem teſtantis amorem.
Interea aligeri juvenes, gens incola cœli,
Miſſi aderant liquido pendentes aëre circùm,
Carbaſeoſque ſinus, mantiliaque alba ferebant,
Juſſa miniſteria, ut nati membra humida herilis,
Rorantemque ſacro ſiccarent flumine crinem.

His actis Deus evaſit, fluviumque reliquit,
Quem vates longo ripam ordine circumfuſis
Oſtendit, talique abeuntem eſt voce ſequutus:
En, ego quem terris toties jamjam affore quondam
Pollicitus, Deus, ecce Deus, qui crimina noſtra,
Thuricremas agnus veluti mactatus ad aras,
Morte luet, ſuperoque volens cadet hoſtia Patri.

Hunc

All theſe the prophet to the river led,
And pour'd the pure libation on their head.
Amidſt the reſt, theſe precepts to obey,
The God himſelf to Jordan bends his way;
E'er death approach, to bathe his human limbs,
Tho' pure and ſpotleſs, in the ſacred ſtreams.
Reſolv'd no rite ſhou'd unperform'd remain,
Which heav'nly laws to human race ordain;
That late diſciples might his conduct view,
And learn their Lord's example to purſue.
At firſt the prophet his requeſt withſtood,
And on his bended knees confeſs'd the God;
In ſuppliant poſture rear'd his hands on high,
The waters wonder'd as they murmur'd by.
At length commanded he obey'd the ſign,
And drench'd in Jordan's waves his limbs divine.
At once the ſtream with golden current flow'd,
And thunder echo'd thro' the bleſs'd abode.
When lo! on glitt'ring wings a ſilver dove,
Thro' the pure air deſcended from above:
Marking her radiant way, to both ſhe fled,
And breath'd the Spirit on their ſacred head.
Then to his Son a voice from God above
Proceeds, in token of cœleſtial love.
Meantime, the winged youths who range the ſky,
Charg'd with their Lord's commands, deſcend from high;
And in their hands the pureſt linen bear,
To cleanſe his limbs, and wipe his ſacred hair.
Theſe ſolemn rites perform'd with order due,
Our Lord his ſteps from Jordan's banks withdrew.
Whom, as he paſs'd, to all th' aſſembled crowd
The raptur'd prophet thus proclaim'd aloud:
Behold, ye favour'd tribes! behold the God,
By this prophetic voice ſo oft foreſhow'd;
Who by his death ſhall purge each mortal ſtain,
As holy victim at the altar ſlain!

Hunc optate ducem, hunc vobis optate magiſtrum.

Ex illo vates nemora, et loca ſola relinquens,
Urbes per medias ibat, populiſque canebat
Adveniſſe Deum, promiſſum numen adeſſe.
Credita res paucis, donec ſe oſtendere coràm
Supra hominem cœpit Deus ipſe ingentibus orſis.
Nam primùm numero ex omni delegit amicos
Bis ſenos, queîſcum curas, durumque laborem
Partiri, et caſus poſſet deducere in omnes:
Antè quidem ſolus ter denos egerat annos.
Sed ne fortè putes multis è millibus illi
Nos ideo placuiſſe, dolis quòd, et arte magiſtra
Spectatos longè ante alios deprenderit omnes,
Aut opibus, claraque domus à ſtirpe potentes:
Omnibus obſcurum genus, et ſine luce penates,
Atque humilis fortuna, nec aſtu prædita vita.
Quinque adeò ſumus exigua Beſſaïde creti.
Nobis ars erat, inſidias piſcoſa ſecundùm
Flumina ſquamigerûm generi hamo tendere adunco,
Atque innare ſalum, fœcundaque piſcibus arva.
Tunc etiam, cùm nos ad ſe primùm ille vocavit,
Humida littorea ſarcibam retia arena.
Ipſe Jacobus adhuc ſalientes littore piſces
Servabat frater: nec tum procul inde ſecabant
Andreas, parvaque Petrus vada ſalſa carina,
Iiſdem acti fratres ſtudiis, eadem æquora circum.
Tum mihi conjunctus patriaque, domoque Philippus
Accitus, piſces et retia torta reliquit.
Addunt ſe ſocios Thomas, Thaddæus, eademque
Arte Simon, Cana quem genuit Galileïa amicum,
Fluminibus patriis mutiſque natantibus hoſtem.

Namque

Him as your guide, your ſov'reign Lord receive,
And due attention to his precepts give.
From that bleſs'd hour the ſeer no longer ſtay'd,
A lonely hermit in the ſilent ſhade;
But to throng'd towns and public cities ſhow'd,
Th' approach and preſence of the promis'd God.
The wond'rous ſtory was believ'd by few,
Till his own acts mankind's attention drew.
For firſt; twelve friends he choſe, with whom to ſhare
Life's daily labours, and encreaſing care:
Till then, full thirty years, our Lord alone
Had paſs'd his days, unnotic'd and unknown.
Yet think not our illuſtrious Maſter drew,
From various numbers, this ſelected few;
Becauſe in us his judging eye beheld
Companions in deceit and cunning ſkill'd:
Or ſought out friends, for pow'r or wealth renown'd,
Rais'd high in fortune, and with glory crown'd—
Our ſmall ſociety no honours own,
Obſcure our birth, our life to fraud unknown.
Five, the poor city of Bethſaida bore;
Our only art, along the winding ſhore,
With guileful hooks to ſnare the ſcaly prey,
And launch our veſſels on the wat'ry way.
Ev'n then, when ſummon'd to his train, I ſtood
Beſide the margin of the ſwelling flood;
And while my nets induſtrious I repair,
To guard the fiſhes was my † brother's care.
Not diſtant far, in ſmall and humble ſhips,
Andrew and Peter plow the gulphy deeps;
With us connected the ſame lot partake,
And earn their food by toiling on the lake.
Next, the like choice my townſman Philip made,
And left his nets, his fortune, and his trade.
With Thomas, ſtudious of the ſelf-ſame gain,
Simon of Cana join'd our ſocial train;
Whoſe time, like ours, on waters was beſtow'd,
Foe to the ſilent natives of the flood.

† James His

Namque Jacobus ei, cognato ſanguine fretus,
Alphæo natus patre, ſe ſubjunxerat antè.
Ut genus indecores penè omnes, ſic quoque noſtra
Nomina dura vides, inſueta atque aſpera dictu:
Haud facies ſola eſt impexis horrida barbis.
Tres alii (neque enim longè meliori ſequuti
Fortuna) addiderant ſeſe: Matthæus: et ævo
Jam gravis, effœtiſque Petri jam proximus annis
Bartholomæus, et ipſe mali fabricator Iüdas.

Vix memorem, quæcunque oculis, quæcunque ſub illo
Auribus his hauſi repetens miracula rerum,
Tempore tam parvo (vix terna hyberna peracta,
Ex quo illi ſocii dignatus nomine jungor)
Nec me tam vaſtum nunc currere oporteat æquor.
Pauca ſed è multis, et ea haud mihi mollia fatu,
Ingrediar tamen, et breviter tua juſſa capeſſens
Expediam: mitto modò quæ monimenta reliquit
Finitimas (tibi nota reor) non parva per urbes.
Namque omnem egregiis factis inſigniit oram.
Quis neſcit nuper revocatum ad munera vitæ
Palmiferæ regem Bethanes, lumine quarto
Quem vidit ſol extinctum, impoſitumque ſepulcro?
Ut ſileam innumeros, quibus ipſe in limine leti
Affuit, et duræ de mortis fauce revulſit?
Nam prius enumerem, quot ponto aquilonibus undæ
Spumeſcant vaſto, quot inundent littora arenis,
Quàm quot opem morbos varios in corpore paſſis
Supplicibus tulit, et validos, lætoſque remiſit.
Multi capti oculis, clauſis multi auribus orti,
Ne poſſent ullas audire, aut edere voces:

His kinſman James, from old Alphæus ſprung,
Before was added to the choſen throng,
As thus we ſpring from no illuſtrious kind,
Our ruſtic names unmuſical you find;
Of accent difficult, and void of grace—,
Not rough alone in figure and in face.
Next theſe, but ſcarce of more diſtinguiſh'd worth,
Or nobler rank'd in fortune, or in birth;
Their love and prompt obedience to declare,
Matthew, and old Bartholomew appear.
And laſt, the band of choſen friends to cloſe,
Judas; vile author of theſe wretched woes.
My tongue perhaps and memory wou'd fail,
Shou'd I attempt the wonders to reveal,
Which in ſo ſhort a period took their birth;
(Scarce three whole winters rolling o'er the earth,
Since firſt I join'd this Youth's aſſociate train)
Nor need we enter on ſo wide a plain.
Yet as thy will enjoins me to purſue
This glorious ſubject; I'll ſelect a few
Of thoſe great acts; not eaſy to rehearſe
In the ſmooth cadence of harmonious verſe.
I paſs thoſe famous deeds in ſilence by,
Of late tranſacted in the public eye,
Which doubtleſs to your ears, O Roman! came;
For all Judæa ſounds his glorious name.
That wond'rous ſtory fills the nation's ear,
Of Lazarus, recall'd to upper air;
Whom the bright ſun four circling days beheld,
In gloomy chambers of the earth conceal'd.
I paſs the multitudes he deign'd to ſave,
When juſt expiring, from the darkſome grave:
For far, far ſooner might I number o'er,
The waves at ſea, or ſands upon the ſhore;
Than tell what wounded crowds, our gracious Lord
With aid benignant, to their health reſtor'd.
All, who oppreſs'd with ills of various kind,
Whether the deaf, the dumb, the halt, or blind;

Or

Claudi alii imparibus vix ægrè paſſibus ibant:
His rigor ex longo immotos ſopiverat artus:
Illis ſemeſo ſerpentia corpore hiabant
Ulcera, et illuvies membris immunda fluebat:
Nec deerant, tumefacta quibus præcordia, et alvus
Inſincera ſitim miſeris adduxerat acrem,
Nullæ artes poterant quam, nulla extinguere aquæ vis.
Tum quibus aſſiduis concuſſa tremoribus uſque
Nutabant, tremuloque lababant corpore membra,
Ignea quos febris, aut corrupti corporis humor,
Et quos præterea vis cæci incognita morbi
Verſabat lecto totos diſtracta per artus,
Quoſve animis captos agitans malè habebat Erinnys.
Omnibus aſpectu ſolo, tactuve ferebat
Divus opem: ſubitò linquebant corpora morbi,
Et ſtratis ipſi ſurgebant protinus ægri.
Atque ideo quacunque viam obſervatus agebat,
Semper eum opperiens turba ingens ſtrata jacebat,
Per fora, perque vias, ſanctique ad limina templi.
Nondum aliquem tamen infernis revocaverat umbris,
Morte obita, cum Sidonia remearet ab ora,
Et Nain ingreſſus ſociis comitantibus altam eſt.

Ecce autem ingentem longo procedere pompam
Ordine flammarum aſpicimus, mœſtamque per urbem
Audimus luctum: cauſam tum denique luctûs
Cernimus, egregii juvenis miſerabile corpus,
Impoſitum molli pheretro, quem merſit acerba
Morte dies, dulci cùm vix pubeſceret ævo,
Atque omnem vultu florenti dempſit honorem.
Qualis, quem pede preſſit agro bos ſigna relinquens,
Paulatim laſſa languet cervice hyacinthus:
Aut roſa, quam molli decerpens pollice virgo,
Vepribus in denſis lapſam ſub ſole reliquit.

Or thoſe, who by a palſy'd numbneſs ſpread
Thro' their ſtiff joints, find all the functions dead;
Or ſuch, as are with ulcers cover'd o'er,
And loathſome wounds, that ouze with putrid gore;
Or, who oppreſs'd with dropſies, feel a rage
Of burning thirſt, no waters can aſſwage:
Or thoſe, whoſe limbs inceſſant tremblings ſeize;
Who groan beneath a fever's dire diſeaſe:
Or thoſe, who in their beds diſtracted lay,
With ills unknown, and pin'd in grief away:
Or laſtly thoſe, who by the furies blind,
Rav'd with a mad diſorder of the mind.
On theſe the heav'nly Chief compaſſion took,
And inſtant heal'd them with a ſingle look;
Swift from their limbs each loath'd diſtemper fled,
And the ſick roſe recover'd from their bed.
Hence, where he paſs'd thro' public roads along,
In ſtreets and opening avenues, a throng
Oppreſs'd with maladies, his ſteps await,
Or num'rous crowd the temple's hallow'd gate.
But none as yet had he recall'd to light,
From forth the dark dominions of the night;
When from the bounds of Sidon's fertil plain,
He enter'd Naim with his ſocial train.
A long proceſſion here ſalutes our ſight,
Led by the glaring flambeau's dazling light;
And thro' the crowded city from afar,
The voice of mourning ſtrikes our ſtartled ear.
At length, as nearer to the crowd we drew,
Our eyes the cauſe of this diſaſter view;
On the cold bier a youth's fair body laid,
And to the grave with funeral pomp convey'd:
Whom death, in early bloom, had made his prey,
Each vernal beauty rudely ſnatch'd away.
As, preſs'd beneath ſome heifer's careleſs tread,
The languid hyacinth declines its head;
Or roſe, that gather'd by ſome heedleſs maid,
Is left to wither in the lonely ſhade.

Urbe furens tota genitrix miſeranda, capillos
Sciſſa, genaſque ambas manibus fœdata cruentis
Ibat: eam circum pariter per denſa viarum
Pulſabant ſævis matres plangoribus aſtra.
Ipſi orbam cives miſerantur, ei unica proles
Ille relictus erat vidui ſolatia lecti.
Ut Deus exanimis juvenili in corpore vidit
Pallorem, et molli pictas lanugine malas:
Parcere lamentis jubet, et conſidere pompam,
Admotuſque manu mulcens immobile corpus,
Rurſum animam gelidis membris innexuit: ecce
Erigitur puer, et (cunctis mirabile viſum)
Proſiluit raptim in medios, vacuumque pheretrum
Liquit, et amplexans ſolatus voce parentem eſt.

Nec verò multis etiam pòſt menſibus idem
Egregiam amiſſa donavit luce puellam:
Cui calor, et toto de pectore fugerat omnis
Halitus, aëreas penitus dilapſus in auras.
Virginis ipſe pater factum teſtatur Iärus,
Largus opum, pollens lingua, et popularibus auris.

Quid repetam, purum vivo cùm è fonte liquorem
In vinum convertit, opes miſeratus amici?

Fortè olim aërei ſpectans de vertice montis,
Cùm ſol emenſo depreſſior iret olympo,
Ingentem vidit numerum effluxiſſe ſequentum
Matres atque viros, quos per deſerta locorum
Duxerat oblitoſque ſui, oblitoſque ſuorum.
Subſtitit hìc miſeratus: eos jam tertia namque
Muneris expertes Cereris lux acta videbat.

Hìc

The wretched parent, frantic with deſpair,
Raves thro' the ſtreet, and rends her golden hair;
While round, with mournful pomp, inceſſant cries
Of plaintive matrons echo to the ſkies.
The weeping citizens her fate bemoan,
Now left at large, abandon'd and alone;
Her child, her deareſt child, untimely dead,
The laſt, ſole comfort of her widow'd bed.
Soon as the God beheld the faded grace,
And livid paleneſs of his youthful face;
He bade the train their ſad proceſſion ſtay,
Forbear their grief, nor yield thoſe ſorrows way.
Then touch'd the corpſe, devoid of motion laid,
And call'd the ſpirit from the gloomy ſhade.
Lo! at his word the youth revives again,
And in full ſight of all th' admiring train,
Starts from his trance, forſakes the vacant bier,
And with his well-known voice relieves his parent's fear.

This wond'rous action paſs'd, our gracious Lord
A noble maid to life and health reſtor'd;
From whoſe pale lips the vital warmth had fled,
Reſolv'd to air, and left the body dead.
The damſel's father can atteſt the ſame,
A man high rank'd in fortune and in fame.

Why ſhou'd I here the well-known fact repeat,
How, once invited to a friendly treat,
Pitying the ſad diſtreſs, with pow'r divine
He chang'd the water into bluſhing wine.

It chanc'd, that ſeated on a mountain's height,
When Sol from noon had roll'd the rapid light,
A num'rous throng his wond'ring eye ſurveys;
Which, thro' blind paths and unfrequented ways,
To hear his doctrine and diſcourſe had come,
Far from their anxious friends, and pleaſing home.
The God with pity their condition view'd;
For now, three ſuns, without the taſte of food,

The

Hìc neque erant fruges, vicina nec oppida, poſ-
ſent
Unde dapes petere argento, victumque parare:
Arboreos necdum fœtus decoxerat æſtas.
Vix tandem inventus puer eſt ex agmine tan-
to,
Quinque (viæ auxilium) qui ſecum liba fere-
bat,
Atque duos, dederat quos huic pia mater eunti
Incluſos myrto, et bene olenti gramine piſces.
Sed quid enim hæc adeò tam multis millibus au-
tem?
Et jam diffiſi ſocii muſſare querentes,
Quos bonus affatu CHRISTUS ſolatus a-
mico
In cœtum vocat, ac paucis ita deinde profa-
tur:
Nemo hodie numero è tanto non lætus abibit.
Hinc ſupplex tali Genitorem voce precatur:
Summe Parens, ope cujus alit terra omnia, qui-
que
Et ſole, et liquidis fœcundas imbribus agros,
Si quondam Iſacidum generi per inhoſpita e-
unti
Divinas epulas cœlo es largitus ab alto:
Semine ſi nullo conſtant, quæcunque creaſti,
Et nihil omnino fuerant cœlum, æquora, tel-
lus:
Adſis, obſcœnamque famem tot millibus arce.
Hæc tantum: dehinc gramineo diſcumbere cam-
po
Imperat effuſos cœtus, dapibuſque parari.
Inde in fruſta ſecat læto Cerealia vultu
Liba minutatim, et populos partitur in om-
nes.
(Millia quinque hominum campis ſaturanda ſede-
bant)
Ecce (incredibile auditu, mirabile viſu)
Omnibus

The crowds had wander'd; and no towns were nigh,
That might proviſion for ſuch throngs ſupply:
Nor yet had ſummer warm'd the parent earth,
To yield her wild productions into birth.
At length his friends by chance a youth ſurvey'd,
Whoſe only treaſure was five loaves of bread;
(When forth he went, his prudent mother's care
Had wiſely ſent him with this needful fare)
And two ſmall fiſhes; which uninjur'd lay,
Preſerv'd in flow'rs and myrtle from decay.
But what were theſe among ſo large a crew,
The pangs of thirſt and hunger to ſubdue?
And now deſpairing, his aſſociate train
Began in ſecret murmurs to complain.
Whom CHRIST beholding with a tender look,
Call'd from the crowds apart, and thus beſpoke:
Of all this num'rous throng, not one to day
Shall paſs from hence unſatisfy'd away.
Then to his heav'nly Father thus he pray'd—
Almighty Parent! by whoſe pow'rful aid,
Th' impregnate earth her various products yields;
Whoſe ſhow'rs and ſun with verdure cloath the fields!
If erſt, when wand'ring thro' th' untrodden waſte,
Thou fed'ſt thy people with divine repaſt;
If from no ſeeds originally came,
Whate'er thine hand created, in the frame
Of heav'n above, of ocean, air, and earth;
If theſe were nothing till Thou gav'ſt them birth;
Oh! gracious Sire! be preſent while I pray,
And drive dire famine from theſe crowds away.
No more he ſaid; but bade th' attendant train,
Diſpoſe the gueſts with care upon the plain;
Then broke the bread in pieces with his hand,
And kindly ſhar'd it 'midſt the num'rous band.
Five thouſand men, a mighty hoſt, were found
In order ſeated on the verdant ground.
Behold! (a ſtory wond'rous to relate)
This large aſſembly, as in ranks they ſate,

Omnibus in manibus viſæ ſuccreſcere partes
Exiguæ, dapibuſque epulati largius omnes:
Et frugum pariter, laticumque expleta cupido eſt.
Quin et relliquias menſis, ſuperantia fruſta
Vix cava congeſtas bis ſex cepere caniſtra.

Accipe nunc aliud, quod paucis antè diebus
Vidimus: arbor erat foliis denſiſſima in agro
Deſerto, unde olim pendentia poma viator
Carpebat ſitiens: Heros qui hac fortè tenebat
Pulverulentus iter, queſivit in arbore fœtus
Incaſſum: infœcunda comas nam, et brachia tantùm
Luxurians latè circùm tendebat opaca.
Non tulit, ac verbis ſterilem execratus acerbis:
Continuò (manifeſta audis) exaruit arbos,
Et folia aëreas volitârunt lapſa per auras.

Nec minus eſt olli imperii maris æquora in alta:
Uni omnes undæ aſſurgunt, fluctuſque quieſcunt
Unius edicto. Vidi, vidi ipſe furentes
Illius hybernos ad vocem ponere Coros,
Vimque omnem, motas quæ flabris aſperat undas.
Nondum luna ſuum ter curſum plena peregit,
Cùm ſubitò in lento deprenſis marmore nobis
Nocte ferè media, dum retia ducimus, orta eſt
Turbida tempeſtas, et pontus inhorruit ater
Fluctibus elatis, et concurſantibus undis,
Inflictamque ratem jamjam ſalis hauſerat æſtus:
Nos trepidare metu leti diſcrimine parvo:
Cùm procul ecce ducem, quem nuper liquimus alto
Littore ſpectantem fluctus ſcopulo illidentes,
Ferre iter aſpicimus medias impunè per undas
Suſpenſum, tumidoque pedes haud tingere ponto.
Horruimus viſu ſubito, nec credere quibam

Me

Saw the pure bread within their hands encreas'd;
And all in plenty ſhar'd the genial feaſt.
Nay, of the gather'd fragments that remain'd,
Twelve ample baſkets ſcarce the load contain'd.
Hear yet again what lately we beheld—
There ſtood a fig-tree in the deſert field,
Fair to the view; which, as he journey'd by,
Wou'd oft with fruit the traveller ſupply.
Our Lord, who weary'd chanc'd to paſs that way,
Sought the rich fruit, his hunger to allay,
Yet ſought in vain; for nought he found thereon,
But branching boughs, and verdant leaves alone.
Vext in his mind ſuch ſpecious fraud to ſee,
With bitter words He curs'd th'unfruitful tree.
Swift ſhrunk the plant, all wither'd at the ſound,
And the dry leaves were ſcatter'd o'er the ground.
Ev'n the rough waves of ſea his voice obey,
And riſe or fall, as He directs the way.
I ſaw, I ſaw the wint'ry winds that ſweep
The ſwelling ſurface of the roaring deep;
Their boaſted empire o'er the waves reſign,
And calm their fury at his voice divine.
Scarce had the moon three times her circuit held,
When as our veſſels plough'd the wat'ry field,
In dead of night, to catch the finny prey,
A ſudden tempeſt ſwell'd the ruffled ſea:
High roſe the billows, and the ſhatter'd ſhip
Was nearly buried in the gulphy deep.
Inſtant, the terrors of deſtruction near,
Our coward ſouls were ſeiz'd with trembling fear.
When lo! the Chief, who late with ſtedfaſt look,
Ey'd the rough waves that daſh'd againſt the rock,
With unexpected pleaſure we ſurvey,
On the rude ſurface of the boiſt'rous ſea;
Treading with ſolemn ſtep the wat'ry road,
While ſcarce the trembling billows touch'd the God.
At this, our hearts were ſeiz'd with dread ſurprize,
And ſcarce, O chief! cou'd I believe theſe eyes,

Me veram faciem, haud ſimulatum cernere corpus,
Tam celeres egiſſe vias ſine remige in undis:
Ni ſeſe, verbis dum nos hortatur amicis,
Ultro oſtendiſſet: quonam fiducia vobis
Jam nunc pulſa mei ceſſit? timor omnis abeſto:
Indubitare meis tandem dediſcite dictis.
Sic ait: atque ratem, quæ jam ſuperantibus undis
Ceſſerat, inſiliens ſolo tumida æquora nutu
Placavit, poſuitque minacia murmura pontus.
Sic terræ in tutum poſitis adnavimus undis
Incolumes, celerique volavimus æquora curſu.

Nec mora, vix ſiccum attigerat tellure potitus:
Ecce aliud dictu magis, ac mirabile viſu.
Namque magiſtratus aderant in littore miſſi,
Æra repoſcentes, quæ pendere lege quotannis
Regibus antiqua, pro ſeſe quiſque, jubemur.
Accipit hos placidus: quos dum ſermone moratur,
Petrum ad ſe vocat, et fidam ſummiſſus ad aurem:
Vade ait, et jacto quem primum traxeris hamo
Æquoribus, piſcem cultro ſcrutabere acuto.
Intus erit, regi quod juſſi pendimus ambo.
Juſſa facit ſenior: trahit hamo ad littora prædam,
Argentumque viris dat piſcis in ore repertum.

Horreſco, quoties ſtimulis immitibus actus
Quidam animo ſubit, idem illo quem tempore vidi,
Dum legerem expoſitos hoc ipſo in littore piſces,
Obſeſſum furiis, atque ore immanè furentem.
Hunc olim (ut perhibent) vetito genuere parentes
Concubitu juncti, atque inconceſſis hymenæis:
Quippe

Which ſaw a real human body glide,
With eaſy motion o'er the bounding tide;
Till with benignant words the gracious Chief
Diſclos'd Himſelf, and brought the wiſh'd relief.
Where is your boaſted confidence, he ſaid?
Your faith, and courage, whither are they fled?
To doubt your Maſter's words henceforth forbear,
And from your boſoms baniſh anxious fear.
He ſaid; and ſwiftly vaulting to the ſhip,
Calm'd with his awful nod the raging deep;
The ſwelling waves their threat'ning murmurs ceaſe,
And the rude lake was huſh'd in ſilent peace:
Swift o'er the tides her courſe the veſſel bore,
And ſafe convey'd us to the neighbouring ſhore.
This action paſs'd, we ſcarce had reach'd the land,
When a new wonder our attention gain'd.
For lo! commiſſion'd delegates appear,
To claim the tax, which cuſtom ev'ry year,
Enjoins our nation to thoſe pow'rs to pay,
Who graſp the ſceptre of imperial ſway.
Our Lord with grace the meſſengers receives,
And thus to Peter his inſtructions gives:
Haſte, ſeize thy hook; and from the rolling tide
What fiſh firſt comes, with ſharpen'd ſteel divide;
Thence take the money, thou ſhalt find, away,
And for thyſelf and Me the tribute pay.
Peter obeys; he drags the prize to land,
And pays the cuſtom that the laws demand.
How my heart trembles, when I call to view
Some wretch, the furies in their wrath purſue;
Such as of late, while on this beach I ſtood,
To cull the trembling captives of the flood;
Theſe very eyes with ſilent grief beheld,
Oppreſs'd by fiends wide raving o'er the field.
His parents, join'd in love's unhallow'd rite,
(As fame reports) produc'd this wretch to light.
In luckleſs hour they ſought the nuptial bed,
When thro' the land the voice of mourning ſpread;

Quippe torum aſcendere, Dei eùm ſacra vetarent,
Cùm ſcenis gens indulget noſtra omnis opacis.
Sed non gaviſi ſcelere illi tempore longo:
Nam ſubitò amplexus interque, et gaudia, adulter
Sacrilegam tenues animam exhalavit in auras
Infœlix, ſceleriquę eadem nox prima nefando,
Et pariter ſuprema fuit diſcrimine parvo:
Illam autem æthereis flammis divinitus ignis
Corripuit, cùm jam maturi pondera partûs
Urgerent: eademque duos leto hora dediſſet,
Infans ni foret exectæ genitricis ab alvo
Exemptus: parvum patris eduxere ſorores.
Ipſe etiam mox immeritus ſcelerata parentum
Facta luit, jucunda oculorum luce negata,
Obſtructæque aures penitus manſere, nec illi
Aut ullas haurire datum eſt, aut reddere voces.
Quinetiam ſimul atque adolevit, protinus ægrum
Arripuit furor, infernæ vis effera gentis.
Centum illum furiæ, centum illum (flebile) peſtes
Victum exercebant, Erebi legio acta latebris,
Horrendaſque hominis ſingultus ore cientes
Edebant voces, ac terrificos mugitus.
Illum omnes exclamantem, atque inſueta frementem
Horrebant, trepidique fuga ſe in tecta ferebant,
Si quando nodis, ruptiſque immane catenis
Incautis liber cuſtodibus evaſiſſet.
Jamque ille oblitus fratres, jamque ille ſorores
Amplius haud greſſum patris intra tecta ferebat:
Verùm more feræ ſylvis degebat, et antris,
Sicubi ſaxa cava, aut ævo conſumpta ſepulchra,
Ater, egens, corpuſque abjecto nudus amictu.
Talem igitur, nodo manibus poſt terga revinctis
CHRISTI ad conſpectum, ſi fors miſereſceret ipſe,
Vi multa conſanguinei, charique trahebant.
Ille autem obniti contrà, dum rumpere nodos
Tendit, et horrendos clamores tollere ad aſtra:

Qualis

By laws forbidden at that ſacred time—
But long they liv'd not to enjoy their crime.
The wretched ſire, ſo heav'n ordain'd above,
Breath'd forth his ſoul amidſt th' embrace of love;
Death's ſudden gloom their dawning joys o'ercaſt,
And the firſt ſweets of tranſport were the laſt.
Wrapt in fierce flames ſhe wing'd her flight from earth,
When now the babe was ſtruggling into birth;
And both had died: but to prevent ſuch doom,
They cut the infant from her teeming womb.
His pious aunts the helpleſs orphan take,
And kindly rear him for the parents ſake.
Doom'd for their crimes the dreadful fine to pay,
His eyes were ſtrangers to the light of day;
His ears unapt for nature's functions found,
And his mute tongue deny'd the pow'r of ſound.
As years advanc'd, his miſery to crown,
Infernal furies ſeiz'd him for their own.
With gloomy pow'rs from deepeſt hell poſſeſs'd,
A dreadful legion lodg'd within his breaſt;
Whence iſſue groans, reſembling human ſound,
And fearful noiſes fill the region round.
From him thus bellowing all the country fled,
And ſought protection, ſeiz'd with ſudden dread;
Whene'er eſcaping from his keeper's charge,
He burſt his chains, and roam'd the fields at large.
And now forgetful of his friends and home,
No more he ſtay'd in his paternal dome;
But fled from all ſociety away,
To woods and wilds, like ſavage beaſt of prey:
Or ſought the hollow tombs, and ſhelter'd there,
Unhous'd, and naked to th' inclement air.
In ſuch condition, bound with many a thong,
His friends to JESUS drag with force along,
This frantic wretch; if object ſo diſtreſs'd,
Might move compaſſion in his heav'nly breaſt.
But furious he reſiſts, and ſtruggling tries
To burſt his bonds, and bellows to the ſkies.

Qualis ubi longis pugnator taurus ad uras
Funibus arripitur, ſævo fremit ore per urbem,
Et ſpumas agit, et cornu ferit aëra adunco.
Inſtant hinc famuli, atque illinc, et verbera crebri
Ingeminant, quaſſantque ſudes per terga, per armos.
Diffugiunt vulgus trepidum, in tutumque recepti
Porticibus gaudent longè ſpectare periclum.
Talis erat juvenis ſpecies immanè furentis,
Quem tandem ante Deum feſſi ſtatuere, rogantes
Ferret opem, ſaltem furiis tam triſtibus illum
Solveret, excuteretque animo crudelia monſtra.
Hic Heros palmas in cœlum ſuſtulit ambas,
Concipienſque preces Genitorem in vota vocavit.
Ecce autem magnum, ſubitum, et mirabile monſtrum:
Auditi exululare lupi, latrare canes ceu,
Tam diras jactat voces lymphatus ab ore.
Non tam immanè ſonet ſeſe frangentibus undis
Rupibus ex altis ingens decurſus aquarum,
Rumpantur clauſtra alta lacus ſi fortè Velini,
Totaque præcipitent valles ſtagna ardua in imas:
Omnis ea ut regio fiat mare, et oppida circùm
Merſa natent, metuatque ſacris Roma obruta templis.
Nunc cœli crepitus imitantur, cùm ſuperûm Rex
Fulminat, et tonitru quatit ætheris aurea templa:
Nunc ferri ſonitum, aut ruptarum mole catenarum
Ingenti horrificum ſtridorem, aut murmura ponti.
Circùm omnis tellus, circùm cœlum omne remugit.
Inſtat vi multa Deus, increpitatque morantes.
Jamque illi trepidare intus, pacemque precari:
Quid nunc, vera Dei atque indubitata propago,
Conceſſo in pœnas nos ô de corpore trudis?
Egreſſis ſaltem pecora hæc invadere detur.

(Setigeri

As the ſtrong bull with tougheſt cordage bound,
And hal'd to ſlaughter, roars with horrid ſound,
Toſſes his head, and foams, and tears the ground:
Arm'd with huge clubs the menial train attend,
Swift o'er his ſides the doubling ſtrokes deſcend;
The trembling crowd to ſhelter haſte away,
And pleas'd, the danger from afar ſurvey.
So rav'd the youth, ſuch frantic geſtures ſhow'd;
When to th' immediate preſence of the God,
His friends conduct him; and with tears requeſt,
To drive the furies from his tortur'd breaſt.
The pitying Chief to heav'n his hands uprears,
And to his Father breathes his ardent pray'rs.
Meantime a wonder to the crowds appear'd;
Sudden, a dreadful howling noiſe was heard,
As ſent from ſavage wolves, or barking hounds;
So roar'd the wretch, and ſuch the bellowing ſounds.
Not half ſo loud reſounds the foaming tide,
That rolls its torrent down the mountain's ſide,
If chance Velinus' waters burſt their way,
And wide thro' vallies pour the ruſhing ſea;
That all the land like ocean's face appears,
And Rome deſponding for her temples fears.
Now ſuch a ſound they raiſe, as when on high
Heav'n's Sire with thunder ſhakes the vaulted ſky;
Now the dire fiends with noiſe tremendous roar,
Like billows murmuring on the hollow ſhore,
Or burſt of maſſy chains; the earth around,
And heav'n's high arch return the deaf'ning ſound.
But lo! the God his ſov'reign pow'r diſplays,
Urges the fiends, and chides their vain delays.
Trembling with dread, they thus addreſs their pray'r—
Ah! why, heav'n's Offspring, and undoubted Heir!
Why, e'er condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
From human bodies wilt Thou urge our flight?
If we muſt yield, permit us to invade
This herd of ſwine, that on the mountains feed:

(Setigeri tum fortè ſues ea littora propter
Paſcebant) nos ne horrifero ſic merge barathro,
Neve jube terræ inferioris operta ſubire.
Annuit: extemplò videas procul ecce nigrantem
Mollibus haud ſtimulis furiarum errare ſubactum
In diverſa gregem, nunc huc, nunc protinus illuc,
Nec mora, nec requies: intus vis effera ſævit,
Donec præcipites ſeſe alta in ſtagna dedere,
Et cunctis pariter vita eſt erepta ſub unda.
At juvenis feſſos ſubitò collabitur artus,
Exemptus tandem nodoſis brachia vinclis:
Mordicus ora ſolo impreſſus cunctatur, adhuc-
que
Singultans, pectuſque laceſſit anhelitus ingens,
Expiranſque animam pulmonibus æger agebat.
Quem juxta genitore Deo ſatus aſtitit, oraque
Attingens dextra, atque oculos, aureſque reclu-
ſit,
Jamque videt, loquiturque, et corda oblita reſi-
dunt.
It vulgi clamor ſuper aurea ſidera ovantis,
Supremique Patris ſobolemque Deumque fatentur.

Sed quid non ipſe evaleat? quin nos quoque
miſſos
Ægris juſſit opem ferre, auxilioque levare
Præſenti: mortis multos de faucibus atris
Non opibus hominum, nulla revocavimus arte.
Verùm implorato ter tantùm voce magiſtri
Nomine, ſurgebant ſtratis, ibantque refecti.
Omni autem ex numero ſeſe vix obtulit unus,
Quem ſtimulis actum ſævis, cæcoque furore,
Incaſſum victi tentavimus: acrior illum
Uſque adeò magis atque magis vis intus age-
bat.
Cui cùm ferret opem Divus, mox optimus ipſe
Iratus, quòd parva ſui fiducia nobis:

Corporibus

As yet confine us not in night to dwell,
Nor hurl us headlong to the depths of hell.
The fav'ring God to their petition yields;
When lo! at once, o'er all the neighbouring fields,
Wand'ring at large the briſtly herd are ſeen,
Now here, now there; as furies rave within.
No reſt, no reſpite in their rage they know;
Till from a lofty mountain's pendant brow,
Ruſhing with fierce precipitating ſway,
Headlong they plunge, and periſh in the ſea.
But now the youth, his arms from chains unbound,
Drops down, and foaming wallows on the ground:
Biting the earth, in grinding pangs he lies,
And from his boſom heaves inceſſant ſighs;
Thick beats his heart, and from his lab'ring breaſt
The trembling ſpirit ſeems for flight addreſs'd.
Inſtant, as near he ſtands, our gracious Lord,
His ſight and hearing with one touch reſtor'd.
He ſpeaks, he ſees; no longer dumb or blind,
Repair'd his ſenſes, and reſtor'd his mind.
The crowds exalt their ſhouts to heav'n's abode,
And own the Offspring of th' eternal God.
But what, oh chief! cou'd force like his withſtand?
Ev'n us he ſent, empow'r'd with high command,
The pangs of fierce diſeaſes to allay,
And inſtant ſuccour to diſtreſs convey.
Numbers, as on the verge of death they ſtray'd,
We timely reſcu'd from the dreary ſhade.
Not that our art, or ſkill the ſick reſtor'd;
But when we thrice invok'd our honour'd Lord,
That wond'rous name each malady ſubdu'd,
And from their beds they roſe, with health renew'd.
One, one alone of all the num'rous train,
We ſtrove to ſuccour, but we ſtrove in vain;
A fiercer pow'r the lab'ring wretch oppreſs'd,
And keener furies madden'd in his breaſt.
Soon as our Lord vouchſaf'd his gracious aid,
Griev'd that his eyes ſo little faith ſurvey'd;

Theſe

Corporibus tales facile, inquit, pellere peſtes;
Parcendum dapibus tamen, è cœloque petendum.
Nec ſolis verò hæc vobis conceſſa facultas:
Sed nomen quicunque meum vulgaverit, omnia
Fas audere, mei modò ne fiducia deſit.
Ille etiam juſſos immani corpore montes
Transferet, et verſo ſiſtet vaga flumina curſu:
Ite animis igitur certi confidite, neve
Inſtabili titubate fide: jacite aurea veri
Semina ubique, orbem veſtra perfundite luce
Obductum tenebris, atque alta nocte ſepultum.
Vos hominum lux, vos ſqualentis lumina mundi.

Sic fatus, nobis alios ſubjunxit, ut eſſent
Conſortes tantorum operum, ſociique laborum:
Et ſeptem elegit decies, tamen ipſe dolebat
Exiguum numerum, neque tot ſatis eſſe ferebat
Tanto operi: ac veluti qui centum vertit aratris
Tellurem, et campos raſtris exercet avitos,
Cùm matura ſeges jam flavis canet ariſtis,
Si deſint qui meſſem operis (quæ plurima) condant,
Fluctuet, atque viros aliis conducat ab oris.

Quid memorem, ut mentes hominum, curaſque latentes,
Quod fieri certo nequeat ſine numine, cernat?
Quippe animis dubios, taciti dum vana timemus,
Caſtigans dictis nos ſæpe erexit acerbis
Mirantes: quoties ipſis etiam hoſtibus olim
Prædixit, quos mente dolos, quæ furta pararent
Incaſſum, dum cæci odiis agitantur iniquis?

Fœmina nec latuit bis ſenos paſſa per annos
Sanguinis immundi manans de corpore flumen.
Illa quidem ardentis morbi confecta dolore
Ponè ſequebatur, ſi quà illum tangere poſſet,

Hanc

Theſe peſts, he cries, 'tis eaſy to remove,
But pray'rs and faſting muſt your faith improve.
Nor you alone this privilege may claim;
But know, whoe'er invokes my pow'rful name,
The whole creation ſhall his voice obey,
If from his breaſt he baniſh doubt away.
He from their ſeats ſhall rooted mountains force,
And ſtop the rivers in their headlong courſe.
Go then, diſciples! in my words confide,
Fix firm your faith, nor ſhift from ſide to ſide.
Sow the rich ſeeds of golden truth around;
Illume the earth, long veil'd in ſhades profound:
You are the light, to guide the world deſign'd,
And you the radiance that muſt chear mankind.
Thus having ſaid; our Lord ſelects again
Full ſev'nty men, to join the ſocial train;
With us th' appointed miniſtry to ſhare,
Partake the labour and divide the care;
Yet mourn'd, in ſilent ſorrow, to behold
Such ſcanty numbers for ſo vaſt a fold:
As one, who bent to raiſe the bearded grain,
Plows with an hundred ſhares the furrow'd plain;
If, when the harveſt its full burden yields,
No ſlaves are found to ſtrip the ripen'd fields,
Deſpairing grieves, in doubt perplex'd and loſt;
Then hires aſſiſtants from ſome foreign coaſt.
Why ſhou'd I mention, how with eaſe he knew
Men's ſecret thoughts, which none but God can view?
For oft, while preſs'd by anxious doubt or fear,
With juſt amazement his rebukes we hear.
Ev'n to his foes, how oft our Lord reveal'd
The deep-laid plots their envious breaſts conceal'd;
Whilſt rack'd with keen revenge, inſidious art
In vain diſguiz'd the rancour of their heart? [flow'd
Nor cou'd the dame, from whom twelve years had
A ſanguine ſtream, eſcape th' obſerving God.
She, worn away with conſtant grief of mind,
And anguiſh, follow'd in the preſs behind;
Deeming

Quippe torum aſcendere, Dei eùm ſacra vetarent,
Cùm ſcenis gens indulget noſtra omnis opacis.
Sed non gaviſi ſcelere illi tempore longo:
Nam ſubitò amplexus interque, et gaudia, adulter
Sacrilegam tenues animam exhalavit in auras
Infœlix, ſcelerique eadem nox prima nefando,
Et pariter ſuprema fuit diſcrimine parvo:
Illam autem æthereis flammis divinitus ignis
Corripuit, cùm jam maturi pondera partûs
Urgerent: eademque duos leto hora dediſſet,
Infans ni foret exectæ genitricis ab alvo
Exemptus: parvum patris eduxere ſorores.
Ipſe etiam mox immeritus ſcelerata parentum
Facta luit, jucunda oculorum luce negata,
Obſtructæque aures penitus manſere, nec illi
Aut ullas haurire datum eſt, aut reddere voces.
Quinetiam ſimul atque adolevit, protinus ægrum
Arripuit furor, infernæ vis effera gentis.
Centum illum furiæ, centum illum (flebile) peſtes
Victum exercebant, Erebi legio acta latebris,
Horrendaſque hominis ſingultus ore cientes
Edebant voces, ac terrificos mugitus.
Illum omnes exclamantem, atque inſueta frementem
Horrebant, trepidique fuga ſe in tecta ferebant,
Si quando nodis, ruptiſque immane catenis
Incautis liber cuſtodibus evaſiſſet.
Jamque ille oblitus fratres, jamque ille ſorores
Amplius haud greſſum patris intra tecta ferebat:
Verùm more feræ ſylvis degebat, et antris,
Sicubi ſaxa cava, aut ævo conſumpta ſepulchra,
Ater, egens, corpuſque abjecto nudus amictu.
Talem igitur, nodo manibus poſt terga revinctis
CHRISTI ad conſpectum, ſi fors miſereſceret ipſe,
Vi multa conſanguinei, charique trahebant.
Ille autem obniti contrà, dum rumpere nodos
Tendit, et horrendos clamores tollere ad aſtra:

Qualis

By laws forbidden at that ſacred time—
But long they liv'd not to enjoy their crime.
The wretched ſire, ſo heav'n ordain'd above,
Breath'd forth his ſoul amidſt th' embrace of love;
Death's ſudden gloom their dawning joys o'ercaſt,
And the firſt ſweets of tranſport were the laſt.
Wrapt in fierce flames ſhe wing'd her flight from earth,
When now the babe was ſtruggling into birth;
And both had died: but to prevent ſuch doom,
They cut the infant from her teeming womb.
His pious aunts the helpleſs orphan take,
And kindly rear him for the parents ſake.
Doom'd for their crimes the dreadful fine to pay,
His eyes were ſtrangers to the light of day;
His ears unapt for nature's functions found,
And his mute tongue deny'd the pow'r of ſound.
As years advanc'd, his miſery to crown,
Infernal furies ſeiz'd him for their own.
With gloomy pow'rs from deepeſt hell poſſeſs'd,
A dreadful legion lodg'd within his breaſt;
Whence iſſue groans, reſembling human ſound,
And fearful noiſes fill the region round.
From him thus bellowing all the country fled,
And ſought protection, ſeiz'd with ſudden dread;
Whene'er eſcaping from his keeper's charge,
He burſt his chains, and roam'd the fields at large.
And now forgetful of his friends and home,
No more he ſtay'd in his paternal dome;
But fled from all ſociety away,
To woods and wilds, like ſavage beaſt of prey:
Or ſought the hollow tombs, and ſhelter'd there,
Unhous'd, and naked to th' inclement air.
In ſuch condition, bound with many a thong,
His friends to JESUS drag with force along,
This frantic wretch; if object ſo diſtreſs'd,
Might move compaſſion in his heav'nly breaſt.
But furious he reſiſts, and ſtruggling tries
To burſt his bonds, and bellows to the ſkies.

Humani, noſtras qui recto avertere mentes
Nititur, abſtinuit Dominove, Deove pepercit.
Fortè etenim comitum ſtrepitus, turbamque ſequentum
Dum fugeret quondam, ſe clàm ſubduxerat Heros
Cœtibus, et ſolus lucis degebat in altis.
Jamque quater denos frugum ſine munere ſoles
Condiderat, totidemque famem per inhoſpita noctes
Pertulerat, cùm jam tempus ratus ecce nocendi
Affuit extemplò multis cum millibus hoſtis
Noctipotens, quos tartareis ducebat ab antris
Flammea ſemiferi capitis geſtamina quaſſans.
Jamque ſui fruſtra ſpe præmia percipit aſtûs.
Ergo illi meditans nequicquam illudere, dictis
Talibus aggreditur: Superi tu certa parentis
Progenies, veruſque Deus, tibique omnia parent,
Quid durare fame confecto corpore pergis?
Nec ſubitò in totidem convertere adorea liba,
Hæc circùm quæ ſaxa vides ingentia, tentas?
Non Divum latuere doli, atque hæc reddidit ore:
Sunt mihi mortali toſtæ pro munere frugis
Sermones Patris auditi, divinaque verba:
Quæ quoties animo repeto memor, effugit omnis
Pulſa fames ſubitò, menſæque oblita cupido.
Dixerat: his tamen auditis haud deſtitit hoſtis
Congreſſu victus primo, pugnamque retentat,
Atque aliis ſuper, atque aliis aſſultibus inſtat.
Terque novos ſemper cœpti irritus integrat aſtus,
Nequicquam nunc regnorum, nunc laudis inani
Immotum tentans animum prævertere amore.
Ut cùm ſollicitum tollunt mare fluctibus Euri,

Crebrà

Who turns from right the human mind, forbear
His wonted malice, or the Godhead ſpare.
It chanc'd, upon a time, the weary'd God
Sought from tumultuous crowds ſome calm abode;
And ſtudious of receſs a ſeaſon ſtay'd
Alone, and private in the deſert ſhade.
Full forty days without the needful taſte
Of human food, and forty nights he paſs'd.
When now, concluding that the hour was nigh,
His wily cunning with ſucceſs to try;
Th' infernal ruler of the gloomy ſhades
Againſt the Chief his helliſh ſquadron leads:
Whom by the flaming ſignal of his nod,
He late had ſummon'd from their drear abode.
Now in proud thought he fondly bears away,
The prize and honours of this glorious day;
And hence, fell malice lurking in his heart,
He thus attacks him with inſidious art:
Thou, mighty Chief! art heav'n's great Heir alone,
And all the wide creation is thy own.
Then why permit dire hunger to invade
Thy waſted body, in this lonely ſhade;
And not with ſtones, that here abundant lie,
To bread converted, nature's wants ſupply?
The fraud diſcerning, thus the Godhead ſaid;
My Father's words ſupply the loſs of bread;
Which when I call to mind, at once aſſuage
The pangs of want, and hunger's fierceſt rage.
This heard; the haughty fiend diſdains to yield,
Nor for this firſt repulſe reſigns the field;
Aims ſtill to reach ſome weak unguarded part,
And points the utmoſt efforts of his art.
Tho' thrice defeated in his daring views,
Still thrice the fierce encounter he renews;
His heav'nly mind attempting to inflame
With proffer'd kingdoms, and the love of fame.
Thus on the main when bluſt'ring Eurus roars,
And rolls huge ſurges to the ſounding ſhores;

Crebrà ferit, ſævitque minaci verbere in alta
Littora, ſed ſaxis alliſa revertitur unda.
Nec Deus, hæc ſubitò quamvis præſentiat, arcet
Conantem, patiturque dolos ſibi nectere vanos.
Nunc ſe marmorei ſupra faſtigia templi,
Nunc rupem ſupra, ſcabrumque crepidine ſaxum
Subvectari ultro ſinit, et ſpem accendit inanem.
Cùm vero viciſſe ratus jam gaudia dira
Conciperet fruſtra ille inhians, ſe protinus Heros
Ipſe Deum claro confeſſus numine coràm
Irrita furta doloſque exibat ſemper apertos.
Qualis, ubi excuſſis per plana evaſit habenis,
Liber equus, ludit famulos hinc inde ſequentes:
Sæpe hìc diſſimulans, atque illic improbus hæret,
Perque viam oblatas interdum paſcitur herbas:
Aſt ubi jam videt inſtantes, elabitur, alteque
Emicat, et ſpatia tranſmittit maxima campi.
Quam ſpeciem expertus nequicquàm ubi denique ſenſit
Hoſtis atrox, abiit victuſque, Deumque reliquit,
Cui volucres centum pluma pernice miniſtri
Aſtabant miſſu Genitoris, opemque ferebant.

Si verò cauſas odiorum, ac ſemina quæris
Tantorum, cur gens omnis opponitur uni,
Hæc nôrint ipſi: certè non talia geſſit,
Quæ capto affingunt odiis crudelibus acti.
Non homines inter magis eſt affabilis alter,
Non pietate prior, venia complectitur omnes.
Hoſtis, civis, ei nullo diſcrimine habentur.
Multi impunè ideo digna atque indigna ferenti
Objecere, omnes nutu cùm perdere poſſet.

Sera

Againſt ſome rock the raging billows riſe,
The rock regardleſs each aſſault defies.
Nor did the God, tho' oft he ſtrives to lay
Some freſh temptation, drive the fiend away;
But lets him, now, upborne with rapid flight,
Thro' air conduct him to the temple's height;
Then to a lofty mountain's rugged brow;
And with falſe hopes inflames the ſtygian foe.
But when, preſuming he had won the prize,
Vain ſcenes of triumph in his boſom riſe;
Cloath'd in cœleſtial pomp, the Hero ſhow'd
His pow'r reſiſtleſs, and confeſs'd the God:
Down ſunk at once the tempter's fruſtrate ſnare,
And all his projects vaniſh'd into air.
As the briſk courſer, when with looſen'd reins
He bounds exulting o'er the ſunny plains,
Eludes the ſervants toil; now flies with ſpeed,
Now ſtands, and wanton crops the flow'ry mead;
But when he views them near, with all his force
Springs forth, and furious ſweeps his rapid courſe.
So when the fiend with indignation ſees
His malice baffled with an equal eaſe;
He ſhuns the conteſt, forc'd at length to yield,
And leave the Godhead victor of the field:
To whom, diſmiſs'd from heav'n's eternal King,
Seraphic hoſts divine aſſiſtance bring.

What mov'd their hatred if thou ſeek'ſt to know?
Why all conſpir'd againſt one ſingle foe?
They beſt can tell—thoſe deeds he never wrought,
Which to his charge revenge and malice brought.
None ever bore, amidſt the human kind,
A ſweeter carriage, or an humbler mind:
To ſuch a length his charity extends,
Alike all ſhare it, whether foes or friends.
Hence dire affronts he bore; nor puniſh'd thoſe,
Whom hate and envy made his bitt'reſt foes;
When with a nod, did ſo his will incline,
The God cou'd end them in his wrath divine.

Sera olim cùm Sidoniam ſub nocte per oram
Ferret iter feſſus, nos parva excluſit ab urbe
Gens fera, nec tecto eſt dignata Heroa precantem.
Nos igitur triſtes ſupremum orare Parentem,
Aſpiceret cœlo, nec natum ferret inultum,
Sed populum immitem cœleſti protinus igni
Corriperet, ſubitis et inhoſpita mœnia flammis.
Non tulit, ac verbis nos indignatus amaris
Increpuit, potiuſque urbem miſeratus iniquam eſt.

Sæpe etiam auctores ſcelerum haud ignarus adibat,
Infameſque domos, ſceleratæque tecta ſubibat,
Quo moniti exuerent faſtus, moreſque ſiniſtros,
Et ſecum inciperent paulatim aſſueſcere recto.
Sic Matthæus, agri dives, ſic noſter et ipſe eſt
Zacchæus, centumque alii ad meliora vocati.
Nec tamen, id faceret dum creber, defuit olim
Qui falli ratus incautum, pro crimine magno
Objiceret, quòd non fugeret contagia dira.
Ipſe ſed, ut medicam veluti languentibus ægris
Ferret opem, totam quærebat ſponte per urbem,
Sicubi mortales mentem caligine preſſi,
Quos nocte eriperet bonus, ad lucemque vocaret,
In tenebris cæco miſeratus pectore volvi:
Id ſuperis, ſuperûm id magno cordi eſſe Parenti,
Seque ideo claro miſſum memorabat Olympo.
Inſuper et cœlum compleret quanta docebat
Lætitia, ætherei quanto gens incola regni
Acciperet plauſu, ſi quis mortalibus oris
Inventor ſcelerum, atque pii contemptor, et æqui,
Juſtitiam colere inciperet, rectumque tueri.
Sicut ovem incautus paſtor qui è millibus unam
Amiſit, feræ oblitam decedere nocti

Once on a time, when late by night he bore
His weary'd footſteps from the Tyrian ſhore;
A churliſh town, tho' much the boon we preſs'd,
Deny'd admittance to this heav'nly Gueſt.
Vex'd ſuch ungen'rous uſage to ſurvey,
To heav'n with warmeſt vehemence we pray,
That God wou'd look with indignation down,
Avenge his Offspring, and o'erwhelm the town.
At zeal ſo fierce his high diſlike he ſhows,
And mov'd with pity, ſpares th' ungrateful foes.
Nay oft his ſteps he knowingly addreſs'd
To roofs of ſinners, and became their gueſt;
That his humane example might excite
Their hearts to juſtice, and a love of right.
Zacchæus, Matthew living proofs afford,
And hundreds more, to better minds reſtor'd.
Nor yet, as often to redeem he try'd
Thoſe, who from virtue's paths were turn'd aſide;
Was envy wanting, to aſperſe his name,
And ſuch demeanor as miſconduct blame.
But He, ſtill bent his ſuccour to impart,
A wiſe phyſician in the healing art,
With care explor'd, what objects cou'd be found;
Veil'd in the chearleſs gloom of night profound;
That from the horrid darkneſs where they lay,
His pow'r might raiſe them to the light of day.
Such deeds, he ſaid, heav'n's Sire muſt ſtill approve,
And 'twas for this he left the realms above.
Beſides; he taught us what new joys abound,
What gladneſs fills the heav'nly regions round;
Whene'er the wretch that long uncheck'd had trod
The paths of vice, eſtrang'd from truth and God;
Begins at length to mourn his evil way,
Fair juſtice rev'rence, and the laws obey.
As, where an hundred ſheep together graze
The verdant meads, if chance one devious ſtrays
From forth the flock; the ſwain, intent to find
That ſingle ſheep, leaves all the reſt behind:

Cum gregibus, ubi per rupes, perque aſpera triſtis
Quæſivit dumeta diu loca cuncta volutis
Conviſens oculis, demum ſi fortè repoſta
Paſcentem valle invenit, ſubitò arripit illam,
Sublatamque humero ſtabulis lætiſſimus infert:
Intranti dulces occurrunt oſcula nati
Præripere, et reducem plauſu domus excipit omnis.
Idcirco neque colloquiis muliebribus Heros
Abſtinuit, nuperque legens Samaritidos oræ
Rura, ſub antiquis Sicharææ mœnibus urbis,
Viderat ad fontem venientem ut fortè puellam,
Imploravit aquam ſupplex, putealiaque hauſit
Munera, qui pelago, qui fluminibuſque ſonoris
Imperat, et vaſtum largis rigat imbribus orbem:
Cujus ad imperium populis ſitientibus olim
Delicuit rupes, atque undis plurima fluxit.
Secreti nos interea mirarier omnes,
Ipſe ſed admonitam, atque ultro commiſſa fatentem,
In lucem è tenebris, altaque è nocte vocabat.
Sæpe illi pueros, ævo et florente puellas,
Flore comam preſſos, et molli fronde revinctos,
Summiſere piæ, metuunt dum cuncta, parentes:
Quò teneris animis pulchræ virtutis amorem
Inſereret, ſtimuliſque rudes impleret honeſtis.
Impubem turbam affatus placido ore monebat,
Luſtrabatque manu, ne carmina dira nocerent,
Neve ulla infernis premeret vis edita ab oris.

Quinetiam elatos animo ſuper omnia acerbis
Urgebat dictis, rebuſque exempla reliquit.
Mecum olim ſocii, abſentem dum quærimus illum,
Tendebant, feſſique via conſedimus omnes
Speluncæ ante fores, denſis quam plurima opacat
Frondibus, et flexu ramorum protegit ulmus.

Multùm

Anxious o'er ev'ry place he caſts his eyes;
At length, if chance the wand'rer he deſcrys,
He takes the fugitive without delay,
And on his ſhoulders bears with joy away:
His ſons impatient their lov'd father meet,
And his return with ſmiles of triumph greet.
Hence wou'd the ſocial Hero not diſdain
To mix in converſe with the female train.
And late, as weary'd he purſu'd his way,
Where Sychar's walls their antique tow'rs diſplay;
By chance, to draw ſome water he eſpy'd
A nymph, advancing to a fountain's ſide;
And humbly ſu'd, to quaff the cryſtal tide.
Ev'n He, oh! Prince! whoſe pow'r controuls the main,
Who o'er the globe diſtills the copious rain;
At whoſe command the ſtubborn rock beſtow'd
Large ſtreams; and plenteous for his people flow'd.
Meanwhile, his lov'd diſciples with ſurprize
Beheld the fact, yet ſcarce can truſt their eyes:
But as the dame to penitence inclin'd,
He chas'd the darkneſs that obſcur'd her mind.
Oft to the Chief, fair youths and maidens, crown'd
With blooming roſes, and with garlands bound,
Indulgent parents ſend with pious care,
While various evils from the world they fear;
A thirſt of honour in their breaſt to raiſe,
And warm their kindling ſouls with virtuous praiſe.
Such with a mild complacence he receives,
And to their tender years inſtructions gives;
Then touch'd their limbs; leſt magic ſpells ſhou'd hurt,
Or hell's grim pow'rs their infant minds pervert.
  But pride, and high ambition in mankind,
Were moſt offenſive to his lowly mind.
Once on a time, our Lord not near at hand,
Myſelf and others of his choſen band,
Remote from crowds to ſome lone grotto ſtray'd,
O'er which an elm its branching foliage ſpread.

Multùm hìc inter nos quærentes vana moramur,
Quis noſtrûm foret è numero præſtantior omni,
Dilectuſve ipſi magis, acceptuſve magiſtro.
Mira loquar, nos ut primùm ipſe in limine vidit,
Hæſit acerbà tuens, iterumque iterumque rogavit,
Quis ſermo foret, aut quænam certamina nobis?
Nos contrà taciti nihil hiſcere, dum piget omnes
Verborum memores, fuerant quæ plurima vana.
Tum ſubitò oſtendens puerum, cui mollibus annis
Laudis adhuc erat, et tumidi mens neſcia flatûs:
Nulli fas, inquit, ſuperûm aſpirare beatis
Conciliis, ſi non faſtus dediſcat inanes,
Et penitus famæ exuerit contemptor amorem,
Ceu puer hic nullam ſuſpirat pectore laudem.
Non aliter cœlum pateat: prius æquore ſalſo
Eſſe queant nubes, aut piſces vivere in arvis,
Arboris aut ſtirpes frondeſcere in ætheris oris.
Horret adhuc animus, mihi cum, fratrique popoſcit
Illum præcipuos fruſtra pia mater honores,
Scilicet ætherea ſuperi Genitoris ut aula
Cœlicolûm in medio celſa cum ſede ſederet
Subnixus, propior noſtrûm reſideret uterque,
Dextram alter juxtà amplexus, lævæ alter inhærens.
Extemplò gravis ille, obtutuque aſper acerbo:
Non matrem (quid enim mater pietate merebat?)
Sed nos, qui vano ignaram ſummiſimus aſtu,
Corripuit meritos verbis haud mollibus urgens:
Uſque Deum premere elatos, longeque ſuperbos
Averti, quos famæ agitat, laudumque cupido.

Ipſe

Here, as fatigu'd along the graſs we lay,
In idle talk we paſs'd the hours away;
Enquiring, which of his ſelected train
Shou'd higheſt riſe, or moſt his favour gain?
How ſhall I ſpeak our wonder and ſurprize,
When, anger flaſhing from his ſparkling eyes,
He aſk'd with warmth what converſe we maintain'd,
And why ambition in our boſoms reign'd?
None made reply, but all in ſilence griev'd,
That ſuch vain conteſt had our hearts deceiv'd.
Our Lord then call'd a child; whoſe infant days
Were yet unconſcious of the luſt of praiſe;
And gently placing him before our eyes,
None muſt aſpire to heav'n's abode, he cries,
Who has not learn'd vain honours to diſclaim,
A perfect ſtranger to the thirſt of fame.
Ev'n as this child; whoſe breaſt, from paſſions free,
Preſents a picture of humility.
None elſe muſt hope the joys of heav'n to gain;
Sooner may clouds in ocean's deeps remain:
Sooner may fiſhes to dry fields repair,
Or branching trees take root in ambient air.
My anxious mind remembers ſtill with dread,
How, by the paſſion of vain glory led,
Our pious mother once the Chief addreſs'd,
And for her offspring urg'd this bold requeſt,
That, when hereafter He ſhou'd ſit on high,
Amid the radiant ſynod of the ſky,
Myſelf and brother might a ſeat obtain,
Plac'd on each hand, o'er all th' etherial train.
At this the Chief, with ſudden wrath enflam'd,
In bitter terms of high reſentment blam'd,
Not her, the parent; whoſe offence alone
Was warm affection for each haughty ſon;
But us, who urg'd her with regret to make
Requeſt ſo daring, for her offspring's ſake.
High heav'n controuls the vain, incens'd he cried,
And blaſts the projects of low human pride.

Whence

Ipſe ideo haud impar Genitori cum ſit, et illa
Quæ pater, æquè eadem poſſit: tamen ora canentum
Sæpe ſibi laudes, Genitorem vertit in ipſum,
Nil ſe audere hominem ſupra confeſſus, ab alto
Ni Pater omnipotens vires aſpiret olympo.
Idcirco gravibus morbis quemcunque levâſſet,
Plerumque edixit, ne factum proderet uſquam.
Quove ſuas tegeret vires, cùm tabida poſſet
Ulcera corporibus ſolo depellere nutu,
Ægros ſæpe tamen medicas legabat ad undas,
Ut vitium exuerent omne auxiliaris aquæ vi.
Quid referam, quot eum populi, quot mœnibus urbes
Optavere ſibi, et voluere imponere regem,
Mittentes trabeam, ſceptrumque, ſacramque tiaram?
Ipſi etiam comites hortatu inſtare frequentes,
Armatus Syriæ regnandam invaderet oram,
Mox fore continuò, ut ſua ſub juga mitteret armis,
Quodcunque Oceanus terrarum anfractibus ambit,
Immenſumque novis frenaret legibus orbem.
Cùm verò hortantes urgerent, protinus ipſe
Occuluit ſeſe, monteſque aufugit in altos.
Immanes tamen invidia, et crudelibus iſti
Inſurgunt odiis, pœnaſque uno ore repoſcunt,
Uniuſque petunt caput omnes: ſcis quibus illum
Huc furiis traxere, quibus clamoribus omnem
Implêrunt trepidi captam velut hoſtibus urbem.
Ipſe patris mandata obiens tulit omnia, certus
Digna, indigna pati. Nam ſe quærentibus ultro
Obtulit: et noctis cum munere poſſet opacæ
Defendi, bis ſe manifeſtum prodidit ipſe.
Vidi illos tamen ad capti procumbere vocem
Attonitos, terramque gravi conſternere caſu.

Nec

Whence He, tho' equal and in pow'r the ſame
With Him, whoſe proweſs wrought th'etherial frame;
Yet, when the crowds were wont his deeds to ſing,
Gave all the praiſe to heav'n's eternal King:
Declaring that Himſelf cou'd nought atchieve,
Did not his Sire cœleſtial ſuccour give.
Hence too, whene'er he choſe the ſick to heal,
He often bade them their relief conceal.
Nay, that his ſov'reign pow'r might reſt unknown;
Tho' all diſeaſes with a word alone,
The Chief cou'd heal; he oft diſmiſs'd the train,
In cryſtal ſtreams to cleanſe each loathſome ſtain.
Why ſhou'd I tell, how many a tribe and town,
Wiſh'd as their King this glorious Chief to own;
Sending the globe, the ſceptre, and the crown?
Ev'n his ſelected friends the Youth requeſt,
With arms the coaſt of Syria to inveſt;
That thence his pow'r might other tracts enſlave,
Wherever ocean rolls his circling wave:
At length extending his imperial ſway,
Teach the whole world his edicts to obey.
But when they urg'd him to attempt a throne,
He fled to mountains and to woods alone:
Yet mov'd by malice and vindictive ire,
His guiltleſs blood our raging tribes require.
Thou know'ſt, oh! chief! with what ungovern'd heat,
They lately drag'd him to thy ſov'reign ſeat;
What clamours fill'd th' aſtoniſh'd city round,
As all her walls were levell'd with the ground.
All this he bore, determin'd to fulfil
The hard appointments of his Father's will.
For tho' he cou'd eſcape their rage by flight,
Beneath the friendly covert of the night;
Yet twice in arms againſt the Chief they ſtand,
And twice he yielded to the ruffian band.
Yet theſe I ſaw, whene'er his voice he rais'd,
Struck down to earth, confounded and amaz'd.

Nor

Nec verò ſacris, aut templo demit honorem,
Nec gentis leges, veterumve edicta refigit,
Quamvis viſceribus monet, et luſtralibus extis
Parcendum poſthac, nec jam ultra cæde litandum;
Verùm alios longè ritus, moremque ſacrorum
Indicat obſcura verborum ambage latere,
Legiferique aperit voces, animumque magiſtri.
Quodque magis mirere, ſciunt, et ſcire fatentur
Aëreas vatem venturum lucis ad auras,
Unus qui nobis cœli invia clauſtra recludat,
E tenebriſque pios vehat alta ad ſidera manes:
Id patribus promiſſum, omnes id volvere vates.
Hunc animis certi expectant, miſeri, quibus atris
Non datur in tenebris præſentem agnoſcere lucem,
Et mediis largi ſitiunt in fluminis undis.
Nam quem non moveant, niſi prorſum averſa voluntas,
Tanta viri virtus, tot facta ingentia, talis
Oris honos? ipſe ut vidique, hauſique loquentem,
Et dulcem toto jactantem corpore amorem,
Fortunas, patriam, genitricem, cuncta reliqui.
Id ſocii fecere: neque hunc me deinde ſecutum
Pœnituit. Verùm quantùm ingens ſæpe favilla
Surgit ab exigua, ſemperque fit acrior ignis:
Hujus amor tantùm viſus mihi creſcere in horas,
Et mage cor dulci ſemper flammeſcere cura:
Quique adiere ſemel, validis compagibus hærent.

Nec nos aut donis, aut verbis fallere crede,
Pollicitis blandis illectos: omnia nobis
Aſpera promittit, cunctos diverſa manere
Scilicet exilia extorres, paſſimque vagantes.

Promiſſis

Nor did the Chief their ſacred rites withdraw,
Revoke their edicts, or repeal the law;
Tho' yet his friends he caution'd to abſtain
From blood for ever, and from victims ſlain;
But ſhow'd, theſe types far other rites deſign'd,
And open'd all their legiſlator's mind.
Nay, to excite thy wonder more, they own
This weighty truth, to all the nation known;
That hither ſhou'd deſcend, by bards foretold,
A ſacred Prophet, who wou'd wide unfold
Heav'n's golden gates; and from eternal night
Convey the ſpirits to yon realms of light.
Tho' long our Lord has bleſs'd this favour'd earth,
Anxious they wait, and ſtill expect his birth.
Ah! wretched ſouls! thro' devious paths they ſtray,
In error loſt, nor view the light of day;
Tho' plenteous ſtreams enrich the verdant plains,
Yet ſtill unquench'd their burning thirſt remains.
For who, O chief! but muſt be mov'd of courſe,
Unleſs his mind be wilfully perverſe,
That knows his virtues and his deeds divine,
And ſees the graces that around Him ſhine?
As for myſelf; the moment I beheld
The love divine his heav'nly looks reveal'd,
And heard ſuch gracious words; his cauſe I join'd,
And left my friends, my fortune, all behind.
In the ſame courſe my lov'd compeers proceed;
Nor does my ſoul repent this choſen deed.
But as the flames, which ſmalleſt embers raiſe,
Mount by degrees, and ev'ry moment blaze
With fiercer heat; his love ſtill more and more,
Spreads in my breaſt, and gathers ev'ry hour:
And thoſe, who once his heav'nly ways have try'd,
No force can ever from their Lord divide.

Yet think not He eſſay'd by ſpecious arts,
Or worldly proſpects, to allure our hearts.
Alas! He promis'd to his faithful train,
But hardſhips, toils, and baniſhment, and pain.

Nor

Promiſſis nec vana fides: adeò uſque malorum
Pulſulat ex alia atque alia denſiſſima ſylva.
Unius ferro tantùm caput excipit, unum
(Quiſquis is eſt) placida clauſurum lumina morte:
Aſt alios cædes omnes inſtare cruentas.
Noſtra jubet nos interea contemnere, opeſque
Partiri, atque inopi miſerorum impendere turbæ,
Quos circumveniunt morbique, algorque, fameſque,
Pauperiemque pati, rebuſque aſſueſcere egenis.
Multi nos ideo viderunt ſæpe per agros,
Aut ſilice in nuda projectos ducere ſomnos,
Aut gravidas feſſos rerum decerpere ariſtas,
Indomitiſque famem ſolari frugibus, undamque
Alta haurire cavis pronos ad flumina palmis,
Aut ſiquos uſquam tellus dabat arida fontes.
Non mihi perpetuam ſi centum pectore aheno
Sufficiant vocem linguæ, percurrere poſſem,
Quantas quoque modo ærumnas, quantoſque labores
Hoc ducente animis durantes hauſimus æquis.
Nam licet interdum penuria adaxit edendi
Exhauſtos, rerumque inopes, quas flagitat uſus:
Regum opibus tamen uſque animos æquavimus altos,
Et mens in parvis aderat ditiſſima cuique.

Nec minus ingentem huc comitum adventare novorum
Cernere ſemper erat numerum, matreſque viroſque,
Omnibus idem animus, quibus et mens certa ſequendi.
Haud ſecus ac bellum ſi cui rex maximus urbi
Indixit, jamque arma ciet, jamque agmina cogit,
Cladem oræ, exitiumque ferens, populiſque ruinas,
Non tantùm jurata manus, lectæque cohortes
Incedunt, ſed præterea quos dirus habendi
Duxit amor, varia cupidos diteſcere præda,
Agglomerant multi, atque injuſſi caſtra ſequuntur.

Non

Nor did his words a dubious fate diſcloſe,
Ills follow ills, and woes ſucceed to woes.
Yet when he nam'd theſe various ills, our Lord
One breaſt exempted from the murd'rous ſword;
One, he declar'd, of our ſelected train,
In quiet death ſhou'd end a life of pain;
The reſt by various cruelties ſhou'd go,
A ſadder journey to the realms below.
Meantime he bids us, void of anxious care,
Amidſt mankind our uſeleſs treaſures ſhare;
Diſtribute to the lame, the blind, the poor,
And all the ills of penury endure.
Hence oft in fields by numbers were we found,
Securely ſleeping on the naked ground;
Or plucking ears from ſtanding corn away,
With ſhort repaſt keen hunger to allay:
Or thirſt ſtill quenching by a river's ſide,
Or where the barren ſoil ſome caſual rill ſupply'd.
Not, with the aid an hundred tongues afford,
A voice perpetual, cou'd my lips record,
Beneath his conduct, to our fates reſign'd,
What woes we ſuffer'd with a dauntleſs mind.
For tho' oppreſs'd with hardſhips, many a day
We paſs'd in hunger, and in thirſt away;
Content ſupply'd us with a monarch's ſtore,
In mind ſtill wealthy, tho' in ſubſtance poor.
Nor cou'd a day, O mighty chief! ariſe,
But various numbers, our aſtoniſh'd eyes,
Of either ſex, with ſecret joy deſcry'd,
In troops attending this illuſtrious Guide.
So when, reſolv'd on ſome great town to bring
Havock and dreadful waſte, a potent king
Levies his force, his glitt'ring arms prepares,
And threats the city with deſtructive wars:
In firm array not only march along
The banded legions; but a num'rous throng
Of rabble, bent whatever ſpoils to gain,
Swarm o'er the camp, and join the martial train.

Non ſat erant latæque viæ, campique patentes
Tot populis, iret quacunque, ſequentibus ultro.
Sæpe Heros ſeſe ingenti ſubducere turbæ,
Et montes petere, et deſertos quærere ſaltus.
Atque equidem memini, cùm propter ſtagna profectus
Ferret iter, paſſimque manus prætexeret ingens
Littora, et urgeret ſupra denſiſſima morem,
Proripuit ſeſe, ac cymbam (quæ fortè parata)
Inſiliit, ſubitoque jubens præcidere funem,
Teli intra jactum liquidum proceſſit in æquor.
Conſtitit hinc, terramque aſpectans, plenaque circùm
Littora, divinis affari vocibus orſus,
Juſtitiæque aperire viam, et veſtigia recti.
Hìc illic ſtabant arrectis auribus omnes,
Intercluſi undis. Inhiabantque agmine longo
Attoniti, miraque animos dulcedine capti.
Ipſe loquebatur, circùm ſedata ſilebant
Æquora, ubique modò ſpirantibus incita flabris,
Frondiferæque domus avium ſine murmure circùm
Stabant immotæ procurvo in littore ſylvæ.
Sed non interea longævæ parcere matres
Vocibus, illum omnes mirari inſueta loquentem,
Felicemque uteri matrem, felicia matris
Ubera clamabant, quæ talem enixa tuliſſet,
Et teneris immulſiſſet plena ubera labris.

Namque docebat, humi fœdè, in tenebriſque volutas
Ad cœlum mortale genus ſuſtollere mentes,
Et lucem aſpicere, et vanis deſueſcere curis.
Tum pacem hortari: Placidam ſuper omnia mites
Pacem optate viri, tumidoſque remittite flatus:

Demiſſique-

Scarce cou'd the roads ſufficient ſpace diſplay
To thoſe, who follow'd where he led the way:
Hence, many a time, the weary'd Chief withdrew
To woods and mountains, from the public view.
Once (I the fact remember) as he bore
His ſilent ſteps along the winding ſhore;
And now from ev'ry part a mingled train
Spread o'er the verdant margin of the main;
He ſeiz'd a boat that near at anchor lay,
And row'd ſome little diſtance on the ſea.
The crowds then viewing from his lofty ſtand,
That pour'd in endleſs numbers o'er the ſtrand;
With heav'nly eloquence the Youth impreſs'd
The laws of juſtice in their heedful breaſt.
Shut from his reach by th' interpoſing flood,
In ſtill attention on the beach they ſtood;
And to his gracious words their ears incline,
Pleas'd with the muſic of his voice divine.
While thus our Lord his ſweet diſcourſes held,
No boiſt'rous winds the ruffled ocean ſwell'd:
Calm was the peaceful ſurface of the ſea,
Save where the fanning zephyrs gently play;
And the tall trees, with boughs thick cover'd o'er,
Fit haunt for birds, ſtood ſilent on the ſhore.
Not ſo their voice the aged matrons ſpare;
But as his words with pleas'd regard they hear,
Wrapt in deep admiration they exclaim,
Happy! thrice happy! that conſummate Dame!
Whoſe womb a treaſure ſo divine contain'd,
And whoſe bleſs'd paps this wond'rous Infant drain'd.
For ſuch his doctrine, as inflam'd the mind,
† Long loſt in darkneſs, and with error blind,
From human cares its proſpects to remove,
And ardent fix them on the joys above.
He bade the crowds from rude contentions ceaſe,
And cultivate the milder works of peace.
Let gentle peace be your delight, he cried;
Far from your breaſt diſmiſs tyrannic pride;

Demiſſique animis nil vanæ laudis egentes,
Mortales contemnite opes, contemnite honores:
Et duris vitam aſſueti, parvoque beati
Pauperiem tolerate: brevis quæcunque voluptas
Iſta adeò, atque diu nihil eſt mortalibus ægris.
Vobis haud propriæ hìc ſedes, conceſſaque longùm
Regna manent meliora: graves ubi ſolverit artus
Mors anima, vos ſtelligera Pater optimus aula
Protinus excipiet lætos melioribus oris;
Pax ubi tranquilla, et cunctarum opulentia rerum,
Et ſecura quies, nunquam peritura voluptas.
Et dubitet tanta quiſquam mercede laborem
Ferre brevem, terriſque ſequi me ſponte relictis?
Ad veras emergere òpes, emergere honores
Tendite, quos nulli caſus, nulla auferat ætas.
Eſte pii: inter vos mentem exercete benignam,
Inque vicem placati animis miſereſcite veſtri.
Tum longè prohibete iras, odiiſque ferendo
Parcite, rumoreſque vagos contemnite vulgi:
Nulli fas ideo accepto pro vulnere vulnus
Reddere, præſtiterit verò pulſantibus ultro
Seſe offerre, geniſque ictum expectare ſecundum.
Vana alii certent armis pro laude, nocenſque
Ferrum acuant, pulchramque petant per vulnera mortem:
At tu mortales nullo diſcrimine amare
Diſce omnes, pacemque inglorius hoſtibus opta,
Nec tibi ventoſæ ſint tanti murmura famæ.
Omnibus in primis ſit mens interrita leti,
Nullaque vos animis duros vis avocet æquo.
Terrenos artus homines, moribundaque membra
Interdum extinxiſſe queant, et perdere ferro:

Tuta

Nor let ambition your affections raiſe
To thirſt for honours, or to covet praiſe.
To manly toils your hardy limbs inure,
Deſpiſe vain wealth, and poverty endure.
Whatever pleaſures you on earth may find,
Short is their date to human lot aſſign'd.
Think not this paltry globe your proper ſeat,
On you, my friends, far nobler kingdoms wait.
When from your limbs the vital ſpirit flies;
Th' eternal Sire who rules the ſtarry ſkies,
Will hence, with tokens of paternal love,
Receive and place you in the realms above;
Where ſmiling peace, and reſt, and wealth abound,
And pleaſure, circling in eternal round.
Who then ſhall heſitate, or deem it hard,
Short ills to ſuffer, for ſo great reward?
Advance, thoſe glorious honours to ſecure,
That wealth, which endleſs ages ſhall endure.
Let godlike piety adorn your mind,
Your hearts to mutual pity be inclin'd;
All wrath and anger from your breaſt remove,
And vanquiſh hate by patience and by love.
Regard not what advice the vulgar give;
But if ſome inſult haply you receive,
Ne'er let your breaſts with keen reſentment burn,
Nor on your foe th' injurious taunt return:
'Tis better far all malice to forego,
And turn your cheek to wait the ſecond blow.
Let others for vain praiſe in battle dare,
And whet the faulchion for deſtructive war;
Learn ye, in bonds of cordial love t'embrace
Without diſtinction all the human race:
Nor the cool paſſions of your breaſt inflame,
With windy murmurs of an idle fame.
Let not your minds the dread of death affright,
Nor ought deter you from the paths of right.
Men by the ſword may ſnatch your lives away,
For mortal limbs are ſubject to decay;

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Men by the ſword may ſnatch your lives away,
For mortal limbs are ſubject to decay;

Tuta anima ipſa manet, duræ haud obnoxia morti.
Et vos omnipotens cœlo Pater aſpicit alto,
Avertitque malis, cujus ſine numine veſtrum
Haud hominum quiſquam valeat divellere crinem.
Summiſſos vos hunc unum fas uſque vereri.
Huic ô ritè preces, huic digna piacula ferte,
Cui mare, cui tellus, campiſque patentibus aër
Obſequitur, nitidique tremit plaga lucida cœli.
Huic procumbite humi, proſtrati huic pandite vota.
Vos ſiquidem æternis etiam poſt funera pœnis
Ipſe poteſt ſontes ſub tetro urgere barathro.
Nec timor admiſſos cuiquam ſit adire leones,
Seclaque pictarum ſæviſſima pantherarum.
Ite mei objectu protecti nominis, ite
Adverſum intrepidi: manſueſcent protinus urſi,
Veſtraque parcentes allambent vulnera lingua.

Quin humiles victûs animis ſecludite curas.
Obſervate genus pecudum, genus altivolantum,
Nullæ illis artes, nulla illis cura futuri.
Non tamen aut tegimen, victûs aut copia defit.
Omnia dives alit rerum ſator, omnia curat.
Ille etiam injuſſo tellurem gramine veſtit,
Floribus appingens ſata verſicoloribus arva,
Arboribuſque comas, atque umbras montibus addit.
Fraudes inſidiæque abſint, ac fœda libido:
Neve modum ſupra menſis gaudete paratis,
Deſidiaſque animis, atque ocia pellite veſtris.

Nec

But the free ſoul no injury can feel,
Safe from the vengeance of a tyrant's ſteel.
Beſides; th' Almighty Sov'reign from on high,
Sees, and regards you with a parent's eye;
Without whoſe wiſe permiſſion none can dare,
Ev'n from your head to pluck the ſlighteſt hair.
This Being dread, and rev'rence Him alone;
Addreſs your off'rings to his awful throne;
Whoſe pow'r ſupreme, earth, air, and ſpacious ſea,
And the bright regions of high heav'n obey.
To Him in humble adoration bow,
To Him ſubmiſſive bring the proffer'd vow;
For He alone, in hell's dark realms beneath,
Can puniſh ſinners with eternal death.
Let no vain fears your tranquil minds moleſt,
Or quench the courage of your dauntleſs breaſt;
Ev'n hungry lions if condemn'd to face,
Or ſpotted panthers formidable race.
Go then, my friends; each adverſe pow'r withſtand,
Go forth, protected by my guiding hand:
Bears will grow tame, and mild compaſſion ſhow
To wounds, inflicted by a fiercer foe.
The food that nature limits to your ſhare,
Seek not with deep ſolicitude and care.
Obſerve the beaſts, that o'er earth's ſurface rove,
The fowls, that wing this ſilent air above;
To theſe, which know no arts, no wants, are giv'n
Both food and rayment, by the care of heav'n:
The bounteous Sire, who gave to all their birth,
Provides with plenty for the race of earth.
'Tis He, that bids the graſs its verdure yield,
Paints the gay flow'rs that gild th' enamel'd field:
Thro' Him, the trees their leafy honours ſpread,
And tufted mountains yield a grateful ſhade.
Let fraud, deceit, and luſt be far away;
Nor at rich feaſts intemp'rate joy diſplay.
Vile ſloth with horror baniſh from your breaſt;
And let that impious paſſion be ſuppreſs'd,

Nec vetitos thalamos, inconceſſumque cubile
Affectate, utiſque alieni deſinat auri.
Quiſque ſuis opibus contenti vivite, et ultro
Spes interdictas, et inania ponite vota.
Neve autem ſcelerum facies nunc perſequar omnes:
Quid dicam, quibus eſt cordi fraus, atque libido
Dira juvat, ficto ſimulant tamen ore latentes
Virtutem, ſubeuntque dolis, et crimina obumbrant?
Ne, jubeo, ne talem animis aſſueſcite peſtem.
Nil adeò latet, ipſa dies quin detegat ultro.
Præterea cohibete oculos: ne quærite veſtris
Vulnera ſponte animis: fandi hinc compeſcite amorem,
Sæpe olim incautos non lingua coërcita merſit.
Diſcite jamque ideo poſthac haud falſa profari,
Jamque novos purgati animis inducite mores.
Siqua tamen veteris culpæ veſtigia reſtant,
Diluite, et ſacris contagia vincite lymphis.
Ipſe ego fons veluti liquidam puriſſimus undam
Sufficiam, properate ad aquas: haurite liquentem
Matres atque viri ſitientes protinus amnem.
Ferte pedem huc omnes, nec opus potantibus auro,
Argentove: mei fontis patet omnibus unda.
Sic leti vitate vias, ita ſidera aditur,
Sidereaſque domos, mutari neſcia regna.
Hæc mihi prædixit Genitor, quæ voce monerem
Veridica: ſunt fonte mihi verba omnia ab illo.

Talia dicta dabat, cœli ſuper omnia Regem
Placandum non viſceribus, non ſanguine cæſo,
Sed votis precibuſque jubens expoſcere pacem.
Et modus orandi quiſnam foret, ipſe canebat:
Omnipotens Genitor, ſedes cui lucidus æther,

Sic

Which prompts to climb your neighbour's bed by
ſtealth;
Nor pine in ſecret for another's wealth.
Each his own lot with meek contentment bear,
Nor to forbidden hopes extend his care.
But not at once all vices to deſcribe,
What ſhall I ſay of that pernicious tribe;
Who baſe and luſtful, yet their crimes conceal,
Beneath the covert of a ſacred veil?
Let not (I charge you) ſo abhorr'd a peſt,
Taint the pure virtues of your ſpotleſs breaſt;
No action ſo conceal'd and ſecret lies,
But future time ſhall blaze it to the ſkies.
Your roving eyes confine in proper bounds,
Nor give your mind unneceſſary wounds:
All idle paſſion for diſcourſe reſtrain;
Free tongues too often prove their owner's bane.
Learn hence all impious falſhood to forbear,
And purg'd from evil purer morals wear.
If yet ſome trace of ancient crimes remain,
In the pure fount abſolve each vicious ſtain.
From Me ſhall ſtreams of cryſtal waters flow;
Approach, and taſte the bounties I beſtow.
Haſte hither all, of male or female race,
No gold or ſilver ſhall obtain this grace;
Theſe lib'ral ſtreams for all ſpontaneous run:
Hence ſhall you learn the paths of death to ſhun;
Thus to th' etherial manſions wing your flight,
Thus ſoar to kingdoms of unchanging light.
Theſe truths I learn'd from heav'n's eternal King,
And all my precepts from that fountain ſpring.
This ſaid, our Lord exhorts th' attendant train,
Not with the blood of holy victims ſlain;
But for each great tranſgreſſion to atone,
By pray'rs directed to Jehovah's throne.
Then thus inſtructs the liſt'ning tribes to pray—
Almighty Sire! who rul'ſt with ſov'reign ſway;

Sic nomen, laudeſque tuæ celebrentur ubique,
Et promiſſa orbi incipiant procedere luſtra:
Cùm tua non minus in terris gens juſſa faceſſat
Mortalis, quàm cœlicolæ tibi in æthere parent.
Nos divina hodie cœlo dape refice ab alto.
Parce dehinc bonus, ut noſtris ignoſcimus ipſi
Hoſtibus, ac nullis adverſis objice inermes
Tentando, prohibe à nobis ſed cuncta pericla.

Addidit, et ventura canens: fore, cum vagus olim
Sol claram ſpeciem concreto lumine tectus
Exuat, et ſubitò ſtellanti nocte perempta
Sufficiat nullam luna orbi argentea lucem,
Sanguineis faciem maculis perfuſa nigrantem,
Præcipitentque polo paſſim turbata labanti
Sidera, quæ lapſu certo, ſpatiove feruntur.
Viſque ea, quæ cœli irrequietos conciet orbes
Deſinat, incerto rapiantur ut omnia motu,
Atque propè avulſo abſiliat de cardine mundus:
Dum terras veluti rapidum per inania fulmen
Ipſe iterum petat, et multis cum millibus idem
Adveniens hominum vitas, et crimina quærat.
Ut res promiſſo ſimulac ſuccenderit igni
Flammarum totum tempeſtas ſparſa per orbem,
Continuò tellure nova, cœloque recenti
Defunctas animas vita in ſua corpora rurſus
Evocet ad blandum lumen, populoſque ſepulchris
Eliciat, ſecumque pios educat ad aſtra,
Quos Pater à prima prævidit origine rerum
Mente ſuos fore, et æthereo tranſcripſit Olympo.
Ibunt aligeri juvenes, cœlumque profundum
Horrifico ſonitu implebunt, atque ære recurvo

Quatuor

Let endleſs praiſe thy glorious name attend;
Wide o'er the world thy promis'd reign extend;
Till men on earth thy great beheſts fulfil,
As ſaints in heav'n obey thy bleſſed will.
A due proviſion for our wants afford
Each day, and kindly bleſs our frugal board.
Vouchſafe on us thy pardon to beſtow,
As we to others this indulgence ſhow:
Nor let temptation into ſin betray,
But drive all evil from our hearts away.
He then diſcours'd of great events to come,
What yet was rip'ning in time's ample womb:
That the bright ſun his glories ſhou'd reſign,
Nor longer with tranſcendent luſtre ſhine;
The ſilver moon her borrow'd light refrain,
While drops of blood the ſullen orb diſtain;
The ſtars, that wont in meaſur'd ſpace to roll
Thro' heav'n, fall headlong from the trembling pole.
At length ſhou'd ceaſe that unremitting force,
Which whirl'd the planets in their deſtin'd courſe;
Disjointed nature from her balance fly,
And all ruſh lawleſs thro' th' affrighted ſky:
Whilſt He, attended with a glorious train,
In awful pomp deſcends to earth again;
The various actions of mankind to trace,
And ſit in judgement on a ſinful race.
That ſoon as fire ſhou'd like a tempeſt roll
Wide o'er the world, and ſpread from pole to pole;
And from the mingled aſhes ſtrait ariſe
New earth, and new-form'd regions of the ſkies:
The ſouls of thoſe, that ages ſince were dead,
Our Lord wou'd ſummon from their ſilent bed,
And by his pow'r reſtore to life again;
Then mount Olympus with his pious train;
With all, whom heav'n's great Sire of old had known
His ſons, and previous mark'd them for his own.
Angelic youths ſhall fill the vaſt profound
With dreadful clangor; and with trumpet ſound,

From

Quatuor à ventis excibunt undique gentes:
Judicis ad ſolium properabitur æthere toto.
Ipſe altè effultus, montiſque in vertice ſummo
Arbiter effulgens circumferet ora tremenda,
Secernetque pios, dextraque in parte locabit:
Læva autem coget ſontes, quæ plurima turba.
Qualis poſt hyemem exactam, cùm gramine molli
Paſcua læta vocant ſtabulis armenta recluſis,
Ipſe greges paſtor nitidos miſſurus in agros
Sortitur: placidas primò legit ille bidentes
Dinumerans, olidaſque jubet procul eſſe capellas.
Cernere erit liquidas longè fulgere per auras
Corpora clara hominum, quibus atræ obnoxia morti
Abluet omnipotens Pater, æternumque manebunt,
Amplius haud rerum ſubjecti caſibus ullis.
Nemo illam ante diem ſperet cum corpore ſedes
Ætheris, exceptis paucis, quos ipſe ſepulcro
Exurgens ſecum ſuperis Deus invehet oris:
Solæ animæ interea tali ſtatione fruentur.
Contra autem ſontes tenebris ac nocte prementur
Æterna, et meritas pendent per ſecula pœnas:
Omnia quæ ſera nuper mihi nocte canebat,
Cùm caput ipſius in gremio mœrore gravatum,
Una eadem accumbens ſponda, admotuſque loquenti
Sæpe reclinarem, mœſti ſolamen amoris.

Quid repetam, quæ ſæpe vagi Jordanis ad undas
Ediderit? quæ Judææ ſub montibus altis?
Nunc cæcis vera involvens ambagibus ultro,
Nunc manifeſta palàm claro ſermone loquutus,
Dum populi circumſiſtunt, ſtipantque frequentes?

Nunc

From the four winds ſhall cite mankind to wait,
At CHRIST's tribunal, their appointed fate.
Millions at once ſhall throng the ample ſky;
He on a golden throne exalted high,
Sole Judge of men, ſhall dart his piercing ſight,
Select the juſt, and range them on the right;
But at his left to diſtance far ſhall place
The tribe of ſinners; an unnumber'd race.
Thus, in freſh ſpring, when forth each paſture calls
Th' exulting cattle from their wint'ry ſtalls,
Each ſtorm o'erblown, th' induſtrious ſhepherd ſwain,
Sev'ring his flocks that graze the verdant plain;
With niceſt care collects the woolly breed,
The goats at diſtance unregarded feed.
Then human bodies ſhall appear to ſight
Cloath'd in bright forms, refulgent as the light;
And freed henceforth from each terreſtrial ſtain,
Pure, uncorrupt thro' endleſs years remain;
No more obnoxious to diſeaſe or pain.
None, cloath'd with bodies, ſhall obtain a place,
Before that day, amidſt th' etherial race;
Some few except, who from the grave ſhall riſe,
And ſoar with CHRIST triumphant to the ſkies:
Till then the glorious privilege is giv'n
To ſouls alone, to ſhare the joys of heav'n.
But ſinners ſhall be doom'd to endleſs woe,
Amidſt the tortures of the realms below.
Theſe truths to me our Lord of late expreſs'd,
His head reclin'd, as uſual, on my breaſt;
When at the genial feaſt next Him I lay,
And ſtrove to baniſh anxious cares away.
Beneath Judæa's mountains, or beſide
The flow'ry banks, where Jordan rolls his tide;
Why ſhou'd I tell, what wonders he diſplay'd;
What truths he utter'd? in myſterious ſhade
Now veil'd his doctrines, now diſtinct and clear;
While throng'd aſſemblies with attention hear.

Himſelf

† Nunc ſe principium rerum, finemque canebat,
Nunc veri fontem, atque hominum lucemque viamque.
Nos fortunatam prognatam hoc tempore prolem,
Nos felix tellus, nos ſecula læta tulere:
Nobis divinam vocem, divina loquentis
Verba haurire Dei propius ſæpe obtigit unis.
Scilicet hinc luſtris veniet labentibus ætas,
Cùm ſeri optabunt eadem vidiſſe nepotes.

Talia Ioannes cunctis mirantibus ore
Perſtabat memorans: cum protinus ecce tumultu
Ingenti Solymûm irrumpit manus impia, et urbis
Rectorem appellant, pœnaſque uno ore repoſcunt.
Diffugiunt ambo, et magnam ſtat adire parentem,
Ignaramque diu tantarum fallere rerum.

Himſelf he ſtiles the origin and end
Of all things, that thro' nature's bounds extend;
The light, ordain'd before our paths to ſhine,
The way, the fountain, of all truth divine.
Thrice happy we! by heav'n's diſtinguiſh'd grace,
Born in this favour'd age, this happy place!
Who heard him oft to us alone convey,
His heav'nly doctrines in familiar way! [been,
What crowds henceforth ſhall wiſh themſelves had
The bleſs'd ſpectators of this envy'd ſcene!
Thus John repeats his tale; the wond'ring train
In ſilence liſt'ning to his heav'nly ſtrain;
When to the ruler a tumultuous band
Ruſh in, and inſtant puniſhment demand.
At this; the two diſciples in deſpair,
Haſte from the court, to ſeek the Virgin-fair;
Reſolv'd to ſooth her with a ſpecious tale,
And from her ears the dreadful truth conceal.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUINTUS.

INSONTI verò Romanus parcere capto
Toto corde petens, huc mentem dividit atque huc.
Fama viri, virtuſque animo, egregiique recurſat
Oris honos, nec jam obſcurum genus eſſe deorum.
Omnia reſpondent auditis: denique ad ipſos
Converſus Solymos, fremitu tectum omne replentes:
Ite, ait, et poſito mox huc certamine adeſte.
Sit qui pro cunctis numero delectus ab omni
Fando aliquis doceat, quo tandem is crimine morte
Mulctandus, quod tantum obſtet ſcelus, ordine pandat,
Inſonti: ſimul hæc, ſimul illi abiere frementes,
Chriſto animis certi nunquam deſiſtere vivo.

Parte alia, Regem qui fœdè prodidit hoſti,
Mutatus ſcelus agnoſcit perjurus Iüdas:
Ah miſer! infectum quàm vellet poſſe reverti?
Nulla quies animo: ſævire in pectore diræ
Ultrices, cæcaſque ob noxam ſumere pœnas.
Nec capit inſanos curarum pectore fluctus:

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. V.

BUT Pilate conſcious of his worth, to ſpare
The guiltleſs Captive bends his ardent care.
+ Much he revolves the Hero's deeds divine,
His form majeſtic, and illuſtrious line.
Each point minutely weigh'd, the truth he found,
As public rumour had divulg'd around.
Then turning to the raging prieſts, he cried,
Hence, for a ſpace; and lay theſe feuds aſide:
That done; let one from forth the council ſay,
What dire offences to his charge ye lay?
Why the hard penalty of death's decreed
To One, unconſcious of a guilty deed?
Thus ſpoke the chief; the murmuring prieſts depart,
Revenge and malice lurking in their heart.
Meanwhile the † villain, who by av'rice ſway'd,
But late ſo baſely had his Lord betray'd;
Now from the miſts of cloudy paſſion freed,
Repenting ſees, and owns his guilty deed.
Ah! wretch! a prey to ills before unknown,
How did he wiſh the fatal fact undone!
Hell's diſmal fiends invade his conſcious breaſt,
Arm'd with revenge, and rob his ſoul of reſt;
Nor has he pow'r to keep in bounds confin'd,
The woes that harbour in his anxious mind.

† Judas

Hence

Nec vetitos thalamos, inconceſſumque cubile
Affectate, ..tiſque alieni deſinat auri.
Quiſque ſuis opibus contenti vivite, et ultro
Spes interdictas, et inania ponite vota.
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Siqua tamen veteris culpæ veſtigia reſtant,
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Sufficiam, properate ad aquas: haurite liquentem
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Ferte pedem huc omnes, nec opus potantibus auro,
Argentove: mei fontis patet omnibus unda.
Sic leti vitate vias, ita ſidera aditur,
Sidereaſque domos, mutari neſcia regna.
Hæc mihi prædixit Genitor, quæ voce monerem
Veridica: ſunt fonte mihi verba omnia ab illo.

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Which prompts to climb your neighbour's bed by
ſtealth;
Nor pine in ſecret for another's wealth.
Each his own lot with meek contentment bear,
Nor to forbidden hopes extend his care.
But not at once all vices to deſcribe,
What ſhall I ſay of that pernicious tribe;
Who baſe and luſtful, yet their crimes conceal,
Beneath the covert of a ſacred veil?
Let not (I charge you) ſo abhorr'd a peſt,
Taint the pure virtues of your ſpotleſs breaſt,
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Theſe truths I learn'd from heav'n's eternal King,
And all my precepts from that fountain ſpring.
This ſaid, our Lord exhorts th' attendant train,
Not with the blood of holy victims ſlain;
But for each great tranſgreſſion to atone,
By pray'rs directed to Jehovah's throne.
Then thus inſtructs the liſt'ning tribes to pray—
Almighty Sire! who rul'ſt with ſov'reign ſway;

Quos? quibus? at moror, et ludunt inſomnia mentem.
Vos, precor, ô mihi vos magnæ nunc hiſcite terræ.
Quid dubito? nunc te tangunt ſcelera impia, Juda
Infelix: tunc debueras, tunc iſta decebant,
Cùm revocare pedem, cùm fas occurrere peſti.
Nunc morere, atque nefas tu tantùm ulciſcere dextra
Sponte tua, lucemque volens, hominesque relinque.

Talia jactabat, certus jam abrumpere vitam
Inviſam, et ſævum leto finire dolorem,
Curarum hanc unam metam ratus, atque laborum.
Fluctuat, atque ſibi ſemper tellure videtur
Abſumi, aut rapido de cœlo afflarier igni.
Uſque adeò ante oculos capti obverſatur imago.
Pallor in ore, acies circumlita ſanguine, et artus
Algentes tremit, inſtantis veſtigia leti,
Et nox multa cava faciem circumvolat umbra.
Omnia nigreſcunt tenebris caliginis atræ.
Demens, qui potius veniam ſperare fatendo
Non auſus, neque enim precibus non flectitur ullis
Rex ſuperûm, et juſtæ bonus obliviſcitur iræ.
Ergo ille inceptis perſtans, et ſedibus hærens
Iiſdem abiit, ſylvæque tremens ſucceſſit opacæ,
Regia quæ propter frondebat plurima tecta.
Atque ibi dum trepidat, qua tandem morte quieſcat,
Incertus, latebraſne animæ ſcrutetur acuto
Fortiter, et pectus procumbens induat enſe:
An ſe præcipiti jaciat de culmine ſaltu,
Ipſæ quæ attonitum, mortiſque cupidine captum
Ducebant ſemper furiæ, infenſæque præibant,

Informem

Whom? whither? how?—but ſadly I delay,
And idle dreams my reſtleſs mind betray.
Oh! parent earth! deep, deep a paſſage rend,
And let me quickly to th' abyſs deſcend.
Why do I ſtay? dire deeds at length confeſs'd,
Too wretched Judas! touch thy conſcious breaſt.
Then, then theſe thoughts had roſe in better time,
When early prudence might have check'd the crime.
Now die; and with thine own right hand beſtow
The wound, that ſends thee to the realms below.
Thus wail'd the piteous wretch; reſolv'd to die,
And end on earth his load of miſery.
Of all expedients this alone appears,
The beſt adapted to relieve his cares.
Whilſt undetermin'd on the means of death,
He ſeems now ſinking in the earth beneath;
Now ſtruck with fire from heav'n; ſuch conſtant dread,
His Lord's laſt image thro' his boſom ſpread.
Pale were his cheeks, and wan; and in his eyes,
Ghaſtly with fear, red ſtains of blood ariſe;
O'er all his limbs cold ſhiv'ring damps appear,
Alarming ſymptoms of deſtruction near:
A gloomy horror on his viſage lay,
And all around was darkneſs and diſmay.
Fool that he was! not inſtant to addreſs
His Lord for pardon, and the guilt confeſs;
Since heav'n's high King is mov'd by ardent pray'rs,
Remits his anger, and th' offender ſpares.
Now bent his dreadful purpoſe to purſue,
No more he ſtay'd, expos'd to public view;
But ſought the deep receſſes of a wood,
Which brown with horror, near the palace ſtood.
While trembling there in ſad ſuſpenſe he ſtaid;
Uncertain, whether with the trenchant blade
To pierce his breaſt; or from ſome mountain's height,
With headlong leap precipitate his flight.
The fiends themſelves, who fir'd with deadly hate,
Purſu'd the wretch, and urg'd him to his fate;

Informem prona nectentes arbore nodum,
Oſtendere viam: collo namque inde pependit,
Ut meritus, laqueoque infami extrema ſequutus
Spiramenta animæ eliſo gutture rupit,
Et totos ſubitò pendens extabuit artus.

Nondum picta novo cœli plaga mane rubebat,
Jamque ſacerdotes concurſu cuncta replentes
Veſtibulum juxta aſtabant, longiſque fremebant
Porticibus: nempe antiquo de more licebat
Nulli luce ſacra pollutum inſiſtere limen.
Tandem Romulides, juvenum ſtipante caterva
Faſcibus egreditur patriis, oſtroque ſuperbus,
Et ſolio ante fores ſedit ſublimis eburno.
Conſedere patres pariter juxtà ordine et ipſi,
Atque diu ſiluere. Orſus dux denique fatur:

Dicite quo tandem demitti crimine morti
Poſcitis egregium juvenem: quæſivimus ipſi
Et genus, et vitam: nil dignum morte repertum,
Sed potius factis fama illum ingentibus effert.
Ut propius vinctum vidi, audivique loquentem,
Ut ſtupui? ut viſus mihi nil mortale ſonare,
Cuncta Deo ſimilis, vultum, vocemque, oculoſque?
Aut certè Deus ille, Dei aut certiſſima proles.
Cedite, ne regem veſtrum ignorate volentes.

His dictis cunctis penitus dolor oſſibus arſit
Ingens: infremuere omnes, gemitumque dedere.
Tum ſenior ſurgit fandi doctiſſimus Annas
In medio, et dictis exorſus talibus infit:

Si tibi non aliis per ſe manifeſta pateret
Res ſignis, Romane, vel hinc dignoſcere promptum

Cuique

Fix'd on a branch a pendent cord, and ſhow'd
To death's dark regions an unerring road.
For round his neck he ties, in deep deſpair,
The fatal ſtring, and hangs aloft in air.
The nooze ſo cloſely to his throat addreſs'd,
From life's ſtrong ties the ſtruggling ſoul releas'd;
The putrid limbs corrupt the air around,
And all his entrails guſh'd upon the ground.
Scarce had the morn, in purple veſt array'd,
Her early bluſhes o'er the world diſplay'd;
When now the Jews, a loud tumultuous band,
With ſurly murmurs at the threſhold ſtand:
Diſdaining, by an ancient cuſtom led,
On ſabbath days th' unhallow'd floor to tread.
At length the Roman, with a num'rous throng
Of youths attended, moves in pomp along:
The faſces mark his ſway; before the gate
He ſits majeſtic on his throne of ſtate.
Around, the Chiefs their ſeats in order took;
Silence enſu'd; at length the ruler ſpoke:
Say, for what great offences ye conſign
To cruel death, this Youth of race divine?
Myſelf have ſifted all his life of late;
Nor find what merits ſo ſevere a fate.
His deeds, to yield him juſtice, rather claim
The glorious tribute of immortal fame.
When near this awful throne I ſaw him bound,
And trembling heard his tongue's cœleſtial ſound;
How was my ſoul amaz'd? each geſture ſhow'd,
Each word, each look, the tokens of a God.
Or God he is, or God's undoubted Son;
Then yield ſubmiſſive, and your Sov'reign own.
At this; their grief in murmurs they expreſs'd,
And a loud groan deep iſſu'd from their breaſt.
Then Annas, ſkill'd in elocution, ſtood
Before the reſt, and thus the charge purſu'd:
Were not the fact from other tokens known,
Illuſtrious Roman! yet from hence alone,

Cuique foret, teque in primis dux multa moveri
Convenit, huc cùm tot collectos undique cives
Conveniſſe vides unius crimina contra.
Hic auctor fandi multos ſermone fefellit,
Et facie (ne cede dolis) mentitur honeſta
Virtutem, ſcelerum tegit alto in pectore amorem.
Nonne vides, hæc relligio quò ſe nova vertat,
Orgia quò, cœtuſque, et nocturni comitatus?
Seditione potens Judæas ſuſcitat urbes,
Auſus ſe paſſim terrarum dicere regem,
Progeniemque Patris ſummi, cui ſidera parent:
Atque ideo veluti Deus, ultro crimina faſſis
Dat veniam, pœnæque metum poſt funera ſolvit:
Quod ſcelus haud aliter poterit quàm morte piare,
Sic veteres ſanxere: ſed et vetera ipſe retractans
Jura, novas figit ſimulato numine leges,
Inſtituitque novos ritus, nova ſacra per urbes,
Quæ ſervent ſeri ventura in ſecla nepotes.
Quin ipſas haud obſcura, prò, voce minatur
Dejecturum aras, ſeque igni templa daturum,
Templa olim impenſis tantorum ſtructa laborum.
Et jamjam volet ipſum etiam reſtinguere ſolem,
Sideraque obſeſſo verbis deducere cœlo.
Haud ſcelus ille tamen fallaci pectore quivit
Diſſimulare diu: neque enim ſcelerata ſubire
Tecta horret, nec ſe vetitis conventibus aufert
Admonitus, ſociique epulis capiuntur opimis.
Quinetiam, interdum ſiqua tota impius urbe
Inventus fama ante alios ob crimina notus,
Continuò paribus gaudens adit impiger illum,
Nec requies, donec ſibi conciliârit amicum.

Tantus

From this acknowledg'd and undoubted teſt,
Each may collect, and thou beyond the reſt
Be greatly mov'd; ſuch numbers here to find,
Againſt one ſingle Criminal combin'd.
This ſubtil Orator, with wily art
Miſguides the crowd, and ſteals into their heart;
In his fair front are virtue's charms expreſs'd,
But love of vice lurks deep within his breaſt.
Whence ſprings this new religion? with what view,
Theſe midnight orgies, and his ruffian crew?
Skill'd in accurs'd ſedition, he alarms
Judæa's cities, and excites to arms;
O'er the wide earth uſurps deſpotic ſway,
And calls Him Sire, whom heav'n's bright hoſts obey.
Hence acting like a ſov'reign God, on thoſe
Who own their crimes, his pardon he beſtows;
Removes all dread of future wrath away;
For which preſumption death alone muſt pay.
This ſacred rule from ancient date obtain'd;
But He, contemning what our ſires ordain'd,
Strange laws enacts, and aims on men to lay
New rites, which future ages muſt obey.
Beſides; he proudly threatens to o'erturn
Our hallow'd altars, and that ſtructure burn,
Which with expence and toil our ſires on high
Rais'd to the ſov'reign Ruler of the ſky.
Soon will he call by force of magic down
The wand'ring ſtars of heav'n, and quench the ſun.
Yet ne'er cou'd art for length of time diſguiſe,
His num'rous vices from diſcerning eyes.
For neither does this worthy Chief forbear,
To roofs of noted ſinners to repair;
Nor, tho' advis'd, from lawleſs routs refrain,
Or coſtly banquets, with his ſocial train.
Nay, ſhou'd ſome daring criminal be found,
O'er all notorious, and for vice renown'd;
Strait to ſuch wretch his footſteps will he bend,
Nor reſt one moment till he calls him friend.

Tantus amor ſcelerum, tantùm illi fallere cordi,
Tum, feſtis cùm fas nihil exercere diebus,
Ipſe tamen pellit morbos, ægriſque medetur.
Quid memorem, ut ſocii vetitis impunè per ædes
Veſcantur dapibus, Cereremque et pocula tractent
Haud prius ablutis manibus, ſine more, ſine ullis
Legibus, immundi, contactuque omnia fœdent?
Scilicet omnipotens placitos tot ſecula ritus
Retractet Pater, et mentem ſententia vertat.
Quæ nova tempeſtas? eane inconſtantia cœlo?
Dede neci, ne thuricremas, quibus imminet, aras
Deſtruat, et poſthac non auſit talia quiſquam.
Dede neci, pœnas ſceleri impius hauriat æquas:
A ſacris prohibe infandos altaribus ignes.

Dixerat, atque omnes eadem ſimul ore fremebant.
Romulus at dictis nequicquam flectitur ullis:
Nec nova primùm audit nunc crimina, cuncta nefando
Scit fabricata odio, dum CHRISTI gloria, et ingens
Sacrilegos ſtimulis virtus exercet amaris.
Atque ait: hæc coràm fama eſt vos ſæpius illi
Objeciſſe, quibus ſemper ſermone paratus
Reſtitit, et vera victor ratione refellit.
Nec ſe progeniem ſuperi negat ipſe Parentis,
Quem vos promiſſum cœlo divinitus olim
Venturum tandem auxilio mortalibus ægris
Non latet, ut veteres Genitoris molliat iras
Concilians generi veſtro, culpamque parentum
Ipſe ſua virtute luat: ſic ferre priorum
Accepi monimenta; patres id prodere veſtros.
Et rebus probat ipſe: adeò circùm oppida luſtrans
Arrexit totam monſtris ingentibus oram,

Quæ

Such is his love of impious vice confeſs'd,
And ſuch the fraud that harbours in his breaſt.
Ev'n on our days of ſolemn reſt, he gives
His aid to numbers, and their ſick relieves.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak, how oft his follow'rs join
In feſtal rites, unaw'd by laws divine;
How void of ſcruple bread and wine they taſte
With hands uncleanſed, and pollute the feaſt.
Belike heav'n's Sire, by new opinions ſway'd,
Revokes the edicts which of old he made!
By what new ſtorms and tempeſts are we driv'n?
Dwells ſuch a ſtrange inconſtancy in heav'n?
To death devote him; leſt the daring foe
Our ſacred altars, and our rites o'erthrow:
So ſhall no wretch of all his impious train,
Preſume to venture on ſuch deeds again.
Let him in death his juſt reward receive,
And hence our altars from the flames retrieve.
While Annas thus the gen'ral voice expreſs'd,
Unmov'd the Roman hears their vain requeſt.
Inform'd by late experience, well he knows,
That all from rancour and reſentment roſe;
While CHRIST's atchievements and illuſtrious fame,
With bitter envy ſet their ſoul on flame.
Then thus—Theſe various crimes, by malice ſway'd,
Full oft, O rulers! to his charge ye laid;
But arm'd with wiſdom ſtill he ſhun'd the dart
Unhurt, and baffled all the wiles of art.
Ev'n now He ſcruples not Himſelf to own
The true Meſſiah, God's anointed Son;
Diſmiſs'd from heav'n, in aid of human race,
His Father's juſt reſentment to efface;
And with his blood for all the guilt atone,
Incurr'd, from ages, by th' offence of one.
Thus ſpeak your prophets (if I'm rightly told)
And thus th' authentic monuments of old.
Witneſs his own exploits; for wide around
Judæa's coaſt, his miracles reſound;

Deeds,

Quæ non ullæ artes hominum, non ulla poteſt vis.
Quinetiam in lucem quoſdam revocavit ab umbris,
Queîs penitus jam mors totos immiſſa per artus
Solverat hærentes animæ de corpore nexus.
Quare agite ô odiis miſeri deſueſcite iniquis.
Ne fruſtra pugnate, Deum ſed diſcite veſtrum.

Dixerat: at magis atque magis violentia gliſcit
Omnibus, ingenti clamore inſiſtere, et unà
Infreni ſævire, humeriſque abſcindere amictum.
Nec ſecus increvere animis ardentibus iræ,
Quàm cum Atheſimve, Padumve undis læta arva parantem
Diluere, agricolæ ſubiti compeſcere tendunt
Aggeris objectu præceps magis æſtuat amnis
Inſultans, victorque altas ruit agmine moles.

Fortè autem rex, et ſoboles hoc tempore regum
Herodes ſtudio ſacrorum advenerat urbem.
Munere Romulidum pars huic amiſſa paterni
Reddita erat regni, Galilææque oppida habebat.
Quem poſtquàm accepit rector Romanus adeſſe,
Solveret ingrato quo ſeſe munere tandem,
Tranſmiſit Galilæum illi vinctum Galilæo,
Atque ipſum juſſit vitamque, et crimina, ſiqua,
Quærere, pro meritiſque viro decernere pœnas.
Tum verò audito CHRISTI rex nomine, lætus
Duci intrò jubet, ingenti correptus amore
Compellare virum, ac propius vera ora tueri.
Quem dehinc aggreditur vario ſermone: ſed ille
Nil contrà, atque oculos nuſquam avertebat Olympo.
Ergo illum nil ſupra hominem miratus, et ultro
Irridens, iterum jubet ad prætoria duci.
Et rurſum haud læto Romano redditur inſons.

Hìc

Deeds, which ſuperior to the ſettled courſe
Of nature's laws, tranſcend all human force.
Nay ſome, whom death himſelf had captive made,
His pow'r has reſcu'd from the gloomy ſhade.
Then learn this impious malice to ſuppreſs,
Reſiſt no longer, but your God confeſs.
Thus he; but louder now the tumult grows,
And madding fury in their boſom roſe:
They ſhout, they clamour; and with rage oppreſs'd,
Tear from their rev'rend limbs the ſacred veſt.
No bounds their anger and reſentment know;
Thus when the ſtreams of Atheſis, or Po,
Prepare to deluge all the fields around,
The ſwains alarm'd oppoſe the riſing mound;
The waves roll headlong with impetuous ſway,
And unreſiſted ſweep the dams away.
It chanc'd that Herod, who with wide command
His ſceptre ſtretch'd o'er Galilæan land,
By Rome's high ſuff'rance; at that ſeaſon grac'd,
With his great preſence, this religious feaſt.
Soon as the monarch's entrance in the town,
By public rumour was to Pilate known;
Glad this ungracious office to prevent,
To Herod's court the captive Youth he ſent:
Bids him with care enquire; and, fairly try'd,
With ſtricteſt juſtice on his cauſe decide.
Pleas'd at the name of CHRIST; forthwith the king,
Commands th' attendants to his throne to bring
This wond'rous Chief; inflam'd with zeal to join,
In ſocial converſe with the Youth divine.
But tho' full oft to move diſcourſe he tries,
Yet nought to all his queſtions he replies;
Nor once from heav'n averts his ardent eyes.
And thus diſcerning in his air and face,
No ſtriking tokens of cœleſtial race;
He ſends him back to Pilate with diſdain,
Who thence receives him uncondemn'd again.

Here

Hîc me deficiunt animi, mens labitur ægra:
Horreſco meminiſſe, Dei quæ vera propago
Pertulerit mala, factus homo Deus, auctor Olympi,
Quem mare, quem tellus, vacuique patentia tractûs
Atria, nec capit immenſi plaga lucida cœli.
Aura tuo omnipotens vires mihi refice lapſu,
Aura polo demiſſa, tuo hîc me numine firma.
Hæc animi victus quoties evolvere tento,
Omnia me circum nigreſcunt, pallida cerno
Aſtra, caputque atra roſeum ferrugine ſolem
Occulere, et mœſtum in lacrymas ſe ſolvere cœlum.
Tantane te pietas miſerantem incommoda noſtra,
Tantus adegit amor, cœli ô lux clara ſereni,
Vera Dei ut ſoboles, verus Deus æthere miſſus,
Tam gravia hæc velles perpeſſuque aſpera ferre;
Divinumque caput terrena mole gravatus
Subjiceres tot ſponte malis? hæc præmia ferres,
Noſtra tua bonus ut deleres crimina morte?
Nos dulces vetita decerpſimus arbore fœtus,
Tu trunco infando pendens crudele luiſti
Supplicium, ô nimium noſtros miſerate labores.
Tu quamvis Deus, atque Dei indubitata propago,
Heu! nunc hæc hominum, nunc cogeris illa ſubire
Arbitria in vinclis, et judicis ora vereri,
Qui toti advenies olim datus arbiter orbi.

Pontius, ut vinctum ſua rurſum ad limina reddi
Conſpicit, arbitrio nec ſe ſubducere triſti
Poſſe videt, ſævis curarum tunditur undis,
Jamque his, jamque aliis iterumque iterumque retentat
Crudeles animos, et parcere neſcia corda
Irritus, ac ſtudio fruſtra adverſatur inani.

Here my ſtrength fails, my ſpirits ſink away;
Thoſe num'rous ills I tremble to ſurvey,
Which God's own Offspring in our nature bore;
That mighty Being of ſtupendous pow'r;
Whoſe ſov'reign preſence, by no bounds controul'd,
Nor earth, nor air, nor heav'n itſelf can hold.
Almighty Spirit! from thy throne deſcend,
And to my weary'd ſoul thy ſuccour lend.
Oft as my mind recalls each dreadful deed,
Horror at once, and darkneſs round me ſpread;
The ſun's bright face obſcure with ſpots appears,
Pale ſhine the ſtars, and heav'n diſſolves in tears.
Thy breaſt cou'd pity, cou'd boundleſs love,
For loſt offenders to ſuch pity move,
That Thou, oh! Light of heav'n! ſhoud'ſt ſtoop to bear,
Of human miſery ſo vaſt a ſhare;
And cloath'd in fleſh, ſpontaneouſly expoſe,
Thy ſacred Perſon to ſuch weight of woes!
Is this the tribute, the reward we pay
To Thee, whoſe blood muſt waſh our crimes away?
Our impious hands the fatal tree prophan'd;
Thyſelf alone the puniſhment ſuſtain'd:
Whilſt on the croſs Thou gav'ſt too dear a ſign,
To wretched ſinners, of thy love divine.
Thou, tho' a God, and God's undoubted Son,
Trembleſt on earth before an human throne;
Forc'd, as imperial pow'r directs the way,
Now this, now that tribunal to obey!
Thou! whom with wonder future times ſhall find,
The world's dread Judge, and Sov'reign of mankind.
When Pilate now th' unhappy Youth ſurvey'd,
Once more a Captive to his throne convey'd,
Himſelf conſtrain'd the trial to decide;
A thouſand cares his anxious thoughts divide.
Bent to releaſe the Chief; with various art,
He tries to ſoften their relentleſs heart,
To ſooth the paſſions of this wayward train;
But all his labours and his ſkill were vain.

The

Quàm magis ille animis tendit ſermone mederi
Nunc ſupplex, placiduſque, minis nunc aſper acerbis:
Tam magis accenſis crudeſcunt cordibus iræ.
Tandem ait: hæc redeunt (veſtrorum antiqua parentum
Vana ſuperſtitio) certis cùm ſacra diebus,
Unum ego de multis incluſis carcere ſuevi
Reddere, et ex arctis impunè emittere vinclis.
Hunc igitur vobis ipſum ſolvine jubetis
Inſontem? nam quem potius dimittere poſſim?
Et jam pœnarum ſatis, ac feritatis abundè eſt.
Aut ſolvo, aut porrò vos hinc abducite, et atræ,
Ut libet, immeritum ſine me dimittite morti.

Non tulit, et medium ſermonem abrupit acerbans
Crimina falſa cohors, et pœnas ingravat ore.
Fortè illis Barabas populo, patribuſque diebus
Inviſus, quo non ſcelere uſquam immanior alter,
Jamdudum in vinclis pœnam expectabat acerbam.
Nulla fugæ ſpes prorſus, ei via nulla ſalutis.
Huic igitur præſes vellentne, an parcere CHRISTO,
Scitatur, ſperans ita tandem evadere poſſe.
Illi autem victique odiis, cæcique furore
Exolvi Barabam poſcunt, veniamque precantur
Uni omnes, CHRISTUMque abſumi funere tendunt,
Atque obſtant ſumma ſtudiis rectoris opum vi.

Ille autem loris cædi, virgiſque ſalignis
Divinum mandat (viſu lacrymabile) corpus.
Fors, ait, innocui potero hac extinxe cruoris
Arte ſitim: ſic immitis miſerebitur hoſtis,
Et lacerum totos cernentes comminus artus,

Ipſi

The more he ſtrives their fury to allay,
By menace now, and now by gentler ſway;
The more fierce anger, by no bounds confin'd,
With keen reſentment, ſtill inflames their mind.
At length—The ſeaſon now returns, he ſaid,
When by your ancient ſuperſtition led,
Myſelf have ever on this annual feaſt,
To pleaſe your tribes, one criminal releas'd.
Say, will ye claim this Youth of heav'nly race?
None better merits ſuch diſtinguiſh'd grace.
Enough already has he felt the weight
Of ranc'rous malice, and revengeful hate.
Hence ſhall the Chief a free diſmiſſion gain;
Or in your breaſts if rage and envy reign,
Yourſelves the authors, let this victim be
To death devoted, unapprov'd by me.
No more he ſaid; for now the furious band
Each crime embitter, and his death demand.
It chanc'd Barabbas, then in priſon bound,
A wretch for ev'ry wickedneſs renown'd,
Juſt object of the prieſts and people's hate;
Was daily waiting his approaching fate:
No hopes he had, by preſent dread o'ercome,
No glimpſe of reſcue from impending doom.
With cautious art the Roman leaves the choice
Of either captive, to the public voice:
In hopes, ſuch project wou'd ſucceſsful prove,
And all the odium from himſelf remove.
But they, as ſtronger the wild frenſy grows,
Reſiſt the ruler, and his ſchemes oppoſe;
To free Barabbas all their pow'r employ,
And aim the guiltleſs Captive to deſtroy.
Now Pilate bids his band the Youth ſurround,
And ſcourge his heav'nly limbs with many a wound.
Perhaps, he cries, this ſpecious art may prove
The means, their thirſt of vengeance to remove.
Perhaps the foe, eye-witneſs of the pains,
And cruel tortures the brave Chief ſuſtains;

Ipſi ultro ſatiati, animos à morte reducent.
Jam largo undabat fœdatum ſanguine corpus,
Perfuſique artus tabo, liventia colla,
Collaque, brachiaque, et detectæ verbere coſtæ,
Atque ejectabat craſſum roſeo ore cruorem.
Talem in conſpectu populi ſtatuere, cruentos
Nudum humeros, pectuſque, ambaſque à poplite plantas,
Nam medium texto velabat carbaſus albo.
Palluit aſpectu cœlum, conterrita fugit
Cornibus obtuſis ſub terram argentea luna,
Nimboſoque diu latitans evanuit ore,
Et pariter viſa aſtra polo cecidiſſe ſereno.
Non tamen hoſtiles explevit ſanguine pœnas:
Sed magis atque magis crudeſcunt corda precando,
Quæ non ullæ artes, quæ vis non mitigat ulla.
Immerito letum intendunt, extremaque poſcunt
Supplicia infenſi: reſonant clamoribus alta
Atria, certatim ſe cuncti hortantur in iras.
Eumenides, miſſique inferna è nocte miniſtri
Tartarei, tenues animæ, ſine corpore vitæ
Circumeunt, ſtimuloſque acuunt ardentibus acres,
Et lucem eripiunt miſeris, agitantque furentes.

Romanum intereà monet ipſa exterrita viſis
Per ſomnum conjux, juvenis ne ſanguine ſeſe
Polluat, abſtineat capto, portenta minari
Magna Deum in ſomnis: is erat, is candidus ille
Agnus, ait, (nunquam ludunt me ſomnia vana)
Quem circumfuſique canes, ſudibuſque petebant
Paſtorum globus omnis: eum mox omnia ademptum
Paſcuaque, et notis flebant cum ſaltibus agri.

At

Satiate at length, will give reſentment o'er,
Pity his woes, and threaten death no more.
Now, mixt with filth, diſtill'd on ev'ry ſide
Down from his mangled limbs, a crimſon tide;
His neck, his arms with ſtripes were purpled o'er,
And from his mouth guſh'd forth the clotted gore.
Thus bruis'd, and wounded, and with ſtreaming blood
Beſmear'd; a piteous ſpectacle he ſtood:
All other parts uncover'd; but his waſte
Woven with art a ſnowy veil embrac'd.
High heav'n aſtoniſh'd trembled at the ſight;
The ſilver moon obſcur'd her borrow'd light,
And fled beneath the earth; the ſtars were ſeen
To fall, like meteors, from a ſky ſerene.
But yet avail'd not all theſe ills he bore
Their rage to ſatiate; ſtill they thirſt for more:
Their malice knows no bounds; nor force, nor art,
Can tame th' invet'rate rancour of their heart.
Nought leſs than death their anger can ſuffice;
Death they demand; with loud tumultuous cries
The court reſounds; they catch each other's ire,
And ev'ry boſom feels the riſing fire.
Th' infernal fiends, and all the dreadful train
Of ſpirits, ſent from Pluto's dark domain,
Prompt in this helliſh ſervice to engage,
Inflame their paſſions, and aſſiſt their rage.
Meanwhile the ruler's ſpouſe, in dread affright,
Scar'd at the boding omens of the night,
Warns him from impious murder to abſtain,
Nor with the Captive's blood his hands profane:
That in her dreams th' incens'd and angry ſkies
Portend alarms—This Youth, this Youth, ſhe cries,
Was ſure that harmleſs Lamb, all ſnowy white,
(No vain deluſive viſion of the night)
Whom barking dogs, methought, enclos'd around,
And ſwains attempted in their rage to wound;
Yet whom, when dead alas! and now no more,
The woods, the vallies, and the meads deplore.

At Pater altitonans manifeſta percitus ira,
Deſuper auctores cædis ſævibat in ipſos.
Turbatum extemplò viſum ruere undique cœlum,
Et campos latè ac ſylvas quatere horrida grando.
Tum ſubitò audita ex alto, voxque acta per auras:
Parce Deo, Romane, hominum compeſce furorem:
Credo equidem hunc (non te fallit) genus eſſe deorum.
Parce manus ſcelerare: pio, vir, parce cruori.
Ipſi hæc cœlicolæ placidi portenta refutent:
Judæoſque petant ſolos, generique minentur.

Talibus auditis, Solymos animo acrior urget
Romulides, certus veſano obſtare furori.
Jamque minis agit, et dictis haud ampliùs arcet
Mollibus inſanos, et non toleranda frementes:
Jamque videbatur demptis dimittere vinclis
Velle virum, et tantis ſe tandem ſolvere curis.

Senſit atrox Erebo umbrarum regnator in imo,
Æternam ſervans memori ſub pectore curam.
Ingemuit, vincique animo indignatus amaro eſt.
Protinus horriferum latebroſa ab ſede Timorem
Evocat, atrum, ingens, et ineluctabile monſtrum.
Triſtior haud ulla eſt umbroſis peſtis in oris
Scilicet, atque hominum egregiis magis æmula cœptis.
Frigus ei comes, et dejecto Ignavia vultu.
Extemplò hanc ſuperas torpentem aſcendere ad auras
Imperat, intonſi quà molli vertice ſurgunt
Phœnicum montes, Solymorumque alta ſubire
Mœnia, ut Auſonii flectat ducis aſpera corda
Dejiciens, ſubigatque metu deſiſtere cœpto.
Juſſa facit: ſibi nigrantes accommodat alas
Nocturnarum avium, inque atros ſe colligit artus.
Jamque emenſa viæ tractus obſcœna volucris,
Purpurei crebra ante oculos ſe præſidis ecce
Fertque, refertque volans circùm importuna, ſonanſque

Nunc

But now by warning ſigns th' eternal Sire,
Againſt the tribes proclaims his vengeful ire.
The heav'ns ruſh headlong, and tempeſtuous floods
Of rain and hail, burſt dreadful o'er the woods.
Then thus a voice deſcends from heav'n's abode—
Reſtrain theſe wrongs, O Roman! ſpare the God;
Thou know'ſt his ſacred race; to ſave be thine,
Nor ſtain thy juſtice with his blood divine:
Theſe ſigns to thee propitious ſhall be ſhown,
And heav'n's dread omens threat the Jews alone.
This heard; the ruler now reſolv'd t'oppoſe
Their utmoſt malice, checks the raging foes:
To ſooth their fiery zeal no more he deigns
With ſoft perſuaſions, but with threats reſtrains.
And now he ſeems juſt ready to reſign
The Youth to freedom, and the charge decline.
This dread ſuſpenſe with trembling mind ſurvey'd
Th' infernal monarch of the ſtygian ſhade;
And vext, his projects were ſo near o'erthrown,
Heav'd from his ſullen breaſt a diſmal groan.
Then from his cell he calls the phantom, Fear;
An horrid monſter, gloomy, dark, and drear:
No direr peſt reſides in hell below,
Nor more to man's illuſtrious deeds a foe:
Pale, timid Sloth attends his fault'ring pace,
And liſtleſs Languor, with dejected face.
He bids him ſtrait his lazy progreſs bend,
Where the rough hills of Paleſtine aſcend;
Then to the walls of Solyma repair;
At length approach th' imperial dome, and there
Inſtilling dread, the Roman's ſchemes o'erthrow,
And force the chief his purpoſe to forego.
The fiend obeys, and wings his duſky flight,
Borne on the pinions of the bird of night.
And now transform'd to ſuch, in ſhape and ſize,
Inſtant he flew before the ruler's eyes;
In airy circles wheel'd his courſe around,
And ſcreaming dreadful with ill-omen'd ſound,

Nunc pectus, nunc ora nigris everberat alis,
Immiſitque gelu, et præcordia frigore vinxit.
Diriguit viſu ſubitò, atque exalbuit ille,
Surrectæque comæ ſteterunt, geliduſque per oſſa
Horror iit, genua ægra labant, vox faucibus hæſit.
Quem ſimulac cives ſenſere inſueta timentem,
Pallentemque genas, et toto corpore verſum,
His ſubitò arrepto clamantes tempore dictis
Aggreſſi: iſte auſus vulgò ſe fingere regem,
Aſpirat ſceptris, regiſque affectat honores.
Quem ſi fortè neci mavis ſubducere, nec te
Crimina tanta movent, Judæas protinus urbes
Seditione potens Romanis legibus, omnemque
Artibus avertet Syriam ditione Quiritum.
Res igitur tibi ſi curæ Romana, decuſque
Cæſaris, hanc ſuperis peſtem citus aufer ab oris,
Hauriat ut meritas haud uno crimine pœnas,
Ne gentem repant contagia dira per omnem.

Talia perſtabant uno omnes ore frementes.
Dux verò expertus genus intractabile, regis
Palluit ad nomen (præcordia ad intima ſævit
Subdita peſtis enim) nec jam ſuperantibus obſtat
Amplius, et ſeſe victus, cedenſque remittit.
Haud ultrà potis inſano pugnare furori.
Ceu cùm roſtratæ ſeſe oppoſuere triremi
Protinus adverſi mediis in fluctibus Euri,
Luctatur primùm celſa de puppe magiſter,
Hortaturque viros validis inſurgere tonſis:
Demum ubi ſe niti contra intolerabile cœlum
Incaſſum videt, ac ventos ſuperare furentes,
Vertit iter, quocunque vocat fortuna per æquor
Multivium, atque auris parens ſubremigat æger.
Haud tamen abſtinuit verbis, vocive pepercit,
Verùm,

Flapp'd o'er his face his pinions, and impreſs'd
A ſudden chillneſs in his ſhiv'ring breaſt.
Pale turn'd the ſtartled chief; the purple flood
Forſook his cheeks; his hair like briſtles ſtood;
Thro' all his joints a quiv'ring horror ſpread,
His weak knees totter'd, and his voice was fled.
Soon as they ſaw the wav'ring chief appear
Pale, cold, and trembling with unuſual fear,
His wonted courage by vain dread ſubdu'd;
They ſeiz'd th' occaſion, and th' attack renew'd.
This Youth, they cried, amidſt the vulgar throng,
Affects the honours which to kings belong.
Hence, ſhou'd thy ſoul to pity be inclin'd,
Shou'd crimes ſo heinous not alarm thy mind;
Soon will his daring hand thy laws revoke,
And reſcue Syria from th' imperial yoke.
If then thy zeal regard the Roman name,
If Cæſar's honour thy attention claim;
With ſpeed remove this dang'rous peſt away,
To gloomy darkneſs from the light of day:
To inſtant death devote his forfeit head,
Leſt the fell poiſon thro' the nation ſpread.
Thus all with bitter hate the Youth purſue:
But Pilate, jealous of this ſtubborn crew,
(Now deep within he feels th' envenom'd ſting)
Turn'd pale, and trembled at the name of king.
Then vanquiſh'd yields; unable to aſſuage
Their conſtant clamours, and inceſſant rage.
So when fierce winds againſt ſome galley's ſide,
With force tempeſtuous daſh the foaming tide;
The maſter for a time the veſſel ſteers,
And with his voice the labouring ſailors chears:
But when he ſees the ſtorm new forces gain,
The ſkies relentleſs, and his conduct vain;
He turns the ſhip at random o'er the tide,
And ſails where fortune and the tempeſt guide.
Nor ceas'd he yet, tho' fear alarm'd his breaſt,
But thus the dictates of his heart expreſs'd;

Verùm, Vincor, ait, nec habet veſtra ira regreſſum:
In me nulla mora eſt, moriatur crimine falſo
Damnatus: vos triſte manet, ſperoque propinquum
Supplicium: vos, ſacrilego, ſerique nepotes,
O miſeri, meritas pendetis ſanguine pœnas.

Sic effatus, aquam plena jubet ociùs urna
Afferri, abſtergenſque manus hæc addidit ore:
Ut nunc his manibus maculæ abſunt, ſic mihi nullum
Hac in cæde nefas, meque omni crimine ſolvo.
Dixit, et exurgens ſolio intra tecta receſſit.

Illi autem: Deus hæc nobis, natiſque reſervet,
Inſtauretque graves pœnas, quaſcunque meremur:

Hæc dum porticibus populo ſpectante geruntur
Veſtibulum ante ipſum, famuli ducis ædibus intus
Armati illudunt capto, irridentque ſilentem:
Quodque illum populi regem optavere per urbes,
Purpureis ornant tunicis, oſtroque rubenti,
Atque altè effultum ſublimi ſede locârunt:
Pro capitis crinali auro, regumque corona,
Sentibus obnubunt flaventia tempora acutis:
Pro ſceptro datur inſigni fluvialis arundo.
Tum populo læti portis bipatentibus omni
Oſtendunt plauſu magno, regemque ſalutant.
Haud aliter ludo pueri cùm ex omnibus unum
Delegere ducem, ſociis qui ſponte ſubactis
Imperitet, læto cuncti ſtant agmine circùm
Condenſi, aſſurguntque omnes, regiſque ſuperbi
Juſſa obeunt ludicra, ingens it ad æthera clamor.
Tali intus famuli indulgent manus effera ludo.

Dehinc

I yield at length; defeated and o'ercome;
Your reſtleſs rage has ſeal'd the Captive's doom.
Hence to his death the guiltleſs Youth convey,
My voice no longer ſhall the ſtroke delay:
But of this crime, O wretched race! to you
Alone, the ſignal puniſhment is due.
Yourſelves, your infants for th' offence ſhall bleed,
And lateſt times bewail th' accurſed deed.
This ſaid, an urn of water he demands,
And cleanſing in the limpid ſtream his hands;
As now, he cries, this fleſh from ſtains is freed,
So ſtands my ſoul acquitted of the deed;
My plea of innocence I here renew—
He ſpoke; and inſtant from the crowd withdrew.
Let heav'n on us inflict its wrath, they ſaid,
And ſhow'r down evils on our children's head.
While theſe tranſactions are diſplay'd in view
Of all the rulers, and the public crew;
Within the palace crowd on ev'ry ſide
Fierce armed ſoldiers, and the Youth deride.
Then, as th' offences to his charge they lay,
Were high ambition, and a thirſt of ſway;
A purple garment o'er his ſhoulders thrown,
They fix'd him pompous on a ſtately throne.
For the rich gem that ſhou'd his brows adorn,
They crown'd his temples with a pointed thorn;
And to his hand, in mockery, decreed
For golden ſceptre, a vile marſhy reed.
Then op'ning wide the gates, the Chief they bring
Before the people, and ſalute their King.
As when the herd of boys, in wanton play,
Select a monarch, whom the reſt obey;
Joyful around in duteous ranks they ſtand,
And with mock rev'rence act their king's command;
Strive in this farce each other to outvie,
While ſhouts tumultuous echo to the ſky.
So round the Youth, amidſt the palace court,
The ſlaves inſulting act their idle ſport.

Dehinc juveni veſtis obtentu lumina inumbrant,
Divinumque caput palmis et arundine pulſant.
Hic digitis vellit concretam ſanguine barbam,
Ille oculos in ſidereos ſpuit improbus ore
Immundo, et pulchrum deformat pulvere corpus.
Nec mora, nec requies, verſantque, agitantque ferentem
Omnia, nec verbis ullis indigna querentem,
Nec dare permittunt jam lumina feſſa ſopori.
O dolor! heu! ſpecies inhoneſta, indignaque viſu.
Non ſylvis avibus frondes, non montibus antra
Quadrupedum generi deſunt, ubi condere ſeſe
In noctem, atque ſuos poſſint educere fœtus:
At rerum Auctori, cœli cui regia ſervit,
Omnibus in terris deſit locus, omnibus oris,
Quo caput acclinet, feſſuſque in morte quieſcat.

Tum verò Solymi victores cuncta parare
Supplicia, atque omnes pœnarum exquirere formas,
Perferat ut ſævos crudeli morte dolores.
Jamque illum erecto properant diſtendere ligno
Affixum, et lenta paulatim perdere morte.
Nec mora, diffindunt malos: ſonat acta ſecuris,
Altaque quadrifidis fabricatur roboribus crux,
Tormenti genus: hac olim ſcelera impia reges
Urgebant pœna, ſonteſque hac morte necabant,
Difficiles miſerorum obitus, longique dolores.
Tum neque honos erat, infami neque gloria trunco:
At nunc numen habet, ſanctum et venerabile lignum
Suppliciter cuncti colimus, ſacriſque minores

Argento

Now o'er his eyes a folded veil they ſpread,
And ſmite with impious hands his rev'rend head.
This plucks his gory beard, in vile diſgrace;
That ſpits profanely on his ſacred face,
And ſoils his limbs with duſt; no pauſe they know,
Nor ceaſe to torture their unhappy Foe:
Who all the while theſe cruel wrongs ſuſtains
With manly ſilence, nor of ills complains.
Nay, they refuſe the ſuff'ring Youth to cloſe,
His weary eyelids in deſir'd repoſe.
Oh! ſhameful mockery! oh! dire diſgrace!
Oh! dreadful treatment of the human race!
Birds of the air to peaceful ſeats remove,
Beneath the covert of the ſilent grove;
And beaſts a ſhelter in the mountains find,
To guard themſelves, and educate their kind:
But nature's Lord, whom heav'n's bright hoſts obey,
Who rules the world with arbitrary ſway;
No place on earth can find, to reſt his head,
And ſink in quiet to the peaceful ſhade.
  But now the Jews victorious, ſeek to find
Of various tortures the ſevereſt kind;
Reſolv'd the Captive ſhou'd in death ſuſtain,
The keeneſt ſenſe of anguiſh and of pain.
High on a croſs they haſte to ſtretch the Foe,
And by a ling'ring death protract his woe.
Agreed; induſtrious to the work they bend;
Loud ſounds the axe; the ſolid maſts they rend:
And ſtrait beneath the force of many a ſtroke,
The croſs is faſhion'd, of well-ſeaſon'd oak;
A dreadful inſtrument: in days of yore,
Vile ſlaves alone this horrid torture bore;
By ſlow degrees the wretches yield their breath,
And ſadly linger in the pangs of death.
A time was once, this plain and ſimple wood,
Devoid of honour and inglorious ſtood:
But as it now a Deity contains,
The tree we worſhip; while amidſt our fanes,

With

Argento atque auro contectum imponimus aris,
Et lætum ex illo memores celebramus honorem.
Illa etiam cœlo fulgebit lampadis inſtar
Æthereæ, et totum luſtrabit lumine mundum,
Cùm dabit exitio una dies animalia cuncta,
Interitumque feret rebus mortalibus ignis.

Vix terris lux alma aderat, cùm jam undique tota
Urbe ruit ſtudio viſendi accita juventus,
Implenturque viæ, concurſuque omnia fervent.
Et jam purpureos habitus inſignia ludicra
Exutum, vinctumque manus clamore trahebant
Dirum ad ſupplicium, magna ſectante caterva.
Per medios longis raptatus funibus ibat
Semianimiſque, artuſque tremens, plagiſque cruentus
Nocturnis, humeroque trabem duplicem ipſe gerebat,
Præciſis gravidam nodis, ac robore iniquo,
Qua ſuper infando mortales linqueret auras
Supplicio, et duros finiret morte labores.
Armati circumſiſtunt, clypeataque juxtà
Agmina denſantur: collucent ſpicula longè,
Spiculaque, et rubris capitum cava tegmina criſtis,
Aereaque alterno conſpirant cornua cantu.
Pars pedes inſequitur, pars ſeſe lucidus altis
Fert in equis: reſonant colles clamore propinqui.
Multi autem, quorum melior ſententia, flebant:
Præcipuè matreſque piæ, miteſque puellæ,
Cernentes nudis pedibus per ſcrupea ſaxa
Tendere, et offendi crebrò ad ſalebroſa viarum,
Dum monte adverſo protrudit robur iniquum.

Ad

With gold and gems magnificently grac'd,
The hallow'd relick on the ſhrines is plac'd.
Hence, mindful of that bleſs'd auſpicious day,
Eternal honours to the croſs we pay.
That too, diſplay'd aloft in ambient air,
Shall ſtream thro' ether, like a blazing ſtar,
When time ſhall ceaſe, all human works expire,
And nature periſh in the gen'ral fire.
Scarce had the roſy morn diſclos'd the day,
When this event impatient to ſurvey,
Forth from the city gates a gath'ring tide
Of youths tumultuous pour'd on ev'ry ſide.
And now diveſted of his robe of ſtate,
And all the mock retinue of the great;
Amidſt the clamours of the ſhouting throng,
To cruel death they drag the Youth along.
Bound in tough cords, and with his wounds half dead,
Trembling and pale his deſtin'd courſe he ſped;
And on his ſhoulders, rough and cover'd o'er
With craggy knots, the heavy timber bore;
On which ſuſpended he ſhou'd yield his breath,
And calmly bury all his cares in death.
Rang'd in dread ranks, a formidable band,
Before the Chief in glitt'ring armour ſtand;
Bright ſhine the ſpears and helms; and all around
The deep-voic'd clarion ſpreads th' alarming ſound.
Part to the dreadful ſcene on foot proceed,
Part mount conſpicuous on the bounding ſteed:
Exulting clamours ſtrike the golden ſky,
The neighbouring mountains to their ſhouts reply.
Some, 'midſt the throng, to better thoughts inclin'd,
Bewail'd his ſorrows with a gen'rous mind.
But chief, the matron and the pious maid
Wept, when the fainting Hero they ſurvey'd,
With naked feet purſue his painful way,
O'er rough rude ſtones that croſs his paſſage lay;
Whilſt labouring on he puſh'd, with toil o'erſpent,
The nodding timber up the ſteep aſcent.

Ad quas ſuſpirans Heros ſic ore locutus:
Ne verò, ne me matres indigna ferentem
Flete piæ: vobis potius deflete propinquum
Exitium, et veſtris hinc debita præmia natis.
Sic fatus, linquit non æquis paſſibus urbem.

Interea, ſuperûm Rex tanto in cardine rerum
Verticis ætherei ſublimem evaſit ad arcem,
Mortalis Nati letum ut crudele videret
Ipſe ſui ſpectator: eum gens incola cœli
Aligeri ſtipant cunei, et comitantur euntem.
Eſt templum gemmis interlucentibus auro
E ſolido factum ſublimi in vertice Olympi,
Tectum immane, ingens, ſuperi penetrale Parentis,
Sidera deſpiciens ſubterlabentia mundi:
In medio clivus duro ex adamante tumeſcit
Paulatim exacuens inſtar faſtigia pinûs:
Multiplices circùm ſedes, ſubterque, ſupraque
Diſpoſitæ, gradibuſque novem ſuper æthera ſurgunt.
Conveniunt huc cœlicolæ, regemque canendo
Ingreſſi thyaſis luſtrant: ſe ſedibus inde
Omnes compoſuere ſuis, tumulumque coruſci
Ter latè circùm terna cinxere corona,
Secreti ordinibus certis: nec enim omnibus æqua
Conditio, vireſque pares, eademque poteſtas:
Verùm aliis alii ut præſtant, ita ritè locantur,
Munere quiſque ſuo contenti, ac ſorte beati.
In medio Pater omnipotens ſolio aureus alto
Sceptra tenet, lateque acie circùm omnia luſtrat,
Totus collucens, totus circùm igne coruſco
Scintillans, radiiſque procul vibrantibus ardens.
Mox autem infauſtis Judææ lumina tantùm
Defixit terris, triſtemque ante omnia collem
Spectabat, gens mœſta ſimul ſpectabat Olympi,
Collem infelicem, ſacram egredientibus urbem
Qui prior occurrit humanis oſſibus albus:

Auctores

To theſe, the Hero with a riſing groan—
For Me lament not; but with tears bemoan,
Thoſe gath'ring ſtorms of unexpected fate,
Which hence your infants and yourſelves await.
No more he ſaid; but 'midſt the preſſing throng,
Drag'd his ſlow ſteps with fault'ring pace along.
Meanwhile th' eternal Sov'reign of the ſky,
To heav'n's imperial tow'r aſcends on high;
His mortal Offspring's cruel death to view,
Himſelf ſpectator, and the victim too,
In various ranks the wing'd ſeraphic train,
Attend their Monarch, and his ſtate maintain.
There ſtands a temple, glorious to behold,
Built of eternal adamant and gold,
High o'er the vault of ſtars in heav'n's abode,
The ſumptuous palace of the ſov'reign God:
I'th' midſt a mount; whoſe top aſpiring high,
Cleaves, like a tap'ring pyramid, the ſky:
Unnumber'd ſeats, in various ranks diſpos'd,
Above, beneath, the ſacred mount inclos'd.
Hither advanc'd awhile th' angelic throng,
And prais'd their Monarch in the dance and ſong;
Then all, attentive to precedence, ſate
In thrice three circles round the throne of ſtate:
For not coequal dignity they claim,
Alike their functions, or their pow'rs the ſame;
But diff'rent orders diff'rent ſtations find,
Each pleas'd and happy with the rank aſſign'd.
High in the midſt, ſuperior and alone,
Th' eternal Father, on his golden throne,
Spreads his wide view around; while ſtreams of light,
Flaſh from his eyes inſufferably bright.
At length Judæa his attention drew,
The fatal hill now riſing to his view.
Th' angelic hoſt, by like compaſſion ſway'd,
With heavy hearts the fatal hill ſurvey'd;
Which from the city gates you firſt deſcry,
Where human bones diſguſt the penſive eye.

Auctores ſcelerum pœnas ibi morte luebant
Informi, circùm pendebant corpora paſſim
Arboribus truncis incocto lurida tabo.

Huc ſimul atque emenſus iter miſerabilis Heros
Pervenit, ſenſitque ſibi crudele parari
Supplicium, atque trabem vidit jam ſtare nefandam,
Dejectos oculos porrò huc jactabat, et illuc,
Omnia colluſtrans, comitum ſi fortè ſuorum,
Si quem fortè acies inimicas cerneret inter:
Fidum in conſpectu nullum, videt agmina tantùm
Sæva virûm, campique armis fulgentibus ardent.
Cari deſeruere omnes, diverſa petentes:
Non aliter quàm cùm cœlo ſeu tactus ab alto
Paſtor, ſive feræ inſidiis in valle peremptus,
Continuò ſparguntur oves diverſa per arva
Incuſtoditæ, reſonant balatibus agri.

Jamque trabem infandam ſcandens, pendenſque per auras
Horruit, atque Deum veluti ſe oblitus, acerbi
Pertimuit dirum leti genus, æſtuat intus,
Atque animum in curas labefactum dividit acres,
Triſtia multa agitans animo, totoſque per artus
Pallentes mixto fluit ater ſanguine ſudor,
Et patriam crebrò reminiſcitur ætheris aulam.
Tum cœlum aſpectans, hæc imo pectore fatur:
Heu! quianam extremis Genitor me ſumme periclis
Deſeris? aut Nati quò jam tibi cura receſſit?
Audiit has ſummus voces Pater, audiit omnis
Cœleſtûm chorus: ipſe (alta ſecum omnia mente
Verſabat Genitor, nutu haud oblitus agi rem
Nempe ſuo) ſtetit immotus, ſeſeque repreſſit.

At

There, by a cruel death, th' abandon'd race
Of impious ſlaves their deſtin'd fate embrace;
O'er trunks of trees their bodies hang on high,
Dropping with filth, and black'ning in the ſky.
When now, his courſe purſu'd with fault'ring pace,
The weary'd Hero reach'd this fatal place;
The dreadful inſtruments of death ſurvey'd,
And the dire croſs to public view diſplay'd:
Dejected and forlorn, he caſt around
His eyes; if haply any friend were found;
If chance, at hand amidſt the murd'rous crew,
Some dear, ſome lov'd companion he might view.
Nought, o'er the fields, but armour glitt'ring bright,
And hoſtile ſquadrons greet his mournful ſight.
All, all were fled—As when the guardian ſwain,
By ſome fierce lion in the vale is ſlain,
Or touch'd by lightning from an angry ſky;
The tim'rous flock diſpers'd and routed fly,
Their faithful paſtor now no longer found;
Inceſſant bleatings fill the plains around.
Now pendent from the fatal beam on high,
With arms expanded to the naked ſky;
As if forgetful of his heav'nly ſtate,
Trembling he ſhrinks, and dreads th' opprobrious fate.
Rack'd with convulſive agony, he bears
Deep in his lab'ring breaſt a load of cares.
Of ſweat and blood, deſcends in mingled ſtreams
A copious torrent from his wounded limbs;
And oft he calls to mind, in bitter pain,
The bliſful glories of his Father's reign.
Then lifting up to heav'n his ſtreaming eyes,
From his deep heaving boſom thus he cries—
Ah! why permit thy Offspring, gracious Sire!
Amidſt theſe pangs unpitied to expire?
Theſe words, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
His Sire, with all th' angelic ſquadron heard;
But as this dreadful ſcene Himſelf ordain'd,
Unmov'd he view'd it, and his wrath reſtrain'd.

At circumfuſos cœtus, gentem ætheris alti
Aligeram, injuſſos potis eſt vis ſiſtere nulla:
Omnibus exarſit ſubitò dolor, omnibus ingens
Æſtuat ira, volunt Nato ſuccurrere herili,
Et prohibere nefas, duroque reſiſtere ferro.
Bella cient, arma ingeminant arma acrius omnes.
Hìc puer haud volucri extremus de gente, recurvo
Ære vocare acies quo non magis utilis alter,
Aſcenſu ſuperat celeri ardua culmina præpes;
Tum ſuper axe ſedens, roſeique in vertice cœli
Signa canit belli: latus diſſultat Olympus
Undique, et inſolito tremuerunt ſidera motu.
Audiit et ſonitum, ſiquem procul orbe remoto
Diſtinet incedens humili luna humida greſſu:
Audivere, quibus generis cuſtodia noſtri
In terris olim ſorti data, vaſtaque tellus
Protinus ingenti tremuit concuſſa fragore.
Tum quos Rex ſuperûm varias legârat in oras,
Aëreos relegunt tractus, mandataque linquunt
Imperfecta, fugaque poli ſuper ardua tendunt.
Ac velut in paſtus celſa quæ ſede columbæ
Exierant varios, cùm tempeſtate repentè
Urgenti cæco miſceri murmure cœlum
Incipit, et nigræ cinxerunt æthera nubes,
Continuò linquunt arva undique, et ardua pennis
Tecta petunt, celereſque cavis ſe turribus abdunt.
Jam paſſim ingentis properatur vertice Olympi,
Et toto ancipitis ferri cœlo ingruit horror,
Æratique ſonant currus, gemituſque rotarum
Audiri, ſonituſque armorum deſuper ingens.
Tam vaſtos motus axis miratur uterque,
Miranturque ignes, cœlique volubilis orbes,
Cùm tenues animæ, cùm ſint ſine corpore vitæ,
Senſibus à noſtris quibus eſt natura remota.

Sæpe

Not ſo the heav'nly choir; their riſing rage
No art can ſoften, and no pow'r aſſuage:
Indignant grief their ſwelling heart poſſeſs'd,
And keen reſentment fir'd their gen'rous breaſt.
Intent to reſcue from theſe diſmal woes
Their Lord's Anointed, and his fate oppoſe,
They threaten inſtant war; they claſh their arms,
And all the ether rings with loud alarms.
A youth, not leaſt of this cherubic race,
Skilful to ſummon with the ſounding braſs
Aſſembled legions; wings his rapid flight,
And from a lofty promontory's height,
Spreads wide th' alarm of war; the welkin round,
And all Olympus trembled at the ſound.
Whatever Beings, by cœleſtial grace,
Commiſſion'd to preſide o'er human race;
Whatever ſpirits rang'd the lunar ſphere;
All, all at once the dreadful clangor hear:
And the vaſt globe of earth, with terror ſtruck,
Thro' all her regions to the centre ſhook.
Thoſe ſpirits too, diſpatch'd by heav'n's command,
On various errands to ſome diſtant land;
Obey th' imperial ſummons, and retrace
Their airy paſſage thro' th' etherial ſpace.
So doves, that wont with freſh delight to roam,
O'er verdant paſtures from their native home;
Soon as they view the gath'ring ſtorm ariſe,
And gloomy clouds involve the low'ring ſkies;
Swift o'er the fields on rapid wing repair
To ſome lone turret's height, and ſhelter there.
Now from all parts convene the warlike train;
Bright ſwords gleam dreadful o'er the ſtarry plain;
Loud clang the rattling cars; and wide around
The din of armour ſpreads a martial ſound.
Theſe vaſt alarms, the wand'ring orbs that roll
Thro' heav'n, admire; admires each diſtant pole,
In thoſe etherial eſſences, refin'd
From mortal droſs, and viewleſs as the wind.

Sæpe autem, ſeu mortales mittuntur ad oras,
Sive opus in fratres olim capere arma rebelles,
Corporis affecti ſibi quiſque accommodat alas,
Aëreoſque artus, ſimulacrumque aptat habendo,
Spiritus ut queat humanos admittere viſus.
Ergo illi rapido circumdant turbine denſa
Corpora, ſub noſtros etiam venientia ſenſus.
Circumdantque humeris deſueta micantibus arma,
Ætheris æriſono ſubitò de poſte refixa
Cœlicolûm exuvias, belli monimenta nefandi,
Quod ſocios olim contra geſſere furentes.
Hic bonus armatur jaculis, haſtamque trabalem
Criſpat agens, rapit ille faces, rapit ille ſagittas,
Suſpenditque humeris lunatum ardentibus arcum.
Atque alius palmas inſertat cæſtibus ambas.
Pars tereti funda dextram implicat: omnibus enſis
Aureus in morem vagina pendet eburna.
Infrenant alii cœli per cærula currus:
Cætera pars pictis librare celerrima pennis
Corpora, non eadem vis omnibus ipſa volandi:
Mobilitate vigent varia, pars remigat alis
Binis alternante humero, pars ordine ad auras
Tollunt ſe triplici, pennatis undique plantis,
Haud unam in faciem. Sed nec color omnibus idem:
Namque hos punicea cernas effulgere pluma
Flammipedes, igni aſſimiles rutilantia terga:
Herbarum hos ſpeciem, virideſque referre ſmaragdos.
Terga illis croceo lucent circumlita luto.
Centum aliis alii pinxere coloribus alas.
Qualis ubi exactos poſt æſtus arbore ab omni
Exornat pomis ſe verſicoloribus annus,
Et caput Autumnus circumfert pulcher honeſtum.

Et

But oft, or whether from th' Olympian height,
To earth's abodes they wing their airy flight;
Or when as erſt they charg'd the rebel train,
In glorious battle on th' etherial plain;
Each to himſelf an human ſhape aſſumes,
And on his ſhoulders ties the waving plumes;
That ſpirits may appear, tho' heav'nly bright,
Reveal'd, and obvious to the human ſight.
Hence on their bodies, form'd of ambient air,
Arms, long diſus'd, in gen'rous zeal they wear,
Snatch'd from the brazen pillars of the ſky;
Where yet angelic weapons hang on high,
With golden armour dazzling to the ſight;
Tremendous tokens of that dreadful fight,
When thro' the plains of heav'n, with loud alarms,
Encount'ring ſpirits met in hoſtile arms.
Now various weapons in their rage they bear;
This graſps a jav'lin, that a pointed ſpear.
Some arrows ſeize, or ſlings, or flaming brands;
Some fit the dreadful ceſtus to their hands.
Tough bended bows are croſs their ſhoulders tied,
The golden faulchion glitters at their ſide.
Others prepare the neighing ſteed to rein,
And whirl the chariot o'er the ſounding plain.
For not with equal ſpeed their courſe they ſteer;
On double tires of wings theſe fan the air;
Thoſe, to their feet the plumy ſteerage tied,
On three-fold rows thro' wond'ring ether ride.
Nor yet their features, or their hue the ſame;
Part in the deeper die of crimſon flame;
Like ruddy fire their glitt'ring plumage ſeen:
Others as flow'rs, or vivid em'rald, green.
Some o'er their backs a golden luſtre ſhow,
On thouſand wings a thouſand colours glow.
Thus, when the ſummer's piercing heats decay,
And fading ſuns a milder gleam diſplay;
With various colour'd fruit the trees are ſpread,
And yellow autumn lifts his blooming head.

Et jam pennipotens liquidis exercitus ibat
Tractibus, ac volucri cingebant agmine cœlum,
Millia quot nunquam naſcentum ab origine rerum
Viſa hominum in terris coiiſſe, ter agmina terna,
Terque duces terni: toto dux vertice ſuprà eſt,
Nuper Iäpygii Gargani è vertice vectus
Armipotens, veteris quem quondam gloria pugnæ
Sublimem, longeque alios ſuper extulit omnes.
In medio ibat ovans, galea, criſtiſque ſuperbis
Aureus, et longè gemmis lucentibus ardens.
Nunc etiam ſpolia edomiti, fulvamque draconis
Pellem oſtentabat ſpiris ingentibus, ipſumque,
Innixus tergo, pedibuſque haſtaque premebat.
Arma procul radiant, umbo vomit aureus ignes,
Stellantique procul micat enſis jaſpide fulgens.

Ventum erat ad cœli portas: hìc omnibus iræ
Incaluere magis, belli ut monimenta prioris
Sunt oculis oblata. Vident nam turribus altis
Pendentes currus, ſuſpenſaque poſtibus æra,
Spiculaque et clypeos, victis de fratribus arma,
Olim immane nefas cœlo crudeliter orſis,
Dum fruſtra aſpirant ſceptris felicis Olympi
Immemores, victique animis, et vana tumentes,
Quos ipſi contrà ſteterant meliora ſequuti,
Æthereque expulerant certamine debellatos.
Quam pugnam in foribus quondam cælarat ahenis
Artificum manus, atque operoſo impreſſerat auro.
Cernere erat liquidas cœli pendere per auras
Hinc acies, atque hinc acies certamen adortas,

Nunc

And now the winged troops in bright array,
Thro' heav'n's wide champian ſwept their eager way.
So vaſt an hoſt no mortal eyes beheld,
In furious battle on th' enſanguin'd field.
Thrice three large ſquadrons throng the ſpacious plain,
And thrice three leaders head the martial train.
O'er theſe a chief; late borne in airy flight,
From proud Garganus' formidable height;
Whoſe ancient deeds in heav'n advanc'd his name,
O'er braveſt chieftains in immortal fame.
High in the midſt he march'd; his armour bright,
And beamy helmet ſhed a dazzling light.
Ev'n now conſpicuous thro' the bright abode,
A fiery dragon's yellow ſpoils he ſhow'd:
Whilſt fierce with rage he curl'd his ſpires around,
Deep in his back the hero ſtamp'd the wound.
His ſhining arms a radiant gleam diſplay,
The golden ſhield emits a living ray;
And the bright ſword, reſplendent as a ſtar
Of ſparkling jaſper, glitter'd from afar.
Now to heav'n gates the thronging legions preſs'd;
Here new reſentment fires their jealous breaſt,
When all th' illuſtrious tokens they ſurvey'd
Of ancient battles, to the view diſplay'd.
For lo! on lofty tow'rs ſuſpended high,
Triumphant cars, and armour greet the eye,
Won from their vanquiſh'd brethren of the ſky;
Who fierce in arms, againſt their King engag'd,
Thro' heav'n's wide plain rebellious battle wag'd;
While to dethrone their Lord they vainly ſtrove,
With proud aſſault, regardleſs of his love;
Whom the bleſs'd hoſts oppos'd in adverſe fight,
And drove reluctant from the realms of light.
This famous war, ſome artiſt's hand of old
Had carv'd in figures of recording gold.
Here might you ſee the winged hoſts on high,
In arms encount'ring thro' the midway ſky:

Nunc huc, nunc illuc, ultro citroque volare,
Ætheraque in medio venientibus obſcurari
Miſſilibus, jamjam certari comminus armis,
Miſcerique acies: et jam, queîs ſpicula deerant,
Crinibus implicuere manus hoſtilibus uncas,
Suſpenſoſque comis circùm per inane rotabant.
Jamque hos paulatim concedere, deſuper illos
Urgere aſpicias, donec toto æthere verſi,
Palanteſque fugæ ſimul hoſtes terga dedere,
Præcipiti aſſimiles nimbo, atque procacibus auſtris.
Nam Pater omnipotens armatus fulmine dextram
Deturbabat agens, flammiſque ſequacibus arce
Siderea, excuſſos Erebi domus atra recepit.
Pugnæ igitur ſuperi admoniti, veteriſque trophæi,
Ætheris ardebant fractis erumpere portis.
Jamque adeò evâſſent omnes, terriſque potiti
Sontem incendiſſent oram, jamque urbibus igni
Correptis Judæa nocens commiſſa luiſſes,
Ni Pater altitonans ſtellanti nixus Olympo
(Motus enim tanto ſubitò flagrante tumultu)
Cœpta redargueret, verbiſque inhiberet acerbis
Bellum importunum, cunctis haud mollia mandans.
Nam circumſpiciens ſibi centum aſtare miniſtras
Virgineas volucrum humana ſub imagine formas
Hinc atque hinc videt, et nutum obſervare paratas.
Quarum quæ placido mitis Clementia vultu eſt,
Eligitur numero ex omni, cui talia mandet:

Vade, ait, et volucri per cœlum labere curru,
Fratribus hæc fer dicta tuis: non ætheris illis,
Non illis vaſti commiſſas orbis habenas,
Ut ferro injuſſas meditantes edere pugnas
Omne auſint miſcere meo ſine numine cœlum,
Terramque, et tantos animis accendere motus:
Conſidant,

Now here, now there they wheel; all heav'n appears
Obſcure, and clouded with their miſſile ſpears.
Now in cloſe combat furious they engage;
Some, where the darts are wanting, fir'd with rage,
Fierce graſp the foe; and by the golden hair
In circles whirl them thro' the void of air.
Theſe you may view with ſlow reluctance yield,
Thoſe urge the routed o'er th' embattled field;
Till all at once the foes diſbanded fly,
Swift as a tempeſt, thro' th' affrighted ſky.
For from the verge of heav'n th' Almighty Sire
Indignant hurl'd them, arm'd with vengeful fire;
Whilſt hell's deep dungeon, from th' etherial height
Receiv'd, and ſhut them in eternal night.
Rous'd at the fame theſe ſtory'd deeds diſplay,
Thro' heav'n's high gates they long to burſt their way.
Then, from their bounds eſcap'd, th' angelic hoſt
Had wide around inflam'd the guilty coaſt,
And, hoſtile fire thro' all her cities ſpread,
Unjuſt Judæa for her crimes had bled;
Had not th' Eternal, from Olympus high,
(Mov'd at the kindling tumults of the ſky)
In angry terms their furious zeal ſuppreſs'd,
And quell'd the raging tempeſt in their breaſt.
For bending round his eye, he view'd at hand
An hundred virgin-forms obſequious ſtand;
Prompt to receive, and execute command.
Of theſe, to mercy, mild beyond the reſt,
The Sire with ſpeed enjoin'd his high beheſt.
Fly, heav'nly meſſenger, on wings of air,
And to thy kindred hoſts this meſſage bear.
Tell 'em, no delegated pow'r have they,
O'er earth and heav'n to claim imperial ſway;
That fir'd by vengeance they ſhou'd raſhly dare,
Thro' theſe abodes to ſpread deſtructive war;
And uncommiſſion'd in my ſov'reign name,
O'er the wide earth enkindle hoſtile flame.

Conſidant, poſitiſque adſint huc ociùs armis.

Dixerat: illa viam raptim ſecat alite curru,
Et Patris ingentes paſſim denunciat iras,
Ni redeant, poſitiſque quieſcant protinus armis.
Addunt ſe comites, Pietas, Paxque aurea: it unà
Speſque, Fideſque, piique parens placidiſſima Amoris:
Omnibus in manibus rami cantentis olivæ.
Quaque ægere viam, videas procul ilicet arma
Projicere, et ſtudiis cunctos miteſcere verſis.
Jamque in conſpectu poſitis exercitus armis
Regis adeſt, dicto parentes: ſede locârunt
Ordine ſeſe, quiſque ſua, pariterque quierunt.
Hìc tum nimbipotens Genitor circumtulit ora
Ter torquens illuſtre caput, ter cardine moto
Terribilem increpuit ſonitum: dein farier infit:

Quæ ſuperi vetitum contra hæc inſania ferri?
Quò ruitis? quiane auxilio ſubſiſtere noſtro
Non queat ille, meæ aut ſint fractæ denique vires?
Ne ſævite animis, atque hanc deponite curam,
Quandoquidem haud fert hæc noſtro ſine numine Natus.
Scitis enim, ut moriens crimen commune refellat.
Sic generi humano clauſum ſtat pandere Olympum.
Illum ideo duros volui exercere labores,
Atque agere in terris extrema per omnia vitam,
Finibus exactum cunctis, inopem, omnium egentem.
Jamque ad ſupremum ventum: manet exitus illum
Hic hodie gravis inſontem, irrevocabile letum,
Et morti caput ipſe ſua ſponte obvius offert.

Nunc

Bid 'em, their arms reſign'd, reſtrain'd their heat,
Approach ſubmiſſive our imperial ſeat.
He ſaid; the cherub ſwiftly ſailing, bears
Her Father's mandate to their trembling ears;
And, ſhou'd they not their ſwelling rage reſign,
Proclaims the terrors of his wrath divine.
Fair Piety, with mild benignant ray,
And golden Peace, attend her on the way;
With theſe, glad Hope and Faith united move,
And the ſweet parent of cœleſtial love.
Where'er this gentle, amicable band,
Held forth the verdant olive in their hand,
At once their arms they quit; rude clamours ceaſe,
And wrathful boſoms ſoften into peace.
The hoſts, obſervant of the ſov'reign word,
With ſpeed approach the preſence of their Lord:
Each takes in order his appointed ſeat,
Then all attentive his beheſts await.
The Sire, as theſe with anger he ſurvey'd,
Thrice ſhook the radiant honours of his head;
And thrice he thunder'd with tremendous ſound,
Then from his lips theſe words a paſſage found:
What madneſs this, ye pow'rs! with hoſtile rage,
Againſt My orders, impious war to wage?
Where ruſh theſe armies? on what bold deſign?
Is it, becauſe this feeble arm of mine,
Extinct its force, is impotent to ſave,
Yon guiltleſs Victim from the gloomy grave?
Forbear your rage, your anxious cares reſign,
Theſe ills he ſuffers by my will divine.
His death, ye know, muſt human guilt efface;
Thus heav'n is open to man's ſinful race:
Hence my decree allotted to his ſhare
A life of toils, and penury, and care.
And now the deſtin'd fatal time is come,
This day he ſuffers his appointed doom;
This dreadful day, conſents his blood to ſhed,
And freely offers his devoted head:

But

Nunc autem ſubito viſu horruit, et timor illi
Confuſam eripuit leti ipſo in limine mentem.
Quippe Deum velut exutus, mortalis, inermis,
Reſtitit, et telis manſit violabile corpus.
Nil aliter vis divinos valuiſſet in artus
Ulla hominum, et cunctis foret impenetrabilis armis.
Non adeò vires, non parva potentia noſtra,
Ut nequeam, ſi verſa retro ſententia, Natum
Eripere in medio verſantem turbine leti,
Contra illum inſurgant omnes, ab origine rerum
Quicquid ubique hominum natum, extinctumque per ævum.
Non ita me experta eſt Babylon, ubi ad aſtra gigantes
Tentavere vias educta turre ſub auras:
Et poterant magnos manibus divellere montes.
Nunc etiam fumant præfractæ fulmine turres,
Ut nimborum acies, tempeſtatumque quieſcant,
Quæ vaſtum rapiant convulſum à cardine mundum.
Ipſe manu terras quaterem, cœlum omne cierem,
Diluvio cuncta involvens: me me ignibus atris
Nunc nunc accinctum, teloque tricuſpide dextram
Armatum mortale genus ſævire videret,
Hunc diffiare globum, hæc paſſim metere agmina ferro.
At ſinite, adveniet (neque enim mora longior) urbi
Tempus ei, fruſtra hunc cum magno optaverit emptum
Haud tetigiſſe, genus cui ducitur æthere ab alto.

Sic ait, et moto tremefecit vertice mundum,
Terrifico quatiens tonitru cœleſtia templa.
Continuò ſuperûm furor acer, et ira quievit.

Proſequitur

But as the hand of death approaches near,
His anxious ſoul is ſeiz'd with trembling fear.
For 'midſt the terrors of this trying hour,
Diveſted, as it were, of heav'nly pow'r,
Helpleſs, unarm'd, and mortal he is found,
His body ſubject to external wound:
Elſe ev'ry weapon had aſſail'd in vain
His limbs etherial, free from human pain.
Not ſuch my ſtrength; that, were I now inclin'd
To change th' eternal purpoſe of my mind,
This arm cou'd fail to diſappoint their hate,
And ſnatch my Offspring from the verge of fate;
Tho' all earth's pow'rs, from nature's earlieſt ſource,
Were leagu'd againſt him with united force.
Witneſs th' attempt at Babel; when on high
Earth's giants rear'd their ſtructure to the ſky,
To force a paſſage to theſe bleſs'd retreats; [ſeats.
Whoſe hands cou'd heave huge mountains from their
Theſe felt the force of my vindictive ire;
Ev'n yet their turrets ſmoke with ſulph'rous fire.
Tho' ſtorms and whirlwinds ſleep; whoſe lawleſs force
Can ſhake all nature, and unhinge her courſe;
Yet cou'd my potent and deſtructive hand,
With ſtrong convulſions rock the ſeas and land;
Uproot the battlements of heav'n, and o'er
The ruin'd world a boundleſs deluge pour.
By flames encircled, and with thunders arm'd,
The race of mortals, trembling and alarm'd,
Shou'd view this hand reſiſtleſs pow'r diſplay,
And ſweep their armies, and the world away.
But now, angelic pow'rs! your rage forbear,
The fatal day too ſoon approaches near;
When yon proud ſtate ſhall wiſh, but wiſh in vain,
Untouch'd the Hero of cœleſtial ſtrain.
He ſaid; and inſtant with his awful nod
Shook the bright temples of the bleſs'd abode,
At once the fury and reſentment ceaſe
Of warring hoſts; and all is huſh'd in peace:

Yet

Proſequitur tantùm votis chorus omnis amicis,
Atque Deum è ſummo taciti miſerantur Olympo.
Sicut ubi incluſi ſeptis vacuo æquore campi,
Pro laude ac decore accenſi certamina miſcent
Inter ſe æquatis juvenes duo comminus armis,
Hinc ſpectat procul, atque hinc circumfuſa juventus:
Tum ſi fortè alter minus ac minus utilis ore
Palluit, aut terra cecidit deceptus iniqua,
Conſurgant fidi æquales, ſtudiiſque ſequantur:
Quàm vellent, niſi pacta vetent, ſuccurrere amico:
Stant ægri, et caſum longè execrantur acerbum.
Haud ſecus indefenſus, inermis reſtitit Heros.
Illum nudum humeros, nudum omne à vertice corpus,
Directum longo malo applicuere furentes.
Nuda dehinc tendunt tranſverſo brachia ligno,
Diverſaque ambas affigunt cuſpide palmas.
Hinc atque hinc mucrone pedes terebrantur eodem
Confixi: largum manat de ſtipite flumen.
Inſtant vi multa. ferro ardua robora adacto
Dant gemitum, reboat diro ſtridore ſupinus
Mons, circùm ingeminans, ictuſque reſultat imago.
Tum ſupra caput et nomen, patriamque, neciſque
Inſcripſere notis variis in ſtipite cauſam.
Dextra autem, lævaque duos gemina arbore fixos
Addiderant ſocios, quos ob commiſſa merentes
Leges ſupplicium ad juſtum, pœnamque vocabant.
Verùm ipſum amborum in medio longè altius arbos
Extulerat, veluti ſcelerum exhortator, et auctor,
Aut furtis foret ante alios immanior omnes.
Infelix Solyma, infelix Judæa propago,
Ultrò infeſta piis: non ipſis vatibus æqua,
Hæc digna hoſpitia, has ſedeſque, toroſque parâſti
Cœlicolûm Regi? hos ſocios, hunc addis honorem,
Qui mortale genus propter delapſus Olympo
Sponte ſub humana luſtravit imagine terras?

Yet on the ſov'reign Victim they beſtow
Their pious ſorrows, and lament his woe.
As, where the meaſur'd ground a ſpace diſplays,
Two rival combatants contend for praiſe;
The youths flock round, the conteſt to deſcry,
And watch their motions with attentive eye:
Shou'd one be weary or diſabled found,
Turn pale, or fall (by fortune) to the ground,
His faithful equals to his ſide incline;
His luckleſs cauſe how gladly wou'd they join!
But check'd by laws that rule the ſtern debate,
Penſive they mourn, and curſe th' unequal fate.
Thus ſtood the Chief, to public view diſplay'd,
Unarm'd, forlorn, and deſtitute of aid.
Him all uncloath'd, and naked to the waſte,
Enrag'd they faſten to the lofty maſt;
Then on the beam tranſverſe his arms they bound;
Next, his ſoft palms with pointed weapons wound,
And bore his tender feet; the ſacred blood,
In copious ſtreams diſtains the bluſhing wood.
With zeal their work they ply; the ſtubborn oak
Groans with the weight of each repeated ſtroke:
The hollow mountain murmurs all around,
And Echo's plaintive voice returns the ſound.
Then fix'd the prieſts a title; to proclaim
In various marks, his country, crime, and name.
On either ſide, to heighten the diſgrace,
A wretch, condemn'd for impious deeds, they place:
But He himſelf the midmoſt ſpace poſſeſs'd,
As one in guilt ſuperior to the reſt.
Ah! luckleſs Solyma! unhappy ſtate!
Wont to purſue with unrelenting hate
Your holy bards, and with diſhonour treat;
Say, is it thus your heav'nly King you greet?
Theſe friends, this lodging does your zeal prepare?
Is this the welcome deſtin'd to his ſhare;
Who for this earth forſook the ſkies, to prove
For wretched ſinners his unbounded love?

This

Hic genus ipſe tuum Phariis eduxit ab oris.
Et pedibus ſalſas dans ire impunè per undas
Marmoreum tibi ſtravit iter, pontumque diremit.
Idem etiam te cœleſti dape pavit euntem,
Per deſerta tuos miſeratus vaſta labores.
Hujus ope hauſiſti dulcem de cautè liquorem,
Cùm procul et fontes, et liquida flumina abeſſent.
Hic te poſthabitis aliis longè omnibus unam
Gentibus elegit, meritis quam ad ſidera ferret,
Muneribuſque ſuis ſublimi æquaret Olympo.
Promeritum his cumulas donis? hæc digna rependis?
Non vatum voces, non te miracula rerum
Ulla movent, aut non præſentia numina ſentis?
Cui unquàm ſcelerum auctori tam dira parâſti
Supplicia? aut uſquam quis tam crudeliter hoſti
Acceptus, tales luit alter corpore poenas?

Jamque trabi applicitus tergo altè hærebat: in illum
Verſi omnes obſervabant, quæ funere in ipſo
Signa daret, quæ ſpes, aut quæ fiducia victo.
Ille autem tacitus jamdudum cuncta ferebat,
Immotuſque: decor roſeo nondum omnis ab ore
Ceſſit, adhuc oculis divinum eſt cernere honorem.
Tantùm reſperſuſque genas, pallentiaque ora
Humectat cruor, et mixto cum pulvere ſudor
Plurimus, infectique rubent in ſanguine dentes.
Qualis, qui modò cærulea perfuſus in unda
Lucifer aſtrifero radios ſpargebat Olympo,
Si mundi ſpecies violetur clara ſereni,
Et ſubita incipiat cœlum palleſcere nube:
Nondum omne occuluit jubar, obtuſaque niteſcit
Pulcher adhuc facie, et nimbo tralucet in atro.

Interea

This was the Chief that led your murmuring hoſt,
By various wonders, from th' Egyptian coaſt.
He, when thro' ſeas your deſtin'd paſſage lay,
Deep to its bottom bar'd the wat'ry way.
'Twas He refreſh'd you with divine repaſt,
When ſpent with toil you trod the dreary waſte:
His aid alone your burning thirſt ſupply'd,
When ſtreams were wanting, with a plenteous tide.
He, his rich favours to the reſt unknown,
From the wide world ſelected you alone;
Whom, in due time, he might from earth remove,
And crown with glory in the realms above.
And is it thus your grateful love you ſhow?
Are theſe the gifts, the bounties you beſtow?
The prophets, who aloud heav'n's wrath proclaim,
His deeds, conſpicuous in the liſt of fame;
The ſigns that ev'n now a Godhead prove—
Say, cannot theſe your ſtubborn paſſions move?
Did ever criminal, condemn'd to death,
In pangs ſo great reſign his forfeit breath?
Or who on earth was doom'd to undergo
Such horrid torture, from his bitt'reſt foe?
Now on the fatal beam ſuſpended high,
All view the Hero with regardful eye;
Obſerving at his death what ſigns he gives,
What accents utters, and what hopes conceives.
But He theſe inſults and theſe dreadful pains,
In awful ſilence, and unmov'd ſuſtains.
Not all the luſtre and cœleſtial grace,
As yet were vaniſh'd from his blooming face;
But drops of blood his pale cheeks wander'd o'er,
And his white teeth were ting'd with purple gore.
Thus, when emerging from the azure main,
The morning planet gilds th' etherial plain;
To damp the ſcene if ſudden miſts ariſe,
And duſky vapours cloud the low'ring ſkies;
Not all his glories vanquiſh'd he reſigns,
But thro' the envious gloom with faded ſplendor ſhines.

Meanwhile

Interea matris, quam magnam nuper ad urbem
Traxerat incertus rumor, certiſſimus aures
Nuncius implevit, natum extra mœnia duci,
Ad mortemque rapi captum, inſidiiſque ſubactum.
Palluit infelix, mediiſque in vocibus artus
Diriguit: licet hæc Patris ſciat omnia certo
Conſilio fieri, atque ipſius numine Nati.
Altius ingenti tamen exuperante dolore
Cuncta oblita ruit: reſonant plangoribus ædes
Fœmineis, fruſtra lacrymantem, et acerbà gementem
Solantur fidæ comites: jamque illa per urbem
Atque huc atque illuc errat: triſtemque requirit
Indefeſſa locum, nunc hìc, nunc hæſitat illic,
Veſtigans oculis, atque auribus omnia captans,
Sicubi concurſum, voces aut hauriat ullas.
Ac veluti paſtu rediens ubi veſpere cerva
Montibus ex altis ad nota cubilia, fœtûs
Jamdudum teneri memor, omnem ſanguine circùm
Sparſum cernit humum, catulos nec conſpicit uſquam:
Continuò luſtrans oculis nemus omne peragrat
Cum gemitu, tum ſiquà lupi, ſiquà illa leonis
Raptoris ſigna in triviis conſpexerit, illac
Inſequitur tota obſervans veſtigia ſylva,
Perque viam paſſim linquit pede ſigna biſulco.
Haud aliter, ſimul atque jugo proſpexit in alto
Collis oliviferi, latè qui maximus urbi
Incubat, ingentem concurſum, et lucida circùm
Spiculaque, clypeoſque, et fulgentes equitatus,
Per medios ruit, et curſum extra mœnia torquet.
Illam porticibus ſpectant, altiſque feneſtris
Effuſæ matres, longè et miſerantur euntem.
Jamque hos, jamque ruens curſu prævertitur illos,
Ungula crebra licet volucrum proculcet equorum.

Addunt

Meanwhile his parent, who but late was come
To join the concourſe, from her native home,
Drawn by a vague report; now certain hears
The diſmal tidings in her trembling ears:
That her lov'd Son, ſubdu'd by hoſtile hate,
Was now ſubmitting to a dreadful fate.
Pale turn'd the Nymph, and as her ſtartled ear
Theſe words invade, her limbs grew ſtiff with fear,
Tho' well ſhe knows, theſe evils but fulfil
Th' eternal counſels of almighty Will;
Yet on her mind as heavy ſorrows lay,
The faint remembrance fades with eaſe away.
Loud ſound the ſhrieks; her friends attempt in vain
To ſooth her anguiſh, and her tears reſtrain.
Now thro' the ſtreets, oppreſs'd with grief ſhe flies,
The fatal ſpot exploring with her eyes:
Then ſtops awhile, if haply ſhe might view
Th' aſſembled troops, or hear the ſhouting crew.
As when ſome hind, at eve returning late
From lofty mountains, to her known retreat,
Long time regardful of her tender brood;
Views the wide cave beſmear'd with ſtreaming blood,
Nor ſees her hapleſs young; alarm'd ſhe roves
With plaintive murmurs thro' the woods and groves;
Then, if by chance the ſavage track ſhe trace
Of wolf or lion, in ſome noted place;
Swift ſhe purſues; and leaves, where'er ſhe ſtrays,
Her printed footſteps in the public ways.
So when the Virgin, from the mountain's brow,
Which ſpreads its umbrage o'er the town below,
Saw the vaſt concourſe; and the beamy ſhields,
With ſpears and helmets glitt'ring o'er the fields;
Burſting her way thro' all th' oppoſing throng,
Swift thro' the city gates ſhe ruſh'd along.
Her, as ſhe fled, from ev'ry porch and gate
View the ſad matrons, and bemoan her fate.
Now theſe, now thoſe ſhe paſs'd; tho' oft ſhe found
The courſers hoofs too near, and felt the wound.

Addunt ſe flenti comites, pariterque ſequuntur,
Fidus Iöannes cum matre, atque innuba Martha,
Et ſoror, et Salome, et conjux ægra Cleophæ,
Cunctæ atro pariter velatæ tempora amictu.
Ecce autem videt infando jam proxima monti
Erectamque trabem, et ſcalas, defixaque ſigna.
Quamvis neſcit adhuc, quæ ſint ea robora porrò,
Horruit illa tamen metuens, et pectus honeſtum
Terque quaterque manu tundens, pectuſque caputque:
Hei mihi! neſcio quid moles, atque illa minatur
Machina triſte, inquit: gentis ſcio acerba furentis
Circumfuſa odia, et genus undique Judæorum
Jamdudum nobis infenſum expoſcere pœnas.
Hoc erat, hoc tota inſomnis quod nocte videbar
Cernere ſignum, olim Iſacidæ quo ſumma notârunt
Limina, quiſque ſuum, fuſo agni ritè per ædes
Sanguine, poſt longa exilia, indignoſque labores
Niliacis monitù furtim decedere terris.

Hæc memorans, ſimul ibat: eam ſine more ruentem,
Rumpentemque aditus per tela, per agmina denſa
Rejiciunt clypeorum objectu, et longiùs arcent.
Jam magis atque magis non vani ſigna timoris
Clareſcunt, propiuſque in vertice conſpicitur crux
Ingens, infabricata, et iniquis aſpera nodis.
Ut verò informi mulctatum funere natum,
Affixumque trabi nudia jam in morte teneri
Aſpexit coràm infelix, ut vidit ahena
Cuſpide trajectas palmas, palmaſque, pedeſque,
Vulnificiſque genas, fœdataque tempora ſertis,
Squalentem ut barbam, turpatum ut ſanguine crinem,
Dejectoique oculos dura jam in morte natantes,
Inque humentem lapſos vultus, morientiaque ora:
Alpino ſtetit ut cautes in vertice ſurgens,

Quam

With faithful John, whom equal cares invade,
His pious mother joins the weeping Maid:
Martha with theſe and Magdalene repair,
Cleophas' conſort, and Salome fair.
In modeſt ſorrow o'er their eyes they drew
A veil, that ſcreen'd them from the public view.
Now from the mount, the croſs erected high
With all its implements, ſalutes her eye.
But tho' ſhe deem'd not what theſe ſigns expreſs'd,
Yet ſtruck with horror, and by fear diſtreſs'd,
Thrice with her hand ſhe ſmote her ſnowy breaſt.
Then cried, alas! ſome thoughts that cauſe diſmay,
Theſe dreadful engines to my mind convey.
I know the nation's hate, prepar'd to ſhed
Their utmoſt vengeance on our guiltleſs head.
'Twas for this cauſe, that late in dead of night,
I ſaw preſented to my trembling ſight,
A boding dream; which ſhow'd our fires of yore
Sprinkling with blood of lambs each myſtic door;
What time they fled, enjoin'd by heav'n's command,
With cautious ſilence from th' Egyptian land.
Thus ſaying, on ſhe ruſh'd thro' dreadful rows
Of armed ſquadrons; while th' inſulting foes
With ſcorn reſiſt her, and their ſhields oppoſe.
Now more and more ſhe finds her terrors true,
As the dread croſs appears diſplay'd to view:
A huge, miſhapen trunk the engine ſtood,
Rough with hard knots, and form'd of ſtubborn wood.
But when her Son, from that opprobrious height,
In dying poſture meets her mournful ſight:
When ſhe beheld his hands with weapons torn,
His temples wounded with the piercing thorn;
His ſqualid beard with filth all cover'd o'er,
His ſilver treſſes ſoil'd with dropping gore;
His eyes dejected, languid, and half dead,
And on his neck reclin'd his fainting head—
Fix'd like a rock on Alpine hills ſhe ſtood;
Which the wild fury of the rains and flood,

Quam neque concutiunt venti, neque ſæva trifulco
Fulmine vis cœli, aſſiduus neque diluit imber,
Hiſpida, cana gelu, longoque immobilis ævo.
Ipſi illam montes ipſa illam flumina longè
Videre, ingentem feſſæ miſerata dolorem,
Eque ſacro aëreæ lacrymârunt vertice cedri:

Filius at poſtquam pinu conſpexit ab alta
Dilectam genitricem, animi miſeratus in illa,
Ut potuit, ſubitò morientia lumina fixit
Semianimis, dulcemque oculis reſpondit amorem.
Mox ſic exanguem viſu, victamque dolore
Affari extremùm, curaſque avertere dictis:
Hactenus, ô mulier, fletimus: non te tamen ægram
Tantus edat tacitè dolor: haud ſine mente Parentis
Hæc ſerimus, ſolo qui temperat omnia nutu.
Hic tibi pro nato (admotum nam fortè parenti
Vidit Iöannem lachrymantem, et multa gementem)
Semper erit. Juvenem mox idem affatur amicum:
Hæc tibi erit genitrix: oro, tutare relictam
Tu ſaltem, et matris ſerva communis amorem.

His dictis lachrymas perculſis mentibus hoſtes
Non ipſi tenuere; feræ ingemuere cohortes.
Hic demum matri rediit vox faucibus ægræ;
Ingentemque dedit gemitum: tum robora largo
Triſtis, inexpletùm lachrymans, lavit humida fletu,
Et tales amplexa trabem dabat ore querelas:

Nam quem te miſeræ matri, pulcherrime rerum,
Nate, refers? talin' voluiſti occumbere leto?
Nec tibi noſter amor ſubiit, ne funera adires
Talia, ne culpam alterius hac morte piares,
Et letale dares miſeræ ſub pectore vulnus?

The fierce aſſault of warring winds deſies,
And all the lightning launch'd from angry ſkies:
Rough, hoar with froſt, its ancient ſtate it bears,
Unmov'd, unſhaken, thro' a length of years.
The mountains ſaw, and mourn'd her wretched woe,
The gliding ſtreams in plaintive murmurs flow;
And lofty cedars on the ſacred hill,
Struck with her fate, ambroſial tears diſtill.
Soon as her pious Son beheld from high
The weeping Parent; his dejected eye,
Far as he cou'd, to fix on her he ſtrove,
And from his looks diffus'd cœleſtial love.
Then to the Dame with piercing woes oppreſs'd,
Theſe few laſt accents calmly he addreſs'd:
Thou know'ſt, oh! Woman! till this fatal hour,
I've ſhun'd their malice, and withſtood their pow'r:
Then ceaſe thy ſorrows, and thy anguiſh ſpare,
Theſe ills alone by heav'n's command we bear.
This gentle youth (for near her ſide he view'd
The faithful John, with ſilent grief ſubdu'd)
Thy ſon ſhall be; and thou, fair youth, ſhalt find
In her, a mother; faithful, juſt, and kind.
By tender offices thy duty prove,
And guard our Parent with an offspring's love.
At this, not foes themſelves their tears ſuppreſs'd,
And groans deep iſſu'd from their ſavage breaſt.
The Dame, who long this ſcene in ſilence mourn'd,
Now felt at length her pow'r of ſpeech return'd.
Forth from her heart ſhe heav'd a piteous ſigh;
The big drops trickling from each cryſtal eye,
Waſh'd, as her hands embrac'd, the fatal wood;
Then thus her plaintive accents ſhe renew'd:
Alas! my Son! my ſoul's ſupreme delight!
Say, is it thus thou greet'ſt a Parent's ſight?
And wou'd'ſt thou ſuffer on this odious tree?
Cou'd not thy love, thy fond regard for me,
This bitter death engage thee to decline,
And ſpare a heart o'erwhelm'd with woes like mine?

Heu! quem te, Nate, aſpicio? tuane illa ſere-
na
Luce magis facies aſpectu grata? tuine
Illi oculi? quæ tam ſcelerata inſania tantum
Auſa nefas? heu! quàm nato mutatus ab illo,
Cui nuper manus impubis, omniſque juven-
tus
Occurrit feſtam venienti læta per urbem;
Perque viam ut regi velamina picturata,
Arboreaſque ſolo frondes, et olentia ſerta
Sub pedibus ſtravere, Deum omnes voce faten-
tes?
His exornatum gemmis, hoc murice cerno?
At non certè olim præpes demiſſus Olympo,
Nuncius, hæc pavidæ dederat promiſſa puel-
læ.
Sic una ante alias felix ego, ſic ego cœli
Incedo regina? mea eſt hæc gloria magna?
Hic meus altus honos? Quò reges munera opi-
ma
Obtulerunt mihi poſt partus? quò carmina
læta,
Cœleſtes cecinere chori; ſi me iſta manebat
Sors tamen, et vitam cladem hanc viſura trahe-
bam?
Felices illæ, natos quibus impius hauſit
Inſontes regis furor ipſo in limine vitæ,
Dum tibi vana timens funus molitur acerbum.
Ut cuperem te diluvio cecidiſſe ſub illo?
Hos hos horribili monitu trepidantia corda
Terrificans ſenior luctus ſperare jubebat,
Et cecinit fore cùm pectus mihi figeret en-
ſis.
Nunc altè mucro, nunc altè vulnus adactum.
Saltem huc ferte oculos vos ô quicunque tene-
tis
Hàc iter, et comitem dulci me reddite na-
to,

Quando

Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre ſcares my ſight?
Are theſe the looks more grateful than the light?
Thoſe eyes, that ſhone with rays ſerenely fair?
What ruffian hand this impious deed cou'd dare?
How chang'd from him; whom late the youthful throng
Receiv'd, and honour'd with triumphal ſong,
When to the town his proud approach he made;
When ſplendid robes and carpets they diſplay'd,
When public paths with verdant boughs they ſtrow'd,
And loud Hoſannas hymn'd the paſſing God!
What ſtrange apparel do mine eyes behold?
Is this the purple, theſe the gems of gold?
Sure that cœleſtial Meſſenger convey'd,
Far other promiſe to the trembling maid.
Belike 'tis thus, by this diſtinguiſh'd grace,
I live the happieſt of the female race;
Thus, as heav'n's empreſs, tread th' etherial plain,
And this the pomp, and glory of my reign!
Why did the chiefs to me their treaſures bring?
My envy'd praiſes why did angels ſing?
If 'twas my fate ſo dire a lot to know,
And live ſpectator of this ſcene of woe?
Thrice happy they! whoſe babes untimely fell,
Beneath the cruel tyrant's ruthleſs ſteel;
What time he ſought, by empty fears oppreſs'd,
To ſheath the ponyard in thy infant breaſt!
Oh! wou'd to Heav'n! ſome rough tempeſtuous wave,
Of that fierce ſtorm, had ſwept thee to the grave!
Theſe are the wounds the boding ſeer foretold,
This, this the grief he propheſy'd of old;
When, as inſpir'd he ſung, a pointed dart
With thrilling pangs ſhou'd pierce my trembling heart.
Now has the ſword this painful boſom found,
Too deep alas! I feel the threaten'd wound.
Ye, who by this ſad paſſage journey on,
Oh! ſtop, and give me to my much-lov'd Son;

Quandò nulla mihi ſuperant ſolatia vitæ,
Atque meo major nuſquam dolor: addite me me
Huic etiam, ſi qua eſt pietas, et figite trunco:
Aut vos ô monteſque feri, quæque ardua cerno
Me ſupra frondere cacumina, parcite quæſo
Vos ſaltem; vos ô noſtro exaturata dolore
Reſpicite, et miſeræ tandem ſuccurrit matri.
Nunc nunc præcipiti caſu convulſa repentè
In me unam ruite, et tantos finite labores.

Hos virgo, atque alios dabat ore miſerrima fletus,
Nec comites poſſunt flentem illam abducere ſidæ.
Attamen armati morienti illudere pergunt,
Eſtque hoſti duro in bello multo optimus hoſtis,
Crudeli quaſſant riſu caput: undique circùm
Inſultant, tolluntque has læti ad ſidera voces:
En, qui ſe cœlo miſſum, ſuperique Parentis
Progeniem jactat, temploque urbique minatus,
Seque Deum fictor fandi mentirier audet.
I, ſequere, illiuſque pius nunc numen adora:
Qui multos leti eripuit de faucibus olim,
Non potis ipſe ſibi tali in diſcrimine adeſſe.
Falſus abeſt illi longè, nec talia curat
Nunc Genitor: ſanè infami nunc liber ab orno
Deſiliat: ſi numen habet, vincla omnia rumpat.
His quoque nos ſignis miſſum credemus Olympo.

Talia jactabant, mediaque in morte dolore
Semianimem hoc etiam cumulabant: cuncta ferebat
Ille animi invictus: fævis clementius æquo
Hoſtibus orabat veniam, Patremque rogabat,
Parceret ignaris rerum, cæciſque furore.

At verò inter ſe adverſis decernere dictis
Auditi, pœnas qui juxtà ob furta luebant,
Supplicio æquali juvenes gemina arbore fixi.

Alter

Since ev'ry comfort now in life is o'er,
Since never breaſt an equal ſorrow bore.
If yet on earth ſuch piety there be,
Fix, fix my body to this fatal tree.
Or ye, oh mountains! and hoar trees! that ſpread
Your dark, and low-brow'd horrors o'er my head;
Do you at leaſt, now ſatiate with my grief,
To a deſponding parent yield relief:
On theſe devoted limbs your ruins throw,
And end at once my being, and my woe.
Thus wail'd the plaintive nymph; th' attendant train
To ſooth her pious ſorrows ſtrove in vain.
Now on the Chief the troops invectives throw,
In fields of battle a more gen'rous foe.
They ſhook, in ſcornful mockery, their head,
And thus, with bitter taunts, inſulting ſaid,
Behold the Man! who threaten'd to o'erturn
This ſacred city, and her temple burn;
Proclaim'd his miſſion from the bright abode,
And dar'd uſurp the honours of a God.
Go now, and if devotion's zeal inflame
Thy kindling breaſt, adore his ſacred name;
Who numbers reſcu'd from death's gloomy pow'r,
Now wants aſſiſtance in this trying hour.
His boaſted Sire ſits far remov'd on high,
Nor views his ſorrows with regardful eye.
Let him deſcend at once, if God he be,
Burſt from his bands, and quit the fatal tree;
This act, this ſingle act ſhall clearly prove
His high commiſſion from the throne above.
Thus mock'd the Jews; this inſult adding more,
To all the anguiſh and the pains he bore.
Yet this he ſuffer'd with unconquer'd mind;
Nay, for his foes by ſtrong deluſion blind,
To heav'n's great Sire he pour'd his earneſt pray'r,
Their ſins to pardon, and his wrath forbear.
But lo! the youths, who by the law's decree
With him were ſentenc'd to the bitter tree;

Amidſt

Alter enim furiis, longiſque doloribus actus,
Ipſe etiam verbis morientem Heroa ſuperbis
Stringebat miſer, ac tales dabat ore loquelas:
I nunc, et templi multa conſtructa virûm vi
Demolire adyta, et poſt tres rurſum erige luces.
Nunc tibi ſi genus è ſummo traheretur Olympo,
Eque Deo genitore fores, ut te ipſe ferebas,
His te, nos pariterque malis prohibere liceret.
Verùm, omnes quando jactâſti vana per urbes,
Nobiſcum moriere, Dei mentita propago.

Non tulit hæc alter, dextra qui in parte propinquus
Jam morti pendebat, et hæc extrema profatus:
Infelix, quæ tanta animo dementia ſedit?
Nos ambo meritò luimus peccata: ſed inſons
Proditur hic odiis: quin nos commiſſa fatentes
Æquiùs hìc fuerat veniam, pacemque precari.
Sic ait; hinc Divum converſus lumina in ipſum,
Talibus orabat: Superi tu certa Parentis
Progenies (nam celſa manent te ſidera) ab alto
Reſpice me, et dexter morienti protinus adſis.
Annuit, et verbis Deus eſt dignatus amicis:
Tu partem laudis capies, tù gaudia mecum.
Quæ me cunque hodie, una eadem te regna beatum
Accipient, ait: aſtra alacri jam concipe mente.

Vix ea: nam vitæ labentis fine ſub ipſo,
Dum luctante anima feſſos mors exuat artus,
Æſtuat: it toto ſemper de corpore ſudor
Largior, et ſiccas torret ſitis arida fauces.
Tum vix attollens oculos jam morte gravatos,
Exiguum ſitiens laticem ſuprema popoſcit
Munera: vix tandem corrupti pocula Bacchi
Inficiunt felle, et triſti perfuſa veneno,
Ingratoſque haſtu ſuccos, inamabile virus,

Arenti

Amidſt their tortures, variouſly expreſs'd
The riſing thoughts that crowded in their breaſt.
One raſhly urg'd, o'ercome with raging pain,
The dying Hero in this taunting ſtrain.
Go; in the ſpace of three revolving days,
Deſtroy this temple, and another raiſe.
Sure, if you came from heav'n's etherial hoſt,
Were God your Father, as you proudly boaſt;
Yourſelf and us, condemn'd to equal fate,
Your pow'r might reſcue from this dreadful ſtate.
But ſince the whole's a farce; yourſelf muſt go
With us, vain Godhead! to the realms below.
The other youth, who on the right hand hung,
Reprov'd this inſult with his dying tongue:
Vile wretch! he cried, thy breaſt what madneſs fires?
We juſtly ſuffer what our guilt requires.
But this fair youth innoxious yields to fate,
Th' unhappy victim of the public hate.
How wiſer far the Godhead to addreſs
For ſpeedy pardon, and our crimes confeſs!
He ſaid; and turning to the Chief his look,
This humble pray'r with dying accent ſpoke:
Thou genuine offspring of th' eternal God!
(For kingdoms wait thee in the bright abode)
Look down propitious from th' etherial height,
And waft my ſpirit to the realms of light.
The God conſenting as the ſuppliant pray'd,
Thou, heav'n diſtinguiſh'd penitent! he ſaid,
This day a ſeat of honour ſhalt obtain,
Amidſt the glories of my future reign.
Scarce cou'd he ſpeak theſe words with fault'ring breath,
His ſoul juſt ſtruggling in the pangs of death:
From all his limbs deſcends the copious ſweat,
And his dry'd lips are parch'd with burning heat.
Then, lifting up his eyes with death oppreſs'd,
To quench his thirſt he urg'd his laſt requeſt.
At this, ſome meager wine corrupt and ſour,
On bitter gall and vinegar they pour;

Arenti admôrunt morientis arundine linguæ:
Quæ, ſimul extremo libans tenus attigit ore,
Reſpuit, atque diu labris inſedit amaror.

Interea magno lis eſt exorta tumultu,
Dum tunicam, nato genitrix quam neverat olim,
Partiri inter ſe famuli certamine tendunt,
Exuviaſque petunt: ſed erat non futilis ipſa
Veſtis, et in partes ideo non apta ſecari.
Sorte trahunt igitur concordes: ſic fore quondam
Prædixere ſacri corda haud improvida vates.

Jamque ferè medium curſu trajecerat orbem,
Cùm ſubitò ecce polo tenebris caput occulit ortis
Sol pallens, medioque die (trepidabile viſu)
Omnibus incubuit nox orta nigerrima terris:
Et clauſus latuit denſis in nubibus æther,
Proſpectum eripiens oculis mortalibus omnem.
Hìc credàm, niſi cœlo abſint gemituſque, doloreſque,
Æternum Genitorem alto ingemuiſſe dolore,
Sidereoſque oculos terra avertiſſe nefanda.
Signa quidem dedit, et luctum teſtatus ab alto eſt.
Emicuere ignes, diffulſit conſcius æther,
Concuſſuque tonat vaſto domus ardua Olympi,
Et cæca immenſum percurrunt murmura cœlum:
Diſſiluiſſe putes divulſi mœnia mundi,
Sub pedibus mugit tellus, ſola vaſta moventur,
Tecta labant, nutant ſuccuſſæ vertice turres.
Obſtupuere humiles ſubita formidine gentes,
Et poſitæ extremis terrarum partibus urbes.
Cauſa latet, cunctis magnum ac mirabile viſum,
Et populi æternas mundo timuere tenebras
Attoniti, dum ſtare vident caligine cœlum,

Ipſam

And on a reed a ſponge advancing high,
The noiſome potion to his tongue apply;
Which when he barely touch'd, he ſpurn'd away;
Long on his lips th' ungrateful moiſture lay.
Meantime with noiſe, amidſt the ſoldier-crew,
And mutual envy, warm debates enſue;
While to divide the ſacred veſt they ſtrove,
Which with much ſkill his Virgin-Parent wove.
But as no ſeam was found; it mock'd their art,
Nicely to rend, and yield to each a part.
Hence caſting lots, unknowing they fulfill'd,
What heav'nly Prophets had of old reveal'd.
Now had the ſun his midway journey ſped,
When lo! dark clouds obſcure his radiant head;
And (wond'rous to behold!) at noon of day,
O'er all the globe incumbent darkneſs lay:
Night's thickeſt ſhades involve th' affrighted ſkies,
And ev'ry proſpect fades from human eyes.
Here I ſhou'd think, cou'd ever grief or pain
Diſturb the glories of th' etherial reign;
That the great Parent with a mournful ſigh,
Had turn'd from heav'n his all-ſurveying eye.
At this diſaſt'rous ſcene his grief he ſhow'd,
By various tokens, from the bleſs'd abode.
Swift flaſh'd the lightnings thro' the conſcious ſky;
The deep-mouth'd thunder, from Olympus high,
Roll'd o'er the court of heav'n with hollow ſound,
And murmuring bellow'd thro' the vaſt profound.
You'd think all nature, in the gen'ral ſhock,
Convuls'd and ſhatter'd; earth's foundations rock;
Beneath their footſteps groans the ground below;
Tremble the roofs; the lofty turrets bow.
With terrour kingdoms felt th' alarming ſounds,
And cities, plac'd on earth's extremeſt bounds.
Scar'd at the horrours of this wond'rous ſight,
Deſpairing nations fear'd eternal night;
While trembling they beheld, the cauſe unknown,
A night of vapours veil the noonday ſun.

But

Ipſam autem propior Solymorum perculit urbem,
Ac trepidas ſtravit mentes pavor: undique clamor
Tollitur in cœlum, ſceleris mens conſcia cuique eſt.
Templa adeunt ſubitò caſtæ longo ordine matres:
Incedunt mixti pueri, intactæque puellæ,
Perque aras pacem exquirunt: quas thure vaporant
Suppliciter, ſacriſque adolent altaria donis.
Ecce aliud cœlo ſignum præſentius alto
Dat Pater altitonans, et templum ſævit in ipſum:
Velum latum, ingens, quod vulgi lumina ſacris
Arcet inacceſſis, in partes finditur ambas.
Et templi ruptæ crepuere immanè columnæ.
Jamque Deus rumpens cum voce noviſſima verba
Ingenti, horrendumque ſonans: En cuncta peracta,
Hanc inſontem animam tecum Pater accipe, dixit:
Supremamque auram, ponens caput, expiravit.

MARCI

But greater fear Judæa's ſons invades;
Swift thro' their minds th' awak'ning terrour ſpreads:
Vain pray'rs in tumult are to heav'n addreſs'd,
While conſcious guilt alarms each trembling breaſt.
With youths attended, to the ſacred fane,
The pious matrons, and the virgin train
In order march; and while for peace they pray,
Their holy off'rings on the altar lay.
Now heav'n reveals a more immediate ſign,
And o'er the temple pours his wrath divine.
For lo! the ſpacious veil, which, hung on high,
Shades the myſterious rites from vulgar eye,
Is rent in ſunder; and a hollow ſound
From the burſt columns echoes all around.
At length the God with loud and awful tone,
This dying ſentence utters—— All is done:
Now take, oh Sire! this ſpotleſs Soul—he ſaid;
Then on his boſom bow'd his ſacred head,
And from his lips the vital ſpirit fled.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER SEXTUS.

JAMQUE nigreſcenti properabat veſper Olympo:
Corpora adhuc ſtabant inhumata, inflectaque cano
Vertice, ſtipitibuſque etiam nunc fixa manebant.
Talia Joſephus veniens Arimathide ab ora
Non tulit, egregiuſque animi, præſtanſque juventa,
Et bellis aſſuetus, agri ditiſſimus idem,
Atque auri: is Chriſti miratus maxima facta,
Addiderat comitem modò ſe, quòcunque vocaret.
Ergo dum ſylvis alii formidine turpi,
Speluncíſque vagi paſſim conduntur in altis,
Protinus ipſe animi intrepidus, fretuſque juventa,
Aggreditur gentis rectorem, ac talia fatur:
Optime Romulidum, te cari in cæde Magiſtri,
Quem gens noſtra odiis leto mulctavit iniquis,
Fama pias ſervâſſe manus, cæcumque furorem
Adverſus totis nequicquam viribus iſſe.
Scis falſa exceptum ſub proditione, quòd illis
Obſtaret coram ſcelera urgens impia verbis.
Quod potes, exanimum terræ ſuccedere corpus
Da ſaltem, ſociis caſûs ſolamen acerbi.
Ipſe novo condam, mihi quod de more paravi,

Funera

VIDA's

CHRISTIAD.

BOOK. VI.

NOW twilight duſk the face of heav'n invades,
And ſwift o'er earth deſcend the ev'ning ſhades.
As yet the bodies hung, diſtain'd with blood,
Unwept, unburied, on the naked wood.
Joſeph, who came from Arimathis' ſhore,
This piteous ſight with indignation bore.
A youth he was, to virtuous deeds inclin'd,
In manners gentle, and of noble mind;
In fields of war accuſtom'd to command,
Wealthy in gold, and large extent of land.
Mov'd by the wond'rous deeds himſelf deſcry'd,
He late had follow'd this illuſtrious Guide.
Hence, while the reſt, in grief and deep deſpair,
To gloomy caverns and to woods repair;
With courage to th' imperial throne he preſs'd,
And in theſe words the ſov'reign chief addreſs'd:
Oh! beſt of Romans! who, if fame ſay true,
Did'ſt ſtem the madneſs of a barb'rous crew,
And, when our Lord by impious hands was ſlain,
Oppoſe the nation's malice, tho' in vain!
Thou know'ſt he falſely was betray'd, while mov'd
With gen'rous zeal, their vices he reprov'd:
Grant then, 'tis all his anxious friends can crave,
To lay him decent in the peaceful grave.
Myſelf, uncertain of the fatal day,
When death ſhall ſnatch this vital breath away;

Funera mecum animo dum verſo incerta, ſepulcro.

Pontius hæc contrà: Ut potius concedere vivum
Nunc corpus cuperem! vos veri conſcia teſtor
Numina, tentavi verſans mecum omnia, ſiqua
Inſontem morti excipere, ac dimittere poſſem.
Et nobis pietas colitur, ſanctique penates:
Sed nihil invita tandem profecimus urbe:
Crudelis vicit gentis furor: ite, ſepulcro,
Muneribuſque pii exanimem decorate ſupremis.

Dixerat: ille gradus montis contendit in altos,
Cui ſeſe comitem jungit Nicodemus, et ipſe
Multùm animo cari concuſſus funere amici.
Jamque propinquabant paribus veſtigia curis
Figentes, unde infauſtus de colle videri
Jam poterat locus: ecce autem fulgentia circùm
Arma vident, cinctumque armato milite clivum.
Nam, ne luce ſacra pendentia corpora truncis
Solennem funeſtarent lætæ urbis honorem,
Primorum miſſu armati venere miniſtri,
Semineces qui ſtipitibus de more refixos
Hoc ipſo injecta tumularent vertice arena.
Stabant, ſupplicium meritum qui hinc inde luebant
Semianimes, et adhuc ſpirantes funere in ipſo
Optabant duros leto finire labores,
Et montem implebant lacrymoſis vocibus omnem.
Protinus hinc atque hinc longis haſtilibus inſtant
Armati, franguntque viris tabentia crura,
Et miſeris mortem properant, trabibuſque refigunt;
Deinde cava infodiunt projecta cadavera terra.
At ſimul exanimem, qui noſtra ob crimina poenas
Pendebat, videre, manum abſtinuere, nec ultrà
Sunt paſſi ſævire in caſſum lumine corpus:
Mirati properos obitus, collapſaque membra
Tam citò, et ora modis jam tum pallentia miris.
Quidam etiam vidiſſe ferunt pendere per auras
Cœlivagos juvenes, feralia robora circum

Plaudentes

Have hewn a maiden ſepulchre, and there
I'll place the body with religious care.
To this the chief; how happy! cou'd my pow'r
Alive the Hero to your arms reſtore!
Be witneſs, heav'n! that, like a faithful friend,
I ſtrove to ſave him from this dreadful end!
We too reſpect for piety maintain;
But all my labours and my zeal were vain.
Tumultuous rage prevail'd—In ſafety go,
And rites funereal on the dead beſtow.
This ſaid; the mountain's ſummit he aſcends;
Sage Nicodemus on his ſteps attends:
He too with tears in ſilent grief deplor'd,
Th' inhuman ſlaughter of his deareſt Lord.
Now both with heavy hearts their courſe purſue,
Till lo! the fatal ſpot appear'd in view;
Whence the keen flaſh of armour glitt'ring bright,
And hoſtile troops alarm the ſtartled ſight.
For leſt the putrid bodies hung on high,
Shou'd, on their ſolemn day, pollute the eye;
The cautious prieſts diſmiſs'd a choſen band,
Their limbs to bury in the neighbouring ſand.
Here hung the youths, by juſtice doom'd to death;
And wiſhing to reſign their forfeit breath,
Amidſt the pangs of bitter anguiſh, fill
With mournful clamours all the vocal hill.
Sudden advance with ſpears an armed train,
And break their limbs, and end their ling'ring pain;
Then bear the bodies from the croſs away,
And inſtant to th' unhallow'd earth convey.
But when they ſaw the Chief already dead,
Who for our ſins in human nature bled;
At once their fury they reſtrain, nor more
Againſt his lifeleſs corſe reſentment bore;
Surpriz'd, within a ſpace ſo ſhort, to view
His faded limbs, and cheek of bloodleſs hue.
Some (fame reports) beheld with wond'ring eyes,
The bright aſſembly of th' etherial ſkies,

Plaudentes alis, niveaque in veſte coruſcos,
Divinum multo ſtillantem è vulnere rorem
Suſcipere, et ſuperas pateris perferre ſub auras.
Hìc auſus ſolus, lato cui lancea ferro,
Longinus ſanctos violare ignobilis artus:
Irruit, et longa tranſverberat abiete coſtas.
Intepuit ferrum, ſanctum ebibit haſta cruorem.
Vulnere quo perhibent bicoloris fluminis inſtar
Et purum laticem, et rorem exiliiſſe rubentem.
Diluta eſt humus: erubuerunt gramina circùm.

Huc ſeſe in medios Arimathes urbis alumnus
Infert, conſcenditque trabem, atque exangue Magiſtri
Detrahit, et denſis procul aufert corpus ab armis,
Veſte tegens, modo quam tales mercatus in uſus.
Huc volucres pueri, cœlique effuſa juventus
Ferte pedem, æterni largum date veris honorem:
Pallentem violam calathis diffundite plenis,
Narciſſique comas, ac mœrentes hyacinthos,
Et florum nimbo divinum involvite corpus.
Ecce autem latè reboant plangore propinqui
Fœmineo montes: reſponſant flebile ſaltus.
Omnia flere putes ſola lamentabile letum.
Ipſa ſedet vivo genitrix mœſtiſſima ſaxo,
Ægro corde, comis paſſis, totoque cruentum
Heu! natum complexa ſinu, miſerabile corpus,
Atque oculos fovet ore, patenſque in pectore vulnus.
Nec jam ullos gemitus, nec jam ullos amplius edit
Singultus: magno ſed enim exanimata dolore,
Frigida, muta ſilet, gelidoque ſimillìma ſaxo.

Circumſtant

Hov'ring on wing around the fatal wood,
Catch from his gaping wounds the purple flood;
Then ſwiftly ſailing thro' the liquid air,
To God's high throne the ſacred Ichor bear.
Here one, unknown amidſt the num'rous band,
Preſum'd to violate with impious hand,
His heav'nly limbs; forth ruſh'd the daſtard near,
And buried in his ſide the reeking ſpear:
Warm'd in the tepid ſtream the weapon glow'd;
The thirſty jav'lin drank his ſacred blood,
Which, mix'd with water, iſſu'd from the wound;
The purple current ſtain'd the bluſhing ground.
Here the fair youth from Arimathis' coaſt,
With zeal advanc'd amid the thronging hoſt;
And climbing up the croſs, without delay,
Bore thro' the crowd the lifeleſs limbs away:
Then o'er his corſe a milk-white veſture ſpread,
To guard from vulgar eyes the ſacred dead.
Hither, ye winged youths! oh! hither bring,
Th' unfading honours of eternal ſpring:
Let ſweet narciſſus and the violet pale,
From the full urns their fragrant ſweets exhale:
Ye purple hyacinths! diffuſe your ſtores,
And ſhade his relicks in a veil of flow'rs!
But lo! the hills with female ſhrieks rebound,
The neighbouring groves return the plaintive ſound;
The ſoft infection all around prevails,
And ev'ry place his hapleſs fate bewails.
The wretched Parent, rack'd with deep deſpair,
In ſilent grief unbinds her flowing hair;
And ſitting penſive on a naked ſtone,
Claſps to her breaſt the relicks of her Son:
Kiſſes his pale cold cheeks, and bathes with tears
The wound, that ghaſtly in his ſide appears.
Amidſt her grief no murmurs ſhe expreſs'd,
No plaintive accents from her heaving breaſt;
But inly ſuffer'd, without ſigh or groan,
Mute, cold, and lifeleſs, as the barren ſtone.

Circumſtant aliæ tunſæ omnes pectora palmis.
Pars calidis corpuſque lavant, et vulnera lymphis.
Textilibus membra involvunt pars ſqualida donis.
Hæc ſiccat fuſo rorantia genua capillo,
Vulneribus ſuper accumbens, hærenſque cruentis.
Oſcula dat manibus, pedibuſque rigentibus illa.
Indulgent omnes lacrymis, triſtique ululatu
Cuncta replent: vix inde viri divellere poſſunt,
Ipſi etiam guttis humentes grandibus ora.
Tum corpus miſeras ſolati exangue ſepulcro
Condunt marmoreo, atque affati extrema recedunt,
Et magnam comites genitricem in tecta reportant.

At Solymos penitus nondum omnis cura reliquit,
Sollicitos, ſed adhuc timor acer corda premebat.
Sæpe etenim audierant ſociis mœrentibus hoſtem,
Seſe olim ſuperas rediturum lucis ad auras
Promiſiſſe, palamque ſacros id prodere vates.
Id veriti, armatos ſubitò miſere viros, qui
Noctes atque dies ſervarent flebile buſtum,
Ne fortè auferret furto quis nocte ſepultum,
Et totam impleret falſis rumoribus urbem,
Defunctum vita rediiſſe ad luminis oras,
Vitaleſque auras haurire, atque æthere veſci.

Aura veni affianti Patris omnipotentis ab ore,
Aura potens cœli numen, ſuperûmque voluptas:
Quicquid adhuc ſuperat mihi dira è cæde dolorum
Mente fuga, lætoſque animi nunc reffice ſenſus,
Et placidos per membra riga mihi numine motus.
Sit fas lætitiæ ſentire in pectore lapſus,
Lætitiæ, qua gens fruitur felicis Olympi,
Larga ubi latifluo paſſim torrente redundant
Gaudia, nec fines novit diffuſa voluptas.

Vertitur

The ſympathizing train around her ſtand,
And beat their boſoms with their ſnowy hand.
Part bathe in tepid ſtreams each honour'd wound,
Part in white robes involve his limbs around.
This wipes his knees, with clammy dews o'erſpread,
And bends in pious ſorrows o'er the dead;
That on his feet, cold as the winter ſnows,
A thouſand kiſſes in her zeal beſtows:
All weep his fate, in tears of anguiſh drown'd,
And mournful murmurs fill the region round.
The men to bear them hence attempt in vain,
Themſelves too weeping with the tender train.
Now gently ſoothing the ſoft pious race,
The lifeleſs body in the tomb they place;
Then from the grave in ſilence bend their way;
Her friends the Virgin to her home convey.
Not yet the Jewiſh cares were all ſuppreſs'd,
But anxious dread ſtill harbour'd in their breaſt.
Oft had they heard (what choſen bards of old
In ſacred records to the world foretold)
That late the Hero had a promiſe made,
To riſe triumphant from the dreary ſhade.
Fearful of this they ſend an armed band,
Around the tomb in conſtant guard to ſtand:
Leſt friends by night ſhou'd ſteal the ſhrouded dead,
And idle rumours thro' the city ſpread;
That Chriſt, returning from death's dark domain,
Breath'd on the earth this vital air again.
† Come, heav'nly Spirit! from th'eternal God,
Thou joy, and pleaſure of the bright abode!
Within my breaſt whatever griefs remain,
What anxious ſorrows for a Saviour ſlain,
Diſperſe at once; and thro' my ſenſes pour,
The grateful bleſſings of thy healing ſhow'r!
Oh! give my heart that mighty bliſs to prove,
Thoſe joys, peculiar to the realms above;
Where copious torrents of delight abound,
And pleaſures circle in eternal round.

Vertitur hìc rerum facies, hìc gaudia noſtra
Incipiunt: longè in melius verſa omnia cerno.
Jam Deus, ut ſacros vates, et ſancta piorum
Concilia educens tenebris inferret Olympo,
Corporeis liber vinclis conceſſerat inios
Spiritus ad manes, animarùm regna ſilentum,
Per cæcos aditus, et præcipites anfractus
Solis inacceſſos radiis, loca nocte perenni
Obſita, terrificam cæcæ formidinis aulam.
Hìc ſtabulant, viviſque tenent impervia regna,
Noctivagi fratres, ſuperi quos ira parentis
Cœlo immane nefas animis excuſſit adortos,
Tartareiſque genus miſerabile merſit in antris.
Quando illos tenuit regnandi tanta cupido:
Nunc miſeros pœnis manes, miſeri magis ipſi
Exercent, vinctoſque tenent nigrantibus oris.
Interiora habitant barathrum irremeabile clauſæ
Crudeles animæ, ad ſuperos dum vita manebat;
Nunc merita expendunt vaſta fornace ſepultæ
Supplicia, undantemque ferunt caligine fumum.
Ignis ibi æternus, ſemper nova flamma renaſcens.

Innocuæ circùm ſedes, ſecretaque longè
Atria circuitu longo: hìc incendia nulla,
Nulli obſunt penitus flammis ultricibus ignes;
Umbrarum ſed iners requies, penituſque ſilentis
Mundi temperies, ſecretæ his ſedibus ævum
Inſontes degunt animæ, quibus haud ſua damno
Admiſſa: at primi ſcelus exitiale parentis
Detinet hìc clauſas, noſtræ nil lucis egentes,
Pœnarum prorſum expertes, niſi luce carerent
Jucunda, qua gens gaudet ſtellantis Olympi.
Hìc patres, ſanctum genus, antiquiſſima proles,
Qui vitam vinclo nullo, non legibus ullis
Compoſitam

Here ſorrows vaniſh; here our joys ariſe;
And brighter ſcenes unfold to human eyes.
Now, to convey from ſhades of endleſs night,
The pious ſpirits to Olympus' height,
Freed from the bondage of this earthly chain,
The God deſcended to th' infernal reign:
Thro' dreary tracks he paſs'd, and midnight gloom,
And reach'd at length the deep Tartarean dome.
Here, in theſe diſmal and obſcure retreats,
Night's gloomy ſons poſſeſs their darkſome ſeats;
Whom, for enormous crimes, th' Almighty drove
To hell's deep dungeons, from the realms above;
Such doom was theirs, by mad ambition driv'n,
To ſtretch their ſceptre o'er the courts of heav'n.
Now wretched ſouls they rack with tort'ring pains,
Themſelves more wretched, and confine in chains.
Here lodg'd and guarded in the deepeſt cell
Of midnight Tartarus, for ever dwell
Thoſe cruel ſpirits; who, while life remain'd,
With pride tyrannic o'er their brethren reign'd:
They feel the vengeance of th' Almighty's ire,
Plung'd in deep caverns of eternal fire.
Round theſe appear, ſtretch'd out in circuit wide,
The peaceful manſions where the bleſs'd reſide.
No raging furnace with inceſſant heat,
No flames ſulphureous blaſt this calm retreat;
But happy ſpirits paſs their moments, bleſs'd
With temp'rate climates, and ambroſial reſt.
Within the limits of this choſen place,
Dwell the pure ſouls of that innoxious race;
Who not condemn'd for vices of their own,
But for their great forefathers guilt alone,
Are here detain'd; nor wiſh for life again,
Fenc'd from the reach of ſorrows, care, and pain;
Yet ſigh for pleaſures that can never cloy,
Thoſe endleſs glories which the bleſs'd enjoy.
Here dwell thoſe ſires, an ancient race and wiſe,
Who unreſtrain'd by force of human ties,

Led

Compoſitam incultos primi degere per agros,
Inter oves patrio tantùm ſe more tenentes,
Juſtitiæ memores ultro, rectumque colentes:
Hìc vàteſque pii, qui quondam numine pleni
Ventura intrepidè magnas cecinere per urbes,
Quique dedere orbi leges, divina reperta,
Quoſque datis olim juvit parere volentes,
Matronæ atque viri, vitæque in limine rapti.
Omnibus unus amor, cœlique arrecta cupido.

Et jam promiſſi memores tum fortè per umbras
Secla recenſebant tacitis volventia luſtris,
Ducebantque animis finem adventare malorum,
Atque hæc inter ſe læti ſermone ſerebant:
En tandem volvenda dies, en imminet illa,
Cùm lucem liceat, ſupera et convexa tueri.
Hanc claro Pater omnipotens manifeſtus Olympo
Oſtendit nobis divino numine plenis:
Nos aliis ſubitò mortalibus ore canentes
Optandam votis venienti liquimus ævo.
Jamjam aderit lux noſtra, Dei indubitata propago.
Hle erat, ille feri ſub imagine ſæpe leonis
Oſtenſus nobis, oculos caligine preſſis:
Unus pro multis qui ſeſe proderet ultro
Morti, defenſoſque daret nos hoſte ſubacto.
Vicit io tandem leo magni à ſanguine Judæ
Davidæ genus: ô paſſim gaudete beati
Mortales, gaudete animæ jam corpore functæ.
Jam vos aſtra vocant: nunc, quæ tot clauditur annos,
Janua ſiderei nobis aperitur Olympi.
Jamque erit, ut noſtris promiſſum vocibus olim,
Lætitia exiliant montes, colleſque reſultent
Pampineis vincti formoſa cacumina ſertis:
Quales creber agris aries, oviumque minores
Subſiliunt fœtus, mollique in gramine ludunt,
Balatus matrum dum per juga longa ſequuntur:

Ipſi

Led harmleſs lives amidſt their fleecy train,
That graz'd at large th' uncultivated plain:
To follow nature was their chief delight,
Juſt without laws, obſervant of the right.
Here bards; who to the world, with zeal inflam'd,
Their heav'n-directed prophecies proclaim'd.
Here thoſe who founded laws; or who obey'd,
With pious rev'rence, laws already made:
Matrons and heroes; tender babes, from earth
Snatch'd by hard fate, the moment of their birth.
All theſe, with eager and impatient love,
Pant for the pleaſures of the realms above.
And now, regardful of the promiſe made,
Theſe captive ſpirits in the gloomy ſhade,
Meaſuring the circles of time's ſwift career,
Conceiv'd the period of their bondage near.
Then thus rejoicing 'midſt themſelves they ſay—
Behold, ye ſaints! behold th' expected day,
Comes haſt'ning on; when we ſhall ſhare the ſight
Of heav'nly manſions, bleſs'd with endleſs light:
The Sire reveal'd to us, in times of old,
And we to earth this bleſs'd event foretold.
Soon will He come; th' undoubted Heir of God,
And with his preſence gild this drear abode.
He to our eyes was oft in dreams convey'd,
Beneath a lion's fiery form diſplay'd;
Who by his death ſhou'd wound our mortal foe,
And reſcue ſpirits from theſe ſhades below.
This mighty lion, ſprung from Judah's blood,
Great ſeed of David! has the foe ſubdu'd.
Rejoice, ye mortal race, on earth who breathe,
Rejoice, ye ſpirits, in the world beneath!
Now heav'n invites; now, cloſely barr'd before,
Opes, to receive us, its unfolding door.
Now, as erſt ſung by our prophetic voice,
Mountains ſhall leap, and vine clad hills rejoice:
As joy on ſteepy rocks the ſportive lambs,
That hear the bleatings of their anxious dams.

Let

Ipſi jam fontes; ipſa et vaga flumina paſſim
Melle fluant, niveo paſſim vaga flumina lacte,
Lacte mero, et dulci diſtillent nectare rupes.

Talia perſtabant memorantes: cuncta fremebant
Intus lætitia ingenti, plauſuque ſecundo.
Sicut ubi cives longa obſidione tenentur
Urbem intra, et vallum, portarumque obice tuti,
Dum circùm ſonat, atque in muros arietat hoſtis:
Tum ſi fortè acies procul auxiliaribus armis
Adventare vident ſocias è turribus altis,
Conſurgant, animoſque alacres ſpe ad ſidera tollant.

Ecce autem foribus ſuccedens maximus Ultor
Haud cunctatus adeſt, divina luce coruſcus.
Porta ingens adverſa manet centum ærea vaſtis
Vectibus, æterni poſtes: hanc nulla neque igni
Vincere vis valeat, neque duri robore ferri.
Conſtitit hìc Deus, ac dextra ſtridentia clauſtra
Impulit: intremuit quo latè exterrita tellus
Impulſu, vaga contremuerunt ſidera mundi,
Regiaque umbroſis immugiit atra cavernis.
Ad ſonitum horrifico adventu de vallibus imis
Lucifugi raptim trepido adſunt agmine fratres
Humana facie crurum tenus, inde dracones.
Tum rudere infuetum, dirumque è faucibus ignem
Efflare, atque domum piceo omnem involvere fumo.
Continuò patuere fores: procul ecce repentè
Sponte ſua abſiliunt convulſi à cardine poſtes.
Apparet confuſa intus domus, altaque circùm
Atria, rareſcunt tenebræ, et nox cæca receſſit.
Nam Deus haud ſecus obſcuris conſpectus in antris
Perſtringens oculos divina luce refulget:

Quàm

Let liquid honey with a copious tide,
From ev'ry fount in golden currents glide;
Let ſtreams of milk each winding valley fill,
And balmy nectar from the rocks diſtill.
Thus the bleſs'd ſaints awhile diſcourſe maintain,
And ſing their triumphs in exulting ſtrain.
So, when enclos'd within the circling lines,
Some city's troops a tedious ſiege confines;
Tho', while the works a ſafe defence maintain,
They hear the thund'ring engines ſtorm in vain,
Yet if from far they view by lucky chance,
Confed'rate armies to their aid advance;
With briſker ſpirits to their taſk they riſe,
And ſhouts triumphant rend the echoing ſkies.
But now th' Avenger, cloath'd in heav'nly light,
Deſcends impetuous to the gates of night.
Theſe his approach with hoſtile front oppoſe;
An hundred brazen bars the portal cloſe;
Which barricado'd ſtrong on ev'ry ſide,
The force of flames, and temper'd ſteel defy'd.
Here, arm'd with pow'r, the Godhead takes his ſtand,
And burſts the thund'ring portals with his hand:
Thrice as he ſtruck, th' affrighted earth around,
Heav'n's wand'ring planets trembled at the ſound,
And hell remurmur'd from her gulphs profound.
Forth from the deepeſt vales, a gloomy throng
Of night's abhorr'd aſſociates pour along:
A dreadful crew; their upper parts in ſhow
Like men; but dragons from the waſte below:
Breathing thick flames, they bray with horrid ſound,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the dome around.
Back fly the brazen gates without delay,
And from their ſtarting hinges burſt away:
The lofty courts appear reveal'd to ſight,
And inſtant vaniſh the dark ſhades of night.
For thro' the dreary gloom his rays divine,
With golden ſplendor more conſpicuous ſhine,

Than

Quàm cùm gemma ignes ſplendore imitata coruſco
In noctem thalamis lucet regalibus, atraſque
Exuperat tenebras, largo et loca lumine veſtit,
Purpurea circùm perfundens omnia luce.

Ut verò in mediis Divum penetralibus hoſtes
Videre, et faciem inviſam agnovere per umbras
Ardentem radiis, ac mira luce coruſcam:
Protinus aſpectu ſubito terrentur, et imas
Conjiciunt ſeſe in latebras, linguaque remulcent
Commiſſas utero caudas, ſtratique tremendùm
Nequicquam umbroſis in ſpelæis ululârunt.
Quales, quæ celſis habitantes Alpibus Euros
Semiferæ gentes ſemper patiuntur, et imbres,
Romanas ſi fortè procul fulgentibus armis
Ora exertantes antris videre phalangas:
Fumoſa extemplò palantes tecta relinquant,
Diſperſique jugis, ſiqua altius exit in auras,
Rupe ſedent, longeque duces mirantur euntes.

At caſti circùm manes fulgore repentè
Luſtrati, paſſas tendunt ad ſidera palmas,
Lætitiaque fremunt ſubita, lacrymaſque dedere,
Nec ſaturare queunt animos, oculoſque tuendo.
Tum læto ultorem propius clamore ſalutant,
Unà omnes: Ut te, cœli lux clara ſereni
Optatum aſpicimus! nec nos ſpes noſtra fefellit,
Qui revehis mundo primo conceſſa parenti
Munera, et humanus genus omne in priſtina reddis.
Ignotaſque vias aperis ad ſidera cœli?
Veniſti, æthereæ facies tua lampadis inſtar
Diffulſit, tandemque oculis lux reddita noſtris.
Sed quibus exhauſtum ærumnis, quantiſque procellis
Jactatum accipimus? (nigras ea fama ſub oras
Detulit) indigno quis ſanctum vulnere corpus
Fœdavit? quænam haſta tuo intepuiſſe cruore,
Quod ferrum tulit? an tantum mortalibus ullis
In terris licuit ſcelus? ô quæ clauſa remotis
Æquora littoribus terrarum cingitis orbem,

Than the bright luſtre that the gem diſplays;
Whoſe vivid colours, like a fiery blaze,
'Midſt regal banquets ſparkle thro' the night,
And gild the manſion with a ſtream of light.
But when the foes the victor God ſurvey'd,
And knew his dreadful preſence thro' the ſhade,
Glitt'ring with rays, in beamy ſplendor bright;
At once alarm'd, and trembling at the ſight,
Swift to their inmoſt dens confus'd they fled,
And couchant bellow'd on their darkſome bed.
So when thoſe ſavage nations, that ſuſtain
On Alpine rocks eternal ſtorms and rain;
If chance they view, in all the pomp of war,
The Roman enſigns glitt'ring from afar;
Sculk from their cells; and on ſome mountain's brow,
Admire the ſplendor of the paſſing ſhow.
But pious ſpirits in the realms of night,
Around illumin'd with the ſudden light,
Spread their glad hands in tranſport to the ſkies,
While ſtreaming tears guſh copious from their eyes;
Their heart, their looks a ſilent joy expreſs'd,
At length th' avenging God they thus addreſs'd:
Our hopes fulfill'd, how gladly we ſurvey
Thy face, O Chief! more welcome than the day!
Who, by thy gracious preſence, do'ſt reſtore
Thoſe gifts divine, our ſire enjoy'd of yore;
Renew the grace on human kind beſtow'd,
And ope the portals of the bleſs'd abode!
Thou com'ſt, refulgent like the morning ray,
To chaſe the darkneſs from our eyes away.
But from what perils, by what tempeſt toſt,
Does night receive thee on her gloomy coaſt?
For fame ev'n here the dreadful news convey'd;
What barb'rous hand theſe ghaſtly wounds has made?
Oh! ſay, what hoſtile ſword, what envious ſpear,
What marble heart ſuch impious deed cou'd dare?
Ye diſtant ſeas, that with your liquid bound,
Earth's ſpacious habitable globe ſurround;

Tell,

Quæ vos, quæ tenuere moræ? quibus abdita clauſtris,
Leto opifex tam crudeli cum veſter obiret?
Vos tum diluvio mortalia cuncta decebat
Obruere, et terras penitus delere nocentes.
Noſne per hæc, ſuperi ſoboles certiſſima Regis
Vulnera ſervamur? non ô non præmia tanti,
Non tanti ipſa ſalus erat olim noſtra: tua ingens
Hæc pietas: adeon' tibi curæ incommoda noſtra,
O hominum dulcis requies, ſuperûmque voluptas?
Nos patris averſi noſtro irritavimus iras
Crimine: tu diras ſolviſti ſanguine pœnas.

Talia per campos jactabant undique inanes.
Tum læti obſcuro pariter ſe carcere promunt,
Ultoremque Deum ſupera ad convexa ſequuntur
Sedibus ut placidum degant ſtellantibus ævum:
Felices animæ, gens jam defuncta periclis
Humanis, ſecura operum, ſecreta laborum.
Primus it ipſe hominum generis pater antè, nec ora
Conſcius antiquæ noxæ audet tollere cœlo:
Primores procerum inde alii non vana futuri
Pectora, queſs nivea velantur tempora vitta.
Ingemuere illi, quos ob commiſſa cremandos
Sorbet in abruptum, fundoque exercet in imo
Tartarus, eructanſque incendia dira caminus,
Unde animis miſeris nullo patet exitus ævo.
Præcipuè rex ipſe aulæ illætabilis alto
Cum ſociis mœrens ducit ſuſpiria corde,
Et fortunatis ſedem, quam liquerat ipſe,
Invidet ætheream, furiis immanibus actus.
Illi iter ad cœli debentia regna tenebant,
Aëra per tenerum læti, regemque canebant:

Felices

Tell, what unkind delay, what fatal force,
Reſtrain'd your gen'rous waves vindictive courſe;
When the great Lord, that to all nature gave
Exiſtence; ſunk untimely to the grave?
Zeal ſhou'd have bid your raging billows roll,
And pour the deluge wide from pole to pole.
Say, do we owe, illuſtrious Guide divine,
Our hopes, our ſafety, to theſe wounds of thine?
Oh! mean reward! man's loſt and wretched ſtate,
Was ill recover'd at ſo dear a rate.
Cou'd human race ſo far excite thy love,
Oh! health of earth! oh! joy of heav'n above!
Our crimes alone provok'd the wrath divine,
Thy cruel ſuff'rings paid the deadly fine.
Thus ſung the ſpirits lock'd in ſhades of night;
Then from the duſky manſion wing'd their flight,
With man's Redeemer, to the realms of light;
There, lengths of circling ages to employ,
In endleſs pleaſures, and immortal joy;
All human ſorrows paſt, a happy train,
Exempt from toils for ever, and from pain.
† Firſt march'd the Father of the human race,
Hiding, in conſcious guilt, his bluſhing face:
Next, holy ſeers the long proceſſion led,
The ſnowy veil adorn'd their ſacred head.
Loud groan'd the ſouls, whom doom'd to endleſs woe,
Hell's dungeon ſwallow'd in her gulphs below.
Theſe, for their impious crimes, th' Almighty Sire
Condemn'd to dwell in flames of penal fire;
And barr'd for ever from the plains of light,
In gloomy caverns of infernal night.
But chief the monarch of the ſhades, expreſs'd
Indignant murmurs from his ſullen breaſt;
And rack'd with envy at their happier fate,
Mourns the loſt glories of his former ſtate.
Meanwhile the ſaints proceed; and joyous ſing,
Thro' heav'n's wide regions, their immortal King:

Felices animæ, quibus eſt in ſecula vitæ
Jam nunc parta quies, prærluſaque janua læti.
Applaudunt volucres purum tranantibus auræ:
Subſidunt Euri, fugere ex æthere nimbi,
Arridetque procul clari liquidiſſima mundi
Tempeſtas: cœlo arrident rutila aſtra ſereno,
Aſſurgit matutinis aurora volucrum
Cantibus: aſſurgit rubefacta veſper ab æthra.

Atque ea dum longè vaſtum per inane geruntur,
Jam lux Eois properabat tertia ab oris,
Et Pater omnipotens Nato immortalia membra
Illuſtrans, penitus divinum afflavit honorem:
Quodque fuit mortale modò, et violabile corpus,
Immortale dedit: non tanta luce ſereno
Sidera clara polo, non aureus ipſe nitet ſol.
Ceu qui per noctem impoſito cinere obrutus ignis
Delitet, et nuſquam tecto ſe lumine prodit,
Si quis eum flabris exuſcitet, arida circùm
Nutrimenta ferens, ſubitis ad tecta favillis
Emicet, et totas luſtret ſplendoribus ædes.
Talis, ubi turpe irrepſit ſenium, unicus ales,
Congeſſitque ſibi ramis felicibus altum
Summo in colle rogum, poſuitque in morte ſenectam,
Continuò novus exoritur, nitiduſque juventa
Effulget criſtis, et verſicoloribus alis,
Innumeræ circùm volucres mirantur euntem.
Ille ſuos adit Æthiopas, Indoſque reviſit.

Jamque adeò in terris hominum miranda paventes
Terruerant animos viſa: umbris orbe fugatis
Sole recens orto mœſtiſſima Magdalene
Amiſſi deſiderio perfixa Magiſtri

Cum

Thrice happy ſouls, whoſe deſtin'd toils are o'er,
Condemn'd to paſs the gates of death no more.
Soft fanning zephyrs ſmooth their airy courſe,
Back fly the clouds, the winds reſtrain their force;
Indulgent ſeaſons ſmile with airs benign,
Heav'n's radiant orbs in brighteſt luſtre ſhine:
With choirs of birds glad morning chears their way,
And ev'ning hails them with her golden ray.
While theſe thro' ſpacious ſkies their flight purſue,
At length the third bright morning roſe to view:
When now the Father of th'etherial race,
Breathes on his Offspring's limbs cœleſtial grace;
And what before was frail, nor free from wound,
He made immortal and with glory crown'd.
Not with ſuch light the ſtars etherial ſhone;
Leſs bright the ſplendor of the golden ſun.
So, when beneath warm embers thro' the night,
The fire lies hid, nor ſhines with wonted light;
If ſome with blaſts the latent ſparkles blow,
And wither'd fuel o'er the aſhes ſtrow;
Swift to the roof it mounts, with glitt'ring rays,
And round the manſion ſpreads the ſudden blaze.
Thus, when diſgraceful age comes creeping on,
The bird, for ever ſingle and alone,
Heaps on ſome mountain's top his funeral fires
With gather'd boughs, and full of years expires;
Then with new vigour from his aſhes ſprings,
All freſh in youth, and waves his painted wings:
Unnumber'd birds aſſemble as he flies,
And pleas'd admire his progreſs thro' the ſkies:
To Ethiopia's tracts ſublime he goes,
And viſits India where he firſt aroſe.
Now ſigns, and prodigies of wond'rous birth,
Alarm the trembling nations of the earth.
Scarce from her bed the bluſhing morn aroſe,
When penſive Magdalene, oppreſs'd with woes,
And ſorrowing for her Lord, untimely ſlain,
In ſad proceſſion with the female train,

Cum ſociis ibant prima ſub luce, ferentes
In gremiis molles patriæ felicis odores,
Myrrhamque, et coſtum, ſpicæque unguenta Ciliſſæ,
Supremum tumulo munus: varioque ferebant
Multa inter ſeſe triſtes ſermone per agros:
Nos miſeras, quas non ſecum lacrymabilis Heros
Duxerit ad letum: vigiles quis fallere nobis
Cuſtodes dabit? aut quis grandia ſaxa ſepulcro
Evolvet clauſo, ut ſaltem fungamur inani
Munere, deſerto ſolventes debita buſto?

Talia fundentes tumulum venere ſub ipſum,
Jactanteſque oculos faciles huc plurimà, et illuc
Milite conſpiciunt collem, et cuſtode vacare,
Clauſtraque mirantur ſecum patefacta ſepulcri.
Accedunt: at ubi tumulum conſpexit inanem,
Naribus unde ingens fluctus ſe evolvit odorum,
Hoſte putans clàm ſublatum pulcherrima virgo
Flebat, inornatum vellenſque à vertice crinem,
Et nemora, et montes gemitu, ſylvaſque replebat.
Cui juvenis ſubitò effulgens in veſtibus albis,
Aligerum genus, et cœli de gente: Quid, inquit,
Quæritis ô matres? longo jam parcite luctu,
Atque animis mœſtum tandem revocate timorem,
Lætitiam certa jam ſpe præſumite veſtram:
Quandoquidem, quem vos adeò lugetis ademptum,
Funeſtæque trabi fixum, ut ſcelus omne piaret,
Veſtraque ſponte ſua deleret crimina morte:
Unus pro cunctis Erebi jam rege ſubacto
Manibus ex imis has rurſum lucis in oras
Victor iit, ſuperaque etiam nunc veſcitur aura,

Corporis

March'd ſlowly on; e'er morn her light diſplay'd,
And balmy odours to the tomb convey'd.
On various ſubjects much diſcourſe they held,
As ſlow they journey'd o'er the mournful field.
Ah! wretched we; that here ſurvive, they cried,
When the great Lord of human nature died!
How ſhall our ſkill the watchful guard deceive?
Who from the cave th' enormous weight will heave?
That love and duty may at leaſt beſtow,
What to the dead in gratitude we owe.
Thus utt'ring pious thoughts, at length they come
In ſolemn order to the ſacred tomb:
Where, as they rais'd their weeping eyes, they found
The hill deſerted, and no guards around;
And fill'd with deep aſtoniſhment, ſurvey'd
The cave's wide entrance to the view diſplay'd.
But when ſhe ſpy'd the vacant tomb, from whence
A gale of odours greets the raviſh'd ſenſe;
The dame concluding, by vain fears betray'd,
Some foes to diſtance had her Lord convey'd,
Pour'd forth a flood of tears in deep deſpair;
And wildly rending her diſhevell'd hair,
Fill'd all the neighbouring woods with riſing groans;
The woods and mountains echo to her moans.
Sudden, a youth deſcending from the ſkies,
In glitt'ring veſture ſtands before their eyes;
And why, ye matrons! why this grief, he cries?
Whom ſeek you here, with pious cares, in vain?
Diſmiſs your ſorrows, and your tears reſtrain:
On happier proſpects all your thoughts employ,
And in your boſoms wake new ſcenes of joy.
Since He, whom now your tender hearts bemoan,
To all his friends ſo lately loſt and gone;
By foes extended on the fatal beam,
Man's guilty race from ruin to redeem,
One doom'd for all—Triumphant ſprings to light,
Quell'd and ſubdu'd the tyrant of the night;

Corporis ablutus quæcunque obnoxia morti.

Hæc ait, et nubi volucer ſe immiſcuit arctè.
Ipſa etiam res ecce oculis oblata repentè
Firmavit dubiumque animum, tenebraſque reſolvit.
Namque moræ impatiens, atque acri ſaucia amore
Dum virgo ſedet, ac miratur inane ſepulcrum,
Artificumque manus, videt ipſo in marmore fictum
Littus arenoſum, porrectum in littore piſcem,
Fluctivomum, ingentem, nant æquore qualia in alto
Mole nova ignaros nautas terrentia cete:
Monſtrum turpe, atrum, ſpacioſi bellua ponti,
Cujus ab undivomo vates imperditus ore
Redditus, aëreas rurſum veniebat ad auras.
Tum ſecum: Superi nunc ô nunc viſa ſecundent
Præſentes, veterum agnoſco non vana futuri
Signa, inquit: nempe, ut monſtri deformis in atro
Tres vates latuit luces, tres gutture noctes
Ingluviem paſſus, vaſtæque voraginis antrum:
Sic Heros multum ad ſuperos defletus amicis,
Incluſuſque cavo ſaxo, terraque ſepultus
Delituit, ſæpe ut (memini) prædixerat ipſe,
Ad cœlum rediit, ſaxumque reliquit inane.

Talia verſanti, ſubitò ſub imagine falſa
Ignoti agricolæ ſeſe Deus obtulit ipſe,
Et tumulum juxta aſtabat, mox farier orſum
Virgo amens animi agnovit, converſaque luce
Reſpicit, ecce, nova illuſtrem, radiiſque coruſcum.

Corruit,

Reviſits earth, and draws this vital breath,
No more obnoxious to the darts of death.
He ſaid; and inſtant from their ſight withdrew—
When lo! a wonder riſes to the view,
Which from their hearts, with doubtful errors blind,
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and confirm'd their mind.
For whilſt the nymph, impatient of delay,
Sits on the ground all-penſive, to ſurvey
The empty tomb, and ſcan its fabric o'er;
She ſees depicted, a ſmooth ſandy ſhore;
And on the ſhore a fiſh enormous laid,
(The marble tomb ſuch images diſplay'd)
Large as huge whales, that tempeſting the main,
Affright the ſailors on the wat'ry plain:
A dire, tremendous, formidable beaſt;
From whoſe vaſt gorge the ſeer at length releas'd,
When three long nights uninjur'd he had lain,
Return'd in ſafety to this air again.
Then thus the Virgin, deeply pond'ring ſaid;
Ye gracious pow'rs! be preſent to my aid!
My mind acknowledges this dread portent,
This ſign, predictive of ſome great event.
For, as three nights and days the prophet lay,
Within th'enormous monſter of the ſea;
So this great Hero, this cœleſtial Lord,
By all his friends lamented, and deplor'd;
Who late, condemn'd by too ſevere a doom,
Was ſlain, and ſwallow'd in this marble tomb:
Rais'd from the grave, as oft himſelf foreſhow'd,
Returns triumphant to the bleſs'd abode.
Whilſt thus the maid purſu'd her joyful ſtrain;
Clad in the habit of a rural ſwain,
Appearing to her wond'ring ſight, the God
Beſide the tomb, in ſilent poſture ſtood.
But when to mix in converſe he eſſay'd,
Struck with aſtoniſhment, the trembling maid
Confeſs'd her Lord; and turning at the ſight,
Beheld him glitt'ring with cœleſtial light.

Corruit, ac genua amplexans, ſatis ora tueri
Clara nequit, corpuſque oculis obit omne volutis,
Et mœſtum aſpectu dulci ſaturavit amorem.
Continuò triſti penitus de pectore mœror
Omnis abit, rediitque decor ſuus ilicet ori
Marmoreo: ſed adhuc turgentibus humida gemmis
Lumina, inornatique fluunt per colla capilli.
Sic ubi rore madens pluvio roſa languida honeſtum
Demiſit caput, atque comam largo imbre gravatam,
Tum ſi purpureo ſol lumine veſtiat arva,
Et redeat madido facies innubila cœlo,
Protinus attollens ſeſe rurſum illa reſurgat,
Puniceique ſinûs divinum pandat honorem.
Talis erat poſito virgo pulcherrima luctu.
Ardet amans ipſum affari Regemque, Deumque,
Et coràm ſolitas haurire ac promere voces.
Dum trepidat, quæ prima hærens exordia ſumat,
Mortales viſus adopertus nube reliquit.

Fama Palæſtinas ſubitò hæc impleverat urbes,
Jamque ſacerdotes trepidare, et quærere, ſiquà
Multiplici vulgi ſermone occurrere poſſint,
Rumoremque aſtu premere, atque extinguere famam,
Cuſtodes buſti in primis, qui cuncta canebant,
Muneribus ſuperant, ſubiguntque haud vera profari,
Sublatum furto intempeſta nocte cadaver:
Sed non ulla datur verum exuperare facultas.
Quoque magis tendunt ſerpentem ſiſtere famam,
Amplius hoc volat illa, omnemque exuſcitat oram.
Sunt etiam, qui ſe ore canant vidiſſe patentes
Sponte ſua tumulos, multoſque exiſſe ſepulcris,
Quorum jampridem tellus acceperat oſſa.

Interea

Then, whilſt her pious hands his knees embrace,
She dwells in raptures on his radiant face;
O'er all his limbs her eyes inſatiate rove,
And from his aſpect drink exceſs of love.
Swift from her breaſt each abject ſorrow fled,
And o'er her cheeks the bright vermilion ſpread:
Yet from each eye guſh'd forth a cryſtal tear,
And in looſe ringlets hung her flowing hair.
As ſome ſweet roſe, that charg'd with ſhow'rs of rain,
Bows its fair head, and droops upon the plain;
If Sol, emerging with unclouded ray,
Pours o'er the vault of heav'n the golden day;
Sudden exalts the languid head on high,
And ſpreads its purple boſom to the ſky:
Thus, all her grief remov'd, the maid appears
With brighter charms, and lovely from her tears.
She longs her Lord and Sov'reign to addreſs,
And in a thouſand words her zeal expreſs.
But while ſhe heſitates what firſt to ſay,
Wrapt in ſurrounding clouds he paſs'd away.
Scarce had this news thro' Juda's cities ſpread;
When lo! the rulers, ſeiz'd with ſudden dread,
To huſh the ſtory 'midſt the vulgar aim,
And ſtifle in its birth the riſing fame.
Hence, to ſecure their ends, they firſt o'ercome
With pow'rful gifts, the guardians of the tomb;
To ſpread report, that while aſleep they lay,
Some hoſtile hand convey'd the corſe away.
But nor their utmoſt malice, nor addreſs,
Cou'd ſtop the rumour, or the truth ſuppreſs:
The more they ſtrive to hide, ſtill more reſounds
The ſpreading fame, and fills th' extremeſt bounds.
Nay, ſome reported, that their eyes ſurvey'd
The gloomy caverns of the tombs diſplay'd;
And apparitions ſtalk the ſtreets around,
Whoſe bones long ſince lay mould'ring in the ground.

Meanwhile

Interea ſocii, quos in diverſa paventes
Jamdudum terror longè disjecerat omnes,
Tabeſcunt mœſti: cœlo cecidiſſe videtur
Omnibus extinctum æterna caligine ſolem,
Et penitus mundo jucundum lumen ademptum.
Tandem conveniunt, et adhuc loca nota frequentant,
Tectaque, quæ vivo ſibi quondam Rege fuiſſent
Dulcia, ſed caſu nunc deſolata recenti.
Dux nuſquam: miſeris nuſquam datur illa tueri
Ora, illoſve oculos aſpectu luce ſerena
Jucundos magis, aut cœlo radiantibus aſtris,
Et cunctis nomen dulce obverſatur ad aures.
Ægreſcunt mœſti: ſqualent circùm omnia luctu.
Haud ſecus atque olim exemit cum ſubere paſtor
Cerea dona cavo, vacuumque alveare reliquit.
Tunc etiam, fumus quas longè diſpulit ater,
Hinc illinc glomerantur apes, et inania fruſtra
Tecta adeunt, denſo volitantes agmine circum,
Direptoſque favos ægræ, populataque paſſim
Melſa vident, nequicquam hyemi congeſta futuræ.

Ecce viros autem tali mœrore ſepultos,
Attonitæ miris matres rumoribus implent:
Vidiſſe aligeros cœli de gente miniſtros,
Regem ipſum vidiſſe novo fulgore micantem,
Et vacuum porrò tumulum, veſteſque relictas.
Protinus ergo alii montis petere ardua curſu
Contendunt rapido feſtini, ubi inane ſepulcrum,
Aſt aliis incredibile, ac mirabile viſum,
Et primò ancipites, deluſos credere matrum
Effigie pavitantum oculos, et imagine falſa:
Ut nobis ſæpe in ſomnis ſpectare videmur
Abſentum vultus, ſimulacraque luce carentum:
Donec ſera illis ſub luce in tecta coactis
Ingrediens ſeſe oſtendit manifeſtius Heros,

Voce

Meanwhile his friends, whom grief and dire diſmay
Had widely ſcatter'd from their homes away;
In ſilent ſorrows waſte each mournful day.
The ſun ſeems falling from the ſkies, his light
Loſt and abſorpt in ſhades of endleſs night.
At length aſſembled, this deſponding train
Meet, and frequent each noted place again;
Which, while his gracious preſence it cou'd boaſt,
Was ſweet; now deſolate, their Maſter loſt.
No more his face they view with fix'd delight,
His eyes, more chearful than the morning light,
Or ſtars etherial; yet for ever dear,
His ſacred name reſounds in ev'ry ear.
With grief they pine away, and anxious care,
And ev'ry ſpot ſeems deſolate and bare.
So when ſome ſhepherd of their ſtores deprives
The bees, and vacant leaves the ſtraw-built hives;
Whom late the ſmoke diſpers'd, the buzzing train
Condenſe, and gather round their cells again;
With grief behold the waſte and naked coaſt,
And all the treaſures of the winter loſt.

But now the matrons to his friends declare,
His friends, deep ſunk in anguiſh and deſpair,
That their glad eyes ſome winged youths ſurvey'd;
Their Lord himſelf, in glitt'ring pomp array'd;
The tomb was vacant of its heav'nly gueſt,
And wrapt in order lay the linen veſt.
Hence ſome, the place impatient to ſurvey,
Swift to the mountain's ſummit bend their way:
Others, the whole a pious fiction deem,
And ſlight the ſtory as an idle dream.
At firſt their thoughts ſuſpending, they believ'd
The women's eyes with empty forms deceiv'd;
As oft, when wrapt in pleaſing ſleep we lie,
Thin, airy ſpectres dance before the eye:
Till, where his friends were met in dead of night,
The Chief appears in perſon to their ſight;

His

Voce habituque Deum confeſſus imagine nota,
Divinum toto jaciens de corpore lumen.

Hinc Thomas aberat Didymus vicina pererrans
Oppida, quò metus impulerat duce nuper adempto.
Iſque ubi dein rediens eſt ſacræ redditus urbi,
Acceptuſque domo, ſocios videt ecce recenti
Attonitos caſu, ac cæco terrore ſilentes,
Quales aut templum, domini aut ubi divitis ædes
Marmoreas petiit ruptis de nubibus ignis,
Terrificiſque locum implevit ſplendoribus omnem:
Stant intus pavidi cives, quatit omnibus horror
Pectora, vix longo poſt tempore corda reſidunt.
Obſtupuit viſu ignarus, cauſamque requirit,
Et ſocios dictis Didymus demulcet amicis.
Quem ſenior Petrus amplexus, lacrymiſque profuſis
Menti caniciem humectans, ſic denique fatur:
Vidimus (ô jam nos felices) vidimus ipſum,
Ut ſoliti, Regem ſpirantem, auraſque trahentem:
Cœlicolûm Regem, qui nos modò morte reliquit.

Hæc ait: exultanſque animo cœlum uſque tuetur.
Ille autem: (neque enim narranti talia credit)
Ipſene rurſus, ait, cœli hoc ſpirabile lumen
Aſpicit? an potius ſimulacri apparuit umbra,
Atque oculos fallax veſtros eluſit imago?

Immo, ait, illum ipſum divino illa ipſa gerentem
Vulnera, et antiquam ſervantem corpore formam.
Vidimus, ac veros manibus tractavimus artus.
Vidi oculis, vidi ipſe meis, et vulnera novi;
Veſper erat, clauſæque fores, clauſæque feneſtræ.
Nos intus pavidi latitare, et corpora victu
Curare, ac poſitis mœſti diſcumbere menſis.
Ecce autem tecti in mediis penetralibus ipſe
Improviſus adeſt, et inobſervabilis Heros
Effulget clauſis ingreſſus limina portis:
Improviſus adeſt, inopinaque gaudia portat.
Continuò ad lucem viſum tectum omne cremari.

His voice, his looks, his habit ſpoke the God,
And from his limbs divine effulgence flow'd.
Thomas, impell'd by fear (his Maſter ſlain)
By chance was abſent from the ſocial train:
But ſcarce return'd, his eyes beheld the reſt
Thro' wonder ſilent, and with dread oppreſs'd.
So, when the light'ning with its fiery rays,
Wraps ſome rich dome or temple in a blaze,
And wide around the diſmal gleam diſplays;
In wild affright the burghers ſtand aghaſt,
And ſcarce recover from their fears at laſt.
Surpriz'd, his friends thus heartleſs to ſurvey,
He aſk'd the cauſe of this unknown diſmay,
And anxious ſtrove their ſorrows to allay.
To whom with tears, his boſom cloſely preſs'd,
The hoary Peter thus his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Oh! bleſs'd event; this moment have we view'd
Our Lord, our King; to vital breath renew'd;
So lately loſt in death—this ſaid, his eyes
He rais'd with ardent tranſport to the ſkies.
Thomas rejoins, unwilling to believe,
Can He once more this breath of life receive?
Rather confeſs, ſome ſpecious empty ſhade,
With vain deluſions has your mind betray'd.
No; 'twas Himſelf we ſaw (the friend replies)
His very wounds were obvious to our eyes;
His limbs we touch'd; I ſaw the marks diſplay'd,
Clear to our ſight, the cruel nails had made.
'Twas eve; and now from hoſtile force to guard
Our train, the windows and the doors were barr'd;
Whilſt in the dome, oppreſs'd with anxious care,
Trembling we ſate our wonted meal to ſhare.
Sudden and unobſerv'd the Chief appears;
Cœleſtial ſplendor on his front he wears,
And with new joy our drooping boſoms cheers.
Strait, as with fire the roof appear'd to blaze,
Our hearts were ſeiz'd with terror and amaze.

But

Nos trepidare animis, ſubitoque horreſcere viſu
Attoniti: verùm ille metus, vanumque timorem
Increpitans, vetuit trepidos exurgere menſis.
Ipſe ego ſum: pacem unanimes agitate, metuſque
Solvite: tentandoſque dabat ſimul omnibus artus,
Vulneraque, inſigni quæ corpore quina gerebat.
Quinetiam parcis nobiſcum accumbere menſis
Non fugiens, ſolito eſt coràm de more loquutus,
Ceu mortalis adhuc, quæ verba noviſſima nuper
Ad mortem properans nobis memoranda reliquit:
Tum demum liquidis abiens ſe immiſcuit auris.
Hæc ſenior, ſociique eadem ſimul ore canebant.
Nec dum finis erat verbis, cùm protinus ecce
Cum clamore ruit Cleophas, fidiſſimus unus
E multis, quos bis ſenis ſubjunxerat Heros,
Atque hæc dicta dabat: Vos ô jam ſolvite luctu:
Vivit, adhuc ſocii, leti jam lege ſolutus:
Vivit adhuc, vidi his oculis, vidi ipſe, Deique
Auribus his hauſi vocem, conſuetaque verba.
Audiit hic etiam mecum, viditque loquentem,
(Atque manu, nutuque propinquum Amaona ſignat)
Nam modò fortè animis mœſti dum incedimus ambo,
Quà ſe demiſſi incipiunt ſubducere montes,
Extulit aëreas Emaus ubi turribus arces,
Advena in ignota nobiſcum veſte profectus,
Externoſque gerens habitus comes additur ultro.
Tædia dumque viæ vario ſermone levaret,
Interdum eruptis roramus fletibus ora,
Et gemitus imis dolor exprimit oſſibus ardens.
Ille ægros dictis ſolari, et quærere cauſas
Crebrà reſurgentis luctûs: nos ordine cuncta
Pandimus, atque ducis letum crudele profamur:
Quo moriente, ſimul perierunt gaudia noſtra.

Ut

But He, theſe fears condemn'd and vain ſurprize,
Forbade us trembling from the board to riſe.
Behold! 'tis I; among yourſelves revere
Mild peace, he cried; and baniſh abject fear.
Then bid our eyes his naked limbs explore,
And the five wounds his mangled body bore.
Nay, not diſdaining to become our gueſt,
His friends, as wont, familiar he addreſs'd;
And as if mortal ſtill, again imparts,
What late he utter'd, to our joyful hearts:
Then ſwift in air from human ſight remov'd—
Thus ſpoke the ſenior, and the reſt approv'd.
Scarce from his lips had this narration paſs'd;
When lo! ſage Cleophas with noiſe and haſte,
Enters the room; whom late, for faith approv'd,
Our Lord had number'd with the twelve he lov'd.
Oh! friends! diſmiſs your fears, with joy he cried,
He lives, he lives; our great illuſtrious Guide!
Ris'n from the grave; I ſaw the Chief appear,
And mark'd his words, familiar to my ear.
This friend can witneſs to the truth; (his hand
Then points Amaon to the ſocial band.)
For as, oppreſs'd with grief, our ſteps we bent,
Where yonder hills with gradual deſcent,
Slope their declining ſummits; where on high
Proud Emaüs lifts her turrets to the ſky:
Some courteous ſtranger, in a garb unknown,
Politely greets us as we journey'd on.
But whilſt he ſtrives in converſe to betray
The hours, that wain'd ſo tedious on our way;
Oft ſtarting tears ſtood trembling in our eye,
And from our boſoms heav'd the frequent ſigh.
Our grief he ſooths, and kindly begs to know,
Why on our cheeks appear'd ſuch marks of woe?
At this; the whole in order we relate,
Explain with tears our Lord's untimely fate;
That now all proſpect of ſucceſs was o'er,
Our hopes defeated, and our joy no more;

His

Ut factis, verbiſque animos ſpe arrexerit ingens
Ingenti: ſed dehinc nos morte fefellerit omnes.
Non tulit ulterius, contraque hæc reddidit ille:
Non pudet ô ſemper cæcos, et lucis egentes?
Nonne ducis veſtri quondam crudelia vates
Funera prædixere omnes, caſuſque nefandos
Tot veterum monimenta docent, haud credita vobis?
Sponte ſua leto caput obvius obtulit ipſe,
Unus pro multis, patrias quò flecteret iras,
Atque iter ipſe ſuo ſignaret ad aſtra cruore.
Haud ita vos ille erudiit: nam ſæpe futura
Hæc eadem de ſe longè antè retexit amicis.
Atque equidem, memini, nuper media urbe canebat,
Obſcura ſed verborum rem ambage tegebat.
Nunc autem manifeſta patent, nunc omnia aperta,
Nube palàm ablata: nec ſpes foviſtis inanes.
En Rex, qui poſitas conſeverat ordine vites,
Prætendens ſepem inſidiis hominumque, ferarumque,
Omnibus immiſſis incaſſum ex urbe miniſtris,
Quos leto dedit inſontes manus effera agreſtum:
Demum infelices natum ipſum miſit in agros.
Nam Pater omnipotens poſt tot fera funera vatum,
Ipſe ſuum juſſit natum deſcendere Olympo.
Ecce Palæſtini furiis immanibus acti
Natum etiam hauſerunt crudeli funere herilem.
Haud impunè tamen: Rex urbe ultricibus armis
Jamjam aderit, flammiſque feros agitabit agreſtes,
Et pangenda aliis credet vineta colonis.
Sic fatus, cœpit voces ex ordine vatum
Obſcuras, veterumque evolvere facta parentum,
Cuncta docens letum Chriſto crudele minari,
Quo mortale genus tenebris educeret atris.

Ut

His deeds, his words, great expectation gave,
But all was loſt, and buried in his grave.
To this the ſtranger—Oh! what ſhame! to find
Such wretched darkneſs has o'erſpread your mind!
Say, have not all heav'n's ſacred bards of old,
Your Maſter's death with one conſent foretold;
And ev'ry ancient record plac'd to view
Theſe dire diſaſters, unbeliev'd by you?
As one for all mankind to ſlaughter led,
He freely offer'd his devoted head;
To calm his Father's wrath, and mark the road
To heav'n's bright regions, with his ſacred blood.
Such truths as theſe the Chief full oft reveal'd,
While with his friends ſelect diſcourſe he held.
Nay, theſe in open ſtreets he lately ſung,
Yet veil'd in ſhadows from the vulgar throng:
But now, all cloud remov'd, th' event is plain,
The proſpect brightens, nor your hopes are vain.
Behold the king; who planted in his ground
A vineyard, and with hedges fenc'd around;
Then ſent, the uſual produce to obtain,
His faithful ſervants; but he ſent in vain;
Theſe by the churliſh hinds were rudely ſlain.
At length the king, reſolv'd ſome fruit to ſhare,
Forth to the fields diſpatch'd his fav'rite heir:
For heav'n's great Sire, ſo many prophets, gone,
Diſmiſs'd his Offspring from Olympus' throne.
But lo! this daring Solymæan crew,
Ev'n him relentleſs in their anger ſlew.
Not long unpuniſh'd; for the vengeful king
Will ſoon his armies to their city bring;
Devouring flames theſe rebels ſhall deſtroy,
And the rich vineyard other tribes enjoy.
This ſaid; the ſtranger each event explain'd,
Which bards foretold, or myſtic types contain'd;
Taught how the whole Chriſt's bitter death foreſhow'd,
To reſcue ſinners from the dark abode.

Ut clara antiquis portendi hæc omnia ſignis
Monſtrabat ratione, oculis caligine abacta?
Ut noſtros mira inflexit dulcedine ſenſus?
Ut reſoluta novo ardebant præcordia amore?
Qualiter aut æris rigor acri ſolvitur æſtu,
Aut glacies concreta novo ſub ſole liqueſcit.
Non illum tamen immemores agnovimus antè,
Quàm ventum ad ſedem, parvamque ſubivimus urbem.
Namque iter ulterius fingentem, ſeque ferentem
Longè alias ſedes petere, ambo oravimus, iſdem
Nobiſcum haud aſper tectis ſuccederet hoſpes.
Id quoque præcipiti ſuadebat veſper Olympo,
Jam piceo terras infuſcans noctis amictu:
Paruit, et menſas comitum eſt dignatus egenas.
Ut primùm fruges toſtas Cerealia liba
Attigit, et ſolito fregit de more, repentè
Nox abiit, tandemque oculis lux addita noſtris.
Agnoſco, et ſupplex manifeſtum numen adoro
Sed ſubitò volucres abiens ceu fumus in auras
Reſpuit humanos viſus, ſenſuſque refugit.

Talia narrabat Cleophas, quæ credita cunctis
Vera negat Thomas, et cœptis perſtat in iſdem.
Hæc mihi (dicam iterum) nemo perſuaſerit unquam,
Illum ipſum his oculis clara niſi luce videndum
Hauſero, et his manibus niſi vulnera contrectâro.
Sic fatur: ſimul ecce Deus cum lumine largo
Improviſus adeſt iterum, ſocioſque reviſit:
Et clauſæ manſere fores, manſere feneſtræ.
Non aliter vitri, quod tectis ſummovet auras,
Lumine ſol penetrat ſplendentes aureus orbes,
Inſertim radios jaciens in opaca domorum:

Nec

Theſe truths divine how clearly he diſplay'd,
Our eyes no longer veil'd in midnight ſhade!
What wond'rous ſweetneſs thro' our ſenſes drove!
How flam'd our boſoms with unuſual love!
As braſs, whoſe hardneſs melts by heat away,
Or ice diſſolving at the ſolar ray.
Yet him, unthinkingly, we never knew,
Till to the town our weary'd footſteps drew.
For as he feign'd his deſtin'd journey lay
Still further on; and turn'd his ſteps away;
Charm'd with his ſweet diſcourſe, we jointly preſs'd
The gen'rous ſtranger to become our gueſt;
Ev'n night encourag'd this requeſt, we ſaid,
O'er earth advancing with her awful ſhade.
To this he yielded; and our frugal feaſt
Well pleas'd, with humble condeſcenſion grac'd.
But lo! no ſooner had he touch'd the bread,
And gently broke it, as his cuſtom led;
When in our minds aroſe a gleam of light,
And from our eyeballs fled the ſhades of night.
Suppliant the preſent Deity I own,
And bow in proſtrate adoration down:
But ſwift, as ſmoke diſſolves into the ſkies,
At once he vaniſh'd from our longing eyes.
Thus Cleophas; his friends the tale believe,
And all, but Thomas, with applauſe receive.
But he perſiſting ſtill the truth denies;
None ſhall convince me of this fact, he cries;
Unleſs Himſelf in perſon I ſurvey,
And in his bleeding wounds my fingers lay.
Scarce had he ſaid; when cloath'd in heav'nly light,
Sudden appears, and ſtands before our ſight,
The God himſelf; the windows as before
Were clos'd from all acceſs, and barr'd the door.
So thro' bright glaſs, that ſhuts all air away,
The golden ſun's quick penetrating ray,
Darts its keen light with force into the room,
And in a moment clears the ſable gloom;

Nec tamen ulla viæ apparent veſtigia adacta
Luce, ſed illæſo ſæpe itque, reditque metallo.
Sternunt ſeſe omnes terræ, genibuſque ſalutant.
Ut verò Didymus manifeſto in lumine vidit
Vulnera monſtrantem, et ſe nomine compellantem,
Horruit, et prono confeſtim corruit ore,
Multaque ſe incuſans animo ſic, denique fatur:
Vera mihi facies, verus Deus, omnia novi.
Haud equidem (fateor) vivum te credere quibam
Poſt obitus, cœli hoc iterum ſpirabile lumen,
Has auras haurire: animo tua dicta labanti
Exciderant penitus, modò quæ ſuprema dediſti.
Demens, qui te obita non poſſe huc morte reverti
Crediderim, cùm quarta alios jam luce ſepultos
Ad ſuperas cœli nuper revocaveris oras:
Et memini atque aderam: ſed me mens læva tenebat.
Forſan at hæc tamen haud veſtro ſine numine tanta
(Credo equidem) venit dementia: forſitan olim
Proderit hìc ſeris hæſiſſe nepotibus unum,
Et manibus voluiſſe prius contingere corpus,
Ne facies, aut vana oculos eluderet umbra.
Talibus orantem Deus, et lux ipſa reliquit,
Nunc hos, nunc adiens alios, et pectora firmans.
Nec prius evaſit mundi mortalibus oris,
Quàm quater exoriens dena ſol luce rediret.

Fortè igitur Petrus, et ſocii vada ſalſa ſecabant
Remigiis lembum ſubigentes, dum ſibi victum
Arte parant ſolita, piſceſque in gurgite captant.
Et jam per totam vano, quàm longa! labore
Defeſſi noctem fruſtra madefacta legebant
Retia,

Yet paſs the lucid beams, and oft repaſs
Unmark'd, nor injure the tranſparent glaſs.
All bend ſubmiſſive, and embrace his knees;
But ſoon as Thomas with confuſion ſees,
The glorious God, with rays cœleſtial crown'd,
Call on his name, and point to ev'ry wound;
Prone to the earth he bow'd his baſhful head,
And pierc'd with anguiſh thus repentant ſaid:
Thou com'ſt in perſon from the bleſs'd abode,
I own the truth; my Saviour! and my God!
I raſhly deem'd, with ſorrow I declare,
That Thou, once dead, cou'd'ſt breathe this vital air
Again no more; thy words not duly weigh'd,
Too ſlight impreſſion on my ſenſes made.
Fool that I was! not inſtant to ſurmize,
That Thou cou'd'ſt ſurely from the grave ariſe;
When late our friend belov'd, tho' longer dead,
Thy voice recover'd from the darkſome ſhade:
Myſelf was preſent on that ſignal day,
But ſome ill omen ſnatch'd my pow'rs away.
† Perhaps this fatal blindneſs of the mind,
By thy almighty ſuff'rance was deſign'd:
Perhaps poſterity may not in vain
Rejoice, that one of thy aſſociate train
Doubted the truth; and ſureſt trial made,
Not led to error by a ſpecious ſhade.
While thus he ſpoke, the Godhead from his ſight
Withdrew, and with him fled the rays of light.
Yet oft on theſe diſciples, oft on thoſe,
Strength'ning their minds, his counſel he beſtows:
Nor from the earth purſu'd his heav'nly flight,
Till forty ſuns had cloath'd the world with light.
It chanc'd that Peter and the ſocial train,
Had row'd their veſſels on the neighbouring main;
To try their art, as uſual, on the flood,
And gain by labour their accuſtom'd food.
Now thro' the tedious night, th' induſtrious crew
Had toil'd ſucceſsleſs; when at length they view

Retia, cùm juvenem egregium videre liquentes
Fluctifrago tractus è littore proſpectantem.
Nec primò agnovere Deum, divinaque membra,
Quandoquidem ſe mortali celaverat ore.
Ipſe dehinc tali compellans voce natantes:
Dextram, ait, affectate viri: huc appellite puppim:
Hàc dabitur vanum non effudiſſe laborem.
Nec mora, præceptis parent, dextraque per undas
Detorquent alacres curſum, nodoſaque lina
Projiciunt: moti ſonuit plaga cærula ponti.
Jamque ſenex tacito ſociis Petrus innuit ore,
Auxilioque vocat, nutuque, manuque ſilentes,
Significans prædam innumeram: vix retia cuncti
Plena trahunt: capti ſaliunt per vincula piſces.
Senſit Iöannes hìc numen, et heus, prior inquit,
O ſocii, non fallor, adeſt Deus, ille Magiſter,
Ille quidem: agnoſco divinos oris honores.
Lætitiam ut jactat vultuque, oculiſque decoris?
Quod ſimul accepit Petrus, haud cunctatus, ab ipſa
Deſiliit rate, et æquoreas ſe jecit in undas,
Quò regem ſalſos per fluctus primus adiret,
Quamvis multà timens gliſcentibus æquore ventis.
Cætera deinde manus terræ advertuntur, et omnes
Remivaga ſiccum cupidi tenuere carina.
Tum victu ut vires revocent, Cerealia menſis
Dona onerant juſſi, vivoſque in littore piſces
Unà omnes torrere parant, ſuccenſaque pruna
Suggeritur circùm: teter petit æthera nidor.
Ut compreſſa fames, ſurgit Rex optimus ipſe,
Confeſſuſque Deum ſociis ita denique fatur:

Pacem optate, viri, pacem laudate quieti:
Salvete æternùm ſocii, æternumque valete.

Eſto

A Youth of graceful mien advancing nigh
The ſhore, regard them with attentive eye.
At firſt the God, by human art conceal'd,
His ſacred perſon from their ſight withheld;
Then thus addreſs'd them toiling on the deep—
Steer to the right, my friends! here ply the ſhip;
Here ſhall you ſoon the wiſh'd ſucceſs obtain,
Nor find your labours, as of late, in vain.
This ſaid; at once his precepts they obey,
And to the right rejoicing bear away.
Then in the deep their ſounding nets they throw,
The parted billows foam and roar below.
Now Peter with his hand the ſignal made,
And ſtrait his partners beck'ning to his aid,
Points to the mighty numbers from the ſhip;
Scarce cou'd they drag their nets along the deep;
The captive fiſhes in their priſon leap.
John firſt diſcern'd his Lord, the motion made,
And oh! my friends—no viſionary ſhade
Deceives my mind; the God! the God! he cries;
I know the rays that ſparkle from his eyes:
Mark how his limbs with grace coeleſtial ſhine!
What radiant ſplendor cloaths his form divine!
This when the ſenior heard, without delay
Swift from the deck he plung'd into the ſea,
To meet his Maſter firſt upon the ſhore;
Tho' much he trembles as the ſurges roar:
The reſt their veſſels row with ſpeed, and land
With eager tranſport on the neareſt ſtrand.
Now to recruit their ſtrength, large heaps of bread
With prompt obedience on the boards they ſpread;
Then with live coals to broil the fiſh prepare,
Wide ſpread the fumes, and taint the neighbouring air.
Soon as the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
The Godhead riſing thus his friends addreſs'd:
Be peace your care, the works of peace purſue;
Farewel my friends! receive this laſt adieu!

Eſte mei memores: ego claro poſcor Olympo:
Jamque adeò duris animos aptate, ferendo
Omnia, nec propius ſævos adiiſſe tyrannos
Sit timor, atque duces affari, et vera monere.
Non vos majeſtas ſoliorum, aut ſceptra ſuperba
Terrificent Regum, lucis nil hujus egentes.
Haud longè tum quærendum, quæ tempora fandi,
Quis modus aptus: ego præſens adero omnibus, ora
Veſtra regens: dabitur verborum copia cuique.
Nec cœlo vires vos, et ſolamen ab alto
Deficient: cum ſol decimo jubar aureus ortu
Extulerit, Pater afflabit cœleſtibus auris,
Diffuſumque animis numen divinitus addet:
Præſide quo freti Reges, rerumque potentes
Nil veriti, noſtrum vulgabitis undique nomen.
Tum ſanctum ſeſe genus aurea tollet ad aſtra,
Denſus agens veluti laxis ſe palmes habenis
Luxuriat, foliiſque ſimul, fœtuque graveſcit.
Denique, cum ſuprema dies illuxerit orbi,
Omniaque eliciam patefactis oſſa ſepulcris,
Atque iterum in lucem emergent, quos terra tegebat;
Hanc vallem, denſa hos implebunt agmina colles
Matres atque viri, vixque hauſta luce perempti:
Ipſe ego jura dabo, mediaque in valle ſedebo
Quæſitor, vitas populorum et crimina pendens.
Vos etiam mecum bis ſenis ſedibus ipſi
Sublimes mortale genus cenſebitis unà,
Bis ſenæque tribus gentis tum veſtra ſubibunt
Arbitria, et veſtros mirabitur orbis honores.
Interea, Petre, te (nulli pietate ſecundum
Novi etenim) his, rerum ſummam clavumque tenentem
Præficimus cunctis, ultro qui noſtra ſecuti
Imperia: hoc te præcipuo inſignimus honore.
Tu regere, et populis parcens dare jura memento,

Summa

Of Me regardful and my words remain,
I now am ſummon'd to th' etherial plain.
The toils of life with patience learn to bear,
Nor ev'n to kings your ſacred cenſures ſpare.
Let not the pomp of pow'r your hearts annoy,
That aim no worldly honours to enjoy.
Seek not with vain ſolicitude of mind,
The fitteſt ſeaſons of addreſs to find;
Each ſhall receive his gift, myſelf your guide,
And all with copious language be ſupply'd.
Nor yet ſhall pow'rs be wanting from on high;
When the tenth ſun ſhall mount the golden ſky,
Th' eternal Father will his ſpirit ſend,
And thro' your minds th' etherial force extend.
Hence ſhall your zeal, unaw'd by kings, proclaim
Thro' earth's wide regions, my illuſtrious name.
Then ſhall a ſacred race exalt on high
Its tow'ring head, and ſoar into the ſky;
As fertil vines their curling tendrils ſhoot,
With leaves at once luxuriant, and with fruit.
And when the grand deciſive day ſhall come,
That I, with pow'r, ſhall ſummon from the tomb
All human race; and thoſe to ſecond birth
Ariſe, whoſe bones lie mould'ring in the earth.
Vaſt throngs, this valley and this riſing hill,
Of men, of matrons, and of babes ſhall fill.
Myſelf here ſeated on that ſolemn day,
Their faults and virtues will with juſtice weigh.
Ye too with Me, amid th' etherial ſpace,
Sublime on thrones, ſhall cenſure human race;
Your juſt deciſion all theſe tribes ſhall wait,
And the whole world admire your envy'd ſtate.
Meanwhile on thee, oh Peter! (for I know
Thy worth to none inferior) we beſtow
Imperial rule o'er all the reſt that join
Our ſtandard; and to thee the keys conſign.
Theſe marks of honour thou from us receive;
Hence laws and precepts to our people give.

O'er

Summa tibi in gentes jam nunc conceſſa poteſtas.
Jamque pios tege pace: voca ſub ſigna rebelles.
Quemcunque in terris ſcelus exitiale peroſus,
Admonitum fruſtra, juſta devoveris ira,
Colloquio abſterrens hominum, cœtuque piorum:
Idem erit inviſus cœlo: non ille beatis
Sedibus aſpiret, niſi tu placabilis idem
Dignatus venia meliorem in priſtina reddas.
Jamque adeò tibi conceſſum mortalibus ægris
Claudere ſiderei portas, ac pandere cœli.

Talia mandabat, terras homineſque relinquens.
Sic natis moriturus oves, et ovilia paſtor
Commendans caris, furta, inſidiaſque luporum
Edocet, et pecori contraria paſcua monſtrat.
Sic ſociis ævo jam feſſus nauta biremem
Credit, inexpertoſque docet varias maris oras,
Et brevia, et Syrtes, et navifragas Sirenas.

His animadverſis, totius lucida circùm
Palmiferi nubes collis capita ardua texit,
Et curva æthereis fulſerunt littora flammis.
Interea totum exercent nova gaudia cœlum,
Alituum cœleſtum acies, ſanctique volucres
Dant manibus plauſus, et multicoloribus alis,
Inſtaurantque coros, fremitu ætheris atria fervent.
Pars pendent ſpeculis, et propugnacula læti
Cœli ſumma tenent, et mœnia celſa coronant.
Obvia pars portis parat ire patentibus, et ſe
Quiſque auris credunt, ac pennis æthera obumbrant.
Hi plectro indulgent, fidibuſque his tibia cantus
Dat bifores: alii cava cornua flatibus implent,
Rauciſonaſque tubas, et ahenea cymbala jactant.
Atque ubi ter Patris ad ſolium pernice chorea
Indulſere

O'er the wide world extend thy ſov'reign reign,
Protect the virtuous, and the bad reſtrain.
Thoſe, whom thy zeal from councils ſhall diſplace,
Where ſaints aſſemble and the pious race;
Shall never tread the bright etherial plain,
Till chang'd in mind thy favour they regain.
Behold! to thee, for human race, is giv'n,
To ope or cloſe the ſacred gates of heav'n.
Thus Chriſt, his bleſs'd aſcenſion near at hand,
Conſign'd his precepts to th' aſſociate band.
So, at th' approach of death, ſome careful ſwain,
His flocks confiding to his tender train,
Warns them to ſhun the wolf with cautious heed,
And points the paſtures where they ſafe may feed.
Thus, worn with age, the ſailor o'er the deep
Inſtructs his younger mates to guide the ſhip;
Bids them beware, as ſmooth they ſail along,
The ſhelves, the quickſands, and the Siren's ſong.
This ſaid; the mount with fertil olives crown'd,
A cloud from heav'n deſcending, circled round;
From whoſe bright ſurface ſtream'd inceſſant rays,
The ſhores all glitter'd with th' etherial blaze.
Meanwhile new ſcenes of ſacred joy ariſe,
Amidſt the bright aſſembly of the ſkies:
Th' angelic hoſts applauding wheel around
In airy rings; their painted pinions ſound,
And heav'n's high courts with joyous ſhouts rebound.
Part on the tow'rs and lofty bulwarks ſtand,
Part line the ramparts, and the walls command.
Theſe from the gates to iſſue forth prepare;
Swift as they mount, their wings obſcure the air.
Some with their breath the ſhrill-ton'd flute inſpire,
The cornet ſome; ſome ſweep the ſounding lyre:
Some the hoarſe trumpet to their lips apply,
Some ſhake the brazen cymbals thro' the ſky.
When now the throne of heav'n's eternal King
They thrice had circled, borne on rapid wing,

Indulſere choris, ter ludo lucida regna
Luſtravere, polique è vertice decurrere:
Non aliter ſunt ingreſſi volucri agmine contrà
Concentu vario, et multiſono modulatu,
Quàm prolapſa Remi cum nondum urbs alta jaceret,
Tarpeiæque arces ſtarent, lateque ſubactis
Jura daret populis rerum pulcherrima Roma,
Conſul victor, ovans pugnatis undique bellis,
Intrabat rediens, Capitoliaque alta ſubibat.
Talis nubivago tendebat ad æthera greſſu
Vera Dei ſoboles: ut verò flectere quiret,
Iratus quoties Genitor mortale pararet
Exercere genus meritis ob crimina pœnis,
Omnia fert ſecum cædis monimenta nefandæ:
In primis duplicemque trabem, infandamque columnam,
Brachia cui vinctus tulit aſpera verbera, et acres
Virgarum faſces, infectaque ſanguine lora,
Haſtamque, et calamo pendentia pocula levi,
Tres deinde ingentes, et acuta cuſpide vectes
Cernere erat, quibus effoſſus palmaſque, pedeſque,
Sertaque nexilibus vepribus conſerta rigebant.
Illic et longo Romani ſigna ſenatûs
Haſtili ſuſpenſa, cavoque latentia cornu
Lumina, quod ſuperas abies tollebat ad auras:
Quamque manu Rex pro ſceptro geſtavit arundo,
Omnia quæ pueri cœleſtes antè gerebant,
Singula quiſque, polique arcem per inane petebant.
Suſpexere viri attoniti, acieque ſequentes
Alituum nubem, ac regem videre per auras
Tollentemque manus, cœlique ſerena ſecantem,
Cum ſubitò rutila hæc venit vox reddita ab æthra:
Ne trepidate, quid hæretis ſupera alta tuentes?

Cum

Thrice ſportive travers'd o'er the realms of light;
At length deſcended from th' Olympian height—
Not with leſs pomp they wing'd their flight again,
With ſounds melodious, to th' etherial plain;
Than when the Conſul, e'er a barb'rous foe
Had laid the walls of mighty Remus low;
Whilſt yet Tarpeian tow'rs their ſtrength diſplay'd,
And Rome's proud laws the ſubject world obey'd;
Drove to the capitol his ſhining car,
Triumphant glitt'ring with the ſpoils of war.
Thus borne thro' ether to the bright abode,
Aſcends in awful pomp the Son of God.
But to appeaſe and calm the threaten'd ire,
Whene'er vindictive his eternal Sire,
Shou'd lift his arm the triple bolts to throw,
And hurl deſtruction thro' the world below;
Up to the court of heav'n, diſplay'd before,
The dire memorials of his death he bore.
Firſt, the vaſt croſs; the pillar, where the band
Of ſurly ruffians bound each naked hand:
The ſpear, the ſcourges, and the leathern thong,
Dropping with blood; the moiſten'd ſponge, that hung
High on a reed; th' enormous nails that tore
His hands, and feet, diſtain'd with purple gore;
The thorny wreath his bleeding temples wore.
There too, ſuſpended on a taper ſpear,
The Roman enſigns ſtream aloft in air;
With theſe, triumphant thro' the ſkies are borne
The lights, far glimm'ring thro' the lucid horn:
Laſt, for the golden ſceptre of command,
The idle reed that mock'd his regal hand.
Theſe, the bright hoſts, as heav'n's aſcent they gain,
Each youth his enſign, in their hands ſuſtain.
The crowds obſerving with attentive eyes
The radiant choir; beheld in deep ſurprize,
Th' uplifted Monarch ſoaring to the ſkies.
When thus a voice from heav'n—Diſmiſs your fear;
Why ſtand ye trembling and aſtoniſh'd here?

Cum Genitore Deus regnandum accepit Olympum.

Nec mora, carminibus cœli domus ardua longè
Auditur reſonare, modiſque per aſtra canoris
Contrà etiam plauſere, atque hæc alterna canebant
Læta viri, cœlumque oculis, animiſque petebant:
Omnes ô plauſu gentes, linguiſque favete,
Atque Deum canite aſcenſu ſupera alta tenentem.
Quadrupedum, volucrumque genus, mutæque natantes
Exultent, tractus terrarum ubicunque patentes:
Ipſi dent montes, ipſa et dent flumina vocem
Læta ſuam, et ſcatebris volventes flumina fontes,
Quodque ambit longis terras anfractibus æquor.
Cuncta ſuum agnoſcant auctorem, et carmina dicant:
Semper ut idem ingens regnârit originis expers
Cum genitore Deo Deus, omnia numine complens.
Ut nullis mox principiis, aut ſemine nullo,
Omnia condiderit, cœlum, terraſque, fretumque,
Quæque vago paſſim ſubſunt animantia cœlo.
Ut terras ponto diſcluſerit, æthera terris,
Luciferis cœli luſtraverit atria flammis,
Telluriſque ſinum variis appinxerit herbis:
Sufficiatque ſatis fruges, et vitibus almum
Humorem: tu cuncta moves, tibi maximus æther,
Quique ſuper latices concreſcunt æthere, parent:
Nubila te, ventique timent: te veſper et ortus
Obſervant, obeuntque tuo ſua munera nutu:
Et tibi monſtriferi obſequitur plaga cærula ponti.
Tu manibus validis terrarum pondera libras,
Atque gravem vacuo ſuſpendis in aëre molem,

Rerum

Behold! your Saviour mounts th' Olympian plain,
In endleſs glories with his Sire to reign.
This ſaid; with ſongs of joy heav'n's courts reſound,
And airs melodious fill the region round.
Nor leſs, with eyes uplift, the pious train
Thus pour'd alternate their exulting ſtrain:
Ye nations of the earth! rejoice, and ſing
The bright aſcenſion of your heav'nly King!
Rejoice ye beaſts! that range the field or wood,
Ye birds of air! ye natives of the flood!
And all ye regions, that extended run,
Beneath the riſing or the ſetting ſun!
Let lofty mountains, and the ſtreams that flow
With pleaſing murmurs, thro' the vales below;
Let ev'ry fountain ſend a joyful ſound,
And ocean, circling the vaſt globe around.
All nature's works confeſs your Sire, and raiſe
Harmonious accents to reſound his praiſe!
Tell, that the Son with God his Father claim'd
Eternal Being, e'er the world was fram'd;
That from no ſeeds, no principles of birth,
His pow'r created ocean, air, and earth;
And all the various living ſpecies, found
Beneath yon azure vault's ſtupendous round.
That from the ether his almighty hand
This earth divided, ocean from the land;
Yon ſhining orbs in heav'n's bright regions plac'd,
With various flow'rs earth's fragrant boſom grac'd;
Bade furrow'd glebes the golden grain produce,
And ſwell'd the vine-tree with a gen'rous juice.
Thou rul'ſt all nature—Thee the ſpacious ſky
Obeys; the cryſtal firmament on high:
Thee clouds and winds, Thee morn and ſetting day,
Their rounds performing as thou mark'ſt the way;
Thy pow'r controuls the monſter-teeming ſea:
Poiſing this pond'rous earth, ſuſpends on high
Th' enormous fabric thro' the empty ſky;

Bids

Rerum elementa locans æterno fœdere, ut omnia
Concordi in medium tendant nitentia motu.
Tu liquidas per inane vias is, nubibus actus,
Aurarumque ſedens veheris pernicibus alis.
Non tibi tempus equis fugit irrevocabile adactis.
Semper idem ante tuos oculos, præſenſque moratur,
Quodque eſt, quodque fuit, ſimul et quod deinde ſequetur.
Ipſe etiam parens tibi cœli in vertice fixus
Sol ſtetit: ipſa etiam ſurgens in cornua luna:
Atque ſuos penitus requiêrunt ſidera curſus.
Te mandante ſuam vim ſæpe innoxius ignis
Dedidicit: pueri in mediis fornacibus aſtant
Illæſi, jactantque tuas ad ſidera laudes.
Tu mare navigerum concreta dividis unda,
Et populis medios das ire impunè per æſtus.
Tu rapidos flectis ripis mirantibus amnes,
Tu largam tactis è cautibus elicis undam:
Idem largifluos fontes, et flumina ſiſtens.
Ipſa tuo tremit aſpectu conterrita tellus,
Quoſque procul tangis fumant ad ſidera montes:
Aſſurgunt reges pavidi, tibi ſceptra, tibi arma
Deponunt, longeque tremunt, et numen adorant.
Tu ſurdis aures, oculos tu lumine captis,
Et vocem mutis, et vires ſufficis ægris.
Tu revocas in vitam obita jam morte ſepultos,
Et rurſum potes amiſſos accendere ſenſus.
Non te vis crudi perterruit horrida leti,
Non Erebi confuſa domus, loca fœta timoris.
Te manes tremuere: plagæ regnator opacæ
Umbrarum paſſim populantem immitia regna
Non tulit, atque imis trepidus ſe condidit antris,
Proſtratæque metu procul Eumenides latitârunt,
Dum ſuperas præda ingenti vehereris ad arces:
Nunc ubi jam victor regnas, ſuperûmque beato

Concilio

Bids nature's works obſerve their bounds, and all
By laws eternal to the centre fall.
Borne on the wings of air, thou ſpeed'ſt thy flight,
Thro' wond'ring ether, to the plains of light.
Time ne'er from thee with rapid progreſs flies,
But clear at once to thy diſcerning eyes,
The paſt, the preſent, and the future riſe.
The ſun himſelf thy ſov'reign voice obey'd;
High in the heav'ns his fervid car he ſtay'd;
The moon for thee withheld her deſtin'd pace,
And whirling planets check'd their rapid race.
Ev'n fire, obedient to thy will divine,
Rejoic'd its noxious nature to reſign;
Whilſt youths, uninjur'd in the circling blaze,
Forth from the flaming furnace hymn'd thy praiſe.
Thou bid'ſt the deep an unknown path diſplay,
And lead'ſt thy people thro' the wat'ry way.
Thou turn'ſt the rivers from their wond'ring ſhores,
From the hard rock thou call'ſt the liquid ſtores:
Again, ſubdu'd by thy ſuperior force,
The ruſhing torrents ſtop their headlong courſe.
Pale earth affrighted trembles at thy look,
Beneath thy touch the lofty mountains ſmoke:
Ev'n kings to thee their ſceptred pomp reſign,
And proſtrate tremble at thy pow'r divine.
Thou mak'ſt the blind to ſee, the lame to walk,
The deaf to liſten, and the dumb to talk.
Thou bid'ſt the dead from Pluto's dark domain
Ariſe, and breathe this vital air again.
Not death's ſtern pow'r thy dauntleſs ſoul diſmay'd,
Nor all the terrors of the Stygian ſhade.
Waſting the dark dominions of the dead,
From thee the manes, thee the furies fled,
And hell's grim tyrant veil'd his horrid head:
Whilſt thou, victorious from infernal night,
Waſt borne with Myriads to the plains of light.
Where now, triumphant in the bleſs'd abode,
Thou rul'ſt heav'n's councils with thy ſov'reign nod;

Concilio imperitas, proviſaque tempora longè
Diſponens reparas fugientia ſecula mundo,
Nec requiêſſe finis ſolis volventia luſtra.
Salve, Opifex rerum, vaſtique ſalutifer orbis,
Aſpice nos propius, propius genus aſpice noſtrum;
Morte tua patet ætherei cui janua Olympi,
Et veteres tandem Pater obliviſcitur iras.
Talia littorea læti ſub rupe canebant
Undeni proceres, omniſque effuſa juventus.
Non tamen exuerant vanum inter tanta timorem
Gaudia, nondum animos firmati numinis aura
Ætherea, ſed adhuc latebras, cavaque antra petebant.
Sicut ubi accipiter celſa de ſede columbam
Suſtulit apprenſam, quam roſtro eviſceret unco:
Diffugiunt aliæ huc illuc, mox turribus imis
Condunt ſe celeres, et inania murmura miſcent.
Haud illi ſecus attoniti poſt funera Regis,
Incluſi tecto ſtabant, promiſſa Magiſtri
Cœlo expectantes, venturum numen ab alto.
Jamque aderat promiſſa dies, decieſque tenebras
Flammifera ſol exoriens face ab orbe fugârat,
Cum Pater omnipotens cœli regione ſerena,
Sidera purpureo reficit quà purior æther
Lumine, cœlicolûm in medio media arce ſederet,
Tempora diſpenſans, ſecretaque fœdera mundo.
Cui ſe tum exutus moribundos filius artus
Diffulgens radiis, ac mira luce coruſcus
Obtulit, et magno Genitorem affatus amore eſt:
O Pater, et ſociis tandem ſuccurrere noſtris
Tempus, ait, quos amiſſo duce protinus omnes
Acer agit timor huc illuc, atque omnia terrent
Imbelles, quoniam mortali corpore creti.
Diſcute terrorem hunc animis, et pectora firma,
Ne caſus nequeant alacres procurrere in omnes.
Illis me propter Solyme, Judæaque paſſim
Inſidias infenſa odiis molitur iniquis:
Tu tamen hos olim fore, qui præſtantibus auſis
Per gentes canerent noſtrum indelebile nomen,

Quacunque

Bid'ſt yon bright orb perform his deſtin'd rounds,
And giv'ſt the ſeaſons their appointed bounds.
Hail, great Creator! from thy throne on high,
Regard thy Offspring with benignant eye;
For thee the Sire unfolds heav'n's golden door,
His anger ſatiate, and his wrath no more.
'Twas thus the chiefs, with all th' aſſembled train,
Beneath the mountains pour'd their raptur'd ſtrain;
But had not yet, tho' brighter hopes appear,
Amidſt their joys, diſmiſs'd each anxious fear:
Not yet encourag'd by cœleſtial aid,
They fled to caverns and the ſecret ſhade.
As from her neſt, when ſome fierce bird of prey,
To gorge its fleſh, conveys the dove away;
The reſt alarm'd to moſs-grown turrets fly,
And plaintive murmur as conceal'd they lie.
So theſe, their Maſter ſlain, aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
And wait impatient for the promis'd God:
But now, the welkin ſtreak'd with orient light,
The tenth expected morning roſe to ſight,
When, where the ſky ſerener light diſplays,
And gilds the rolling orbs with purer rays;
Where ſate the Sire amidſt th' angelic train,
Diſpenſing laws, that nature's courſe ſuſtain—
The Filial-deity, all beamy bright,
In limbs that glitter'd with etherial light;
Aſcending glorious to the realms above,
Addreſs'd the Father in theſe terms of love:
Our friends, O Sire! by various fears diſmay'd,
'Tis time to ſuccour with thy pow'rful aid:
Their Maſter's loſs, ſo frail is human kind,
Dejects their ſpirits, and unnerves their mind:
Thou from their breaſt diſpel each abject fear,
And arm with courage, all events to bear.
The haughty rulers of the Jewiſh ſtate,
For Me purſue them with relentleſs hate.
Yet theſe are perſons who by deeds of fame,
Thro' the wide world ſhall ſpread my glorious name,

Quacunque Oceano terrarum clauditur orbis,
Et populos nova converſos ad ſacra vocarent,
Pollicitus Genitor, tibi nec ſententia nutat.
Hos (quando cœli demum non abnuis arcem)
Ipſe ego ſæpe tua fretus pietate labantes
Firmavi, implevique animis: ſiquidem affore Olympi
Promiſi auxilium ſubitò, et tutamen ab arce,
Quo freti reges, regumque minacia juſſa
Contemnant, alacreſque ruant in funera læti
Sponte ſua veræ pro relligionis amore.

Sic fatus, palmas ferro oſtentabat acuto,
Trajectoſque pedes, et hians in pectore vulnus,
Sertaque, et hamatos vepres, quos hoſtia geſſit.
Annuit oranti, delibanſque oſcula Nato
Reddidit hæc Pater æterno devinctus amore:
Jam conceſſa petis: dabitur tibi, Nate, quod optas.
Promiſſa (ne tende manus) afflabimus aura,
Quos vis, atque viros noſtro flammabimus igni,
Ut pro te blandæ projecto lucis amore
Non ferrum, aut flammas metuant, morſuſve ferarum,
Aut crinita rotis circùm laniantibus hauſtra:
Quique reformidant nunc omnes aëris auras,
Objicient certis alacres ſe ſponte periclis
Pugnando, et claras animas de corpore reddent,
Contemptu necis et vera virtute ſuperbi.
Non illos æſtus, non illos frigora ſiſtent,
Letiferum aut campos cum ſidus findit hiulcos,
Cærulea aut glacie cum nectit flumina bruma.
Verùm ultra Gangem auditi, Bactra ultima ſupra,
Iſmara, Biſtoniaſque plagas, Seraſque remotos
Gadibus, et virides penetrabunt voce Britannos.

Implebunt

Wherever ocean girts yon whirling ball;
And to new rites converted nations call.
Such once thy promiſe; nor can ought incline
To change the counſel of thy will divine.
Theſe, (ſince for them thou op'ſt heav'n's golden tow'r)
I oft protected by my ſov'reign pow'r;
Confirm'd with promis'd ſuccour from on high,
The frowns of haughty tyrants to defy; [prove
And urg'd their minds, thro' toils, thro' death, to
For pure religion their unconquer'd love.
His hands and feet, thus ſaying, he diſplay'd,
Freſh with the prints the tort'ring nails had made;
His temples with the thorny circle crown'd,
And breaſt, ſtill gaping with the ghaſtly wound.
The Sire conſented as ſubmiſs he pray'd,
Then kiſs'd his Son, and thus paternal ſaid:
Forbear to make thy juſt petition known,
With joy I grant thee thy requeſt, my Son!
Theſe friends with promis'd aid we will inſpire,
And warm their boſoms with cœleſtial fire:
That for thy ſake they ſhall no longer dread,
To ruſh thro' flames, by gen'rous ardour led;
To brave the lion's rage, the tyrant's ſteel,
And all the tortures of the whirling wheel.
They who now tremble at each gale that blows,
Themſelves to toils and dangers ſhall expoſe;
In conſcious virtue bold, reſign their breath,
And ſmile triumphant in the pangs of death.
Not icy winter, when he chills the plain,
Not ſummer's fierceneſs ſhall their zeal reſtrain;
Tho' piercing froſts congeal the cryſtal ſtreams,
Tho' ſultry Sirius darts his burning beams.
Beyond the Ganges they ſhall ſpread thy fame,
Bactra, and Iſmarus ſhall hear thy name;
And thoſe who tread Biſtonia's frozen plain,
The Seres, far remov'd from diſtant Spain,
And Britain, circled by the rolling main.

Implebunt terras monitis, et cuncta novantes
Templa pererrato ſtatuent tibi maxima mundo:
Ad tua mutatæ properabunt nomina gentes,
Diviſæ penitus toto orbe per æquora gentes,
Seclaque converſis procedent aurea rebus.
Quæ tibi ſæpe ego pollicitus, ſciſque omnia mecum.
Nec tantum tua, Nate, piis hæc vulnera Olympum
Nunc pandi meruere, nigra quòs nocte premebat
Inſontes primi ſcelus exitiale parentis:
Verùm alios mox, atque alios per ſecula cœlo
Efficient dignos, ſua quos commiſſa piacla
Sidereis procul arcebant à ſedibus olim.
Tanta tuæ merces, ea vis, ea gratia mortis:
Atque adeò, quodcunque homines ab origine rerum
Admiſere, aliis quicquid peccabitur annis,
Huc coëat: ſatis illa tui pars parva, ſuperque
Omnia diluere, prorſuſque abolere cruoris.
Quinetiam mox tempus erit, cum ſcilicet olim
Ter centum propè luſtra peregerit æthereus ſol,
Tum veri Graiûm obliti mendacia vates
Funera per gentes referent tua carmine verſo,
Atque tuis omnes reſonabunt laudibus urbes:
Præſertim lætam Italiæ felicis ad oram,
Addua ubi vagus, et muſcoſo Serius amne
Purior electro, tortoque ſimillimus angui,
Quà Rex fluviorum Eridanus ſe turbidus infert,
Mœnia turrigeræ ſtringens malè tuta Cremonæ,
Ut ſibi jam tectis vix temperet unda caducis.
Illic tum nivei velut inter nubila cygni,
Omnibus in ripis pueri, innuptæque puellæ

Carmina

They with new rites ſhall fill the world, and raiſe
Illuſtrious temples to thy future praiſe:
Whole nations, from each other far disjoin'd,
By their advice, to nobler thoughts inclin'd,
Shall quit the idols which they ſerv'd before,
And thy ſuperior Deity adore:
Whilſt all mankind with joyful eyes behold
O'er the bleſs'd earth another age of gold.
Such, as thou know'ſt, is my ſupreme decree;
For all my counſels I unfold to thee.
Nor ſhall thy precious wounds alone obtain,
A free admittance in the bliſsful plain,
To thoſe, whom baniſh'd from th' Olympian height;
Primeval guilt detain'd in ſhades of night;
But other ſinners ſhall exalt on high,
And place amidſt the bright etherial ſky,
Whoſe own tranſgreſſions from the realms of bliſs
Excluding, doom'd them to the dark abyſs.
Such endleſs bleſſings, ſuch diſtinguiſh'd grace,
Thy death ſhall merit for a ſinful race.
Hence, for whatever crimes, ſince nature's birth,
Have, or ſhall e'er pollute the ſons of earth;
Thy ſacred blood ſhall full atonement pay,
And one pure drop waſh all their guilt away.
And when near fifteen hundred times the ſun,
Around the globe his radiant courſe ſhall run;
At length, forgetful of the Grecian ſtrain,
Inſpir'd by heav'n, the true Parnaſſian train,
To thee their ſongs, their joyful ſongs, ſhall raiſe,
And ev'ry nation ſhall record thy praiſe.
But chief, that favour'd coaſt ſhall ſound thy name;
Where winding Addua pours his ſilver ſtream,
And moſſy Serius' cryſtal waters flow;
Where, with impetuous waves, the kingly Po
Along the walls of old Cremona glides,
And threats the turrets with his ſwelling tides.
There, pure as ſwans aſcending on the wing,
Unmarried nymphs and blooming youths ſhall ſing

Carmina caſta canent, mixtique in gramine molli
Laudibus incipient certatim aſſueſcere noſtris,
Et teneri prima cœtus te voce ſonabunt.
Hæc tibi certa manent, hæc vis movet ordine nulla.
Sic fatus, dulcem Nato inſpiravit amorem.
Interea ſcelus infandum pellacis Iüdæ
Multa execrantes ſocii, ſe ad juſſa parabant
Munera, diverſas ſortiti protinus oras
Quas peterent, moreſque novos nova ſacra docerent.
Quove autem patribus bis ſenis cætera, ut antè,
Pareret pubes, numerum, ſanctumque ſenatum,
Quod ſupereſt, ſupplent: ſociiſque ex omnibus unus
Sortitu gaudes tanto prælatus honore
Matthia, obſcurum genus, et ſine luce propago.
Tum cuncti inter ſe mœſti ſic ore precari:
Si nunc, ſi nobis auraï cœlitus almæ
Halitus omnipotens patefacto aſpiret Olympo.
Quandoquidem toties nobis Deus omnibus illum
Auxilio fore pollicitus: ſanè omnia vera
Prædixit, deſit veris hoc hactenus unum.
Talia ſuſpenſi ſecum ægra mente ſerebant.
Ecce autem cœli ruere ardua viſa repentè,
Et ſuperûm tonat ingenti domus alta fragore.
Suſpiciunt: nova lux oculis diffulſit, et ingens
Viſus ab æthereo deſcendere vertice nimbus
Lucis inardeſcens maculis, tectumque per omne
Diverſi rumpunt radii; tum innoxius ignis
Omnibus extemplò ſupra caput aſtitit ingens,
Et circùm rutilis incanduit aura favillis:
Stricturis veluti crebræ crepitantibus olim
Diſſiliunt ſcintillæ, acres dum incudibus ictus
Alternant Chalybes, robuſtaque brachia tollunt,
Candentem curva verſantes forcipe maſſam.
Nam Pater omnipotens, ſuperaque æquævus ab arce
Filius, aſpirant unà omnipotentibus auris,
Infunduntque viris numen: Deus ecce repentè,
Ecce Deus: cunctis divinitus algida corda
Incipiunt afflata caleſcere: numine tacti

Implentur

Chaſt ſongs to thee; and o'er the moſs-clad plains
To heav'n's high praiſes chaunt their earlieſt ſtrains.
Such is my fix'd decree—This ſaid, he ſhone
With rays benignant on his fav'rite Son.
Meanwhile the ſocial train with zeal proceed,
Vex'd at the traytor's execrable deed,
Thro' earth's wide regions, each his lot aſſign'd,
To teach new rites and precepts to mankind.
But o'er the reſt that twelve might ſtill command,
One they ſelect from forth th' aſſociate band;
And thou, Matthias! born of humble race,
By lot art favour'd with this ſignal grace.
Then all dejected thus prefer their pray'r—
Oh! wou'd that breath divine of genial air
Inſpire our ſouls! ſince heav'n ſo oft has made
A gracious promiſe of this needful aid.
In all the reſt each ſacred truth was ſhown
Exact; deficient in this point alone.
Thus they—But lo! deſcending from on high,
A radiant cloud ruſh'd ſweeping thro' the ſky;
Bright beams of light were wide diffus'd around,
And heav'n's high manſions rung with hollow ſound.
Swift thro' the dome the rays diſparting ſpread;
Then each, like flame, deſcending o'er their head,
Around their awful brows innoxious plays;
The air grew ſultry with the quiv'ring blaze.
So the vex'd ore around its ſparkles throws,
While on the anvil their repeated blows,
With lab'ring arm the brawny workmen deal,
And turn with crooked tongs the ſputt'ring ſteel.
For now with breath divine, th' eternal Sire
And filial pow'r, their frozen hearts inſpire:
Lo! from above a God, a God deſcends,
Swift thro' their breaſts the genial warmth extends;
With ſacred rage their ſwelling boſoms glow'd,
And felt the raptures of th' inſpiring God:
No reſt, no reſpite; thrice the quiv'ring rays
With dreadful ſplendor round their temples blaze;

Implentur propiore viri, ſacrumque furorem
Concepere, Deumque imis hauſère medullis.
Nec mora, nec requies: ter ſcintillantibus ignes
Terrifico radiis fulgore, ter alitis auræ
Turbine correpti, blando flammantur amore,
Igneſcuntque animis, atque exultantia cunctis
Exercent acres ſtimulis præcordia motus.
Diffugiunt animis terrores: mira loquuntur,
Mira canunt: eadem variis (mirabile dictu!)
Gentibus accipitur vox haud obſcura; ſibique
Quiſque videbatur patrias haurire loquelas,
Multi ut tunc ierant variis huc partibus orbis
Sacrorum ſtudio, viſendæque urbis amore,
Solennem quæ luce illa celebrabat honorem
Quinquaginta actis poſt orgia prima diebus,
Orgia, cùm menſis epulandum apponimus agnum.
Hìc ſua verba audit tellure Libyſſide cretus,
Hìc Galli ſuà, Romulidæ, Parthique, Scythæque,
Nec non ſubjecti glaciali ſidere Thraces,
Afrique, Creteſque, Phrygumque è gente profecti,
Atque Indi, atque Arabes, et arenivagi Garamantes,
Mirantur cuncti circùm, mirantur et ipſi.
Namque hominem velut exuti, moribundaque membra,
Mente domos cœli peragrant, atque æthera apertum
Intenti, et ſuperùm taciti ſermone fruuntur.
Jamque canunt ventura; animis Deus expulit atram
Luſtrans corda intus nubem, quæ corpora circum
Caligatque, hebetatque humanas humida mentes.
Quoſque modò duræ mortis formidine turpi
Speluncis atris terrebant omnia clauſos,
Liberius nunc luce palàm, atque licentius audent
Terrorum expertes: nec jam mortalia curant.

Non

Thrice in the whirlwind rapt, cœleſtial love
With warmth extatic thro' their boſoms drove:
The kindling guſt with rapid motion rolls
Thro' ev'ry breaſt, and fires their inmoſt ſouls.
And now, all dread remov'd, the pious train
Pour forth their accents in unuſual ſtrain.
Wond'rous to tell, the ſame great truths appear
Plain and diſtinct, to ev'ry foreign ear;
Each ſtartled ſtranger, 'midſt th' aſſembled throng,
Hears and admires them in his native tongue.
For numbers ſped from various parts, to pay
Their vows and off'rings on that ſolemn day,
When ancient cuſtom and the laws invite
Our ſocial tribes to ſhare the genial rite;
That rite, which falls, when fifty days are paſt
From the fam'd ſeaſon of the paſchal feaſt.
Here thoſe, who march from Libya's burning ſands,
The tribes from Roman, Parthian, Scythian lands,
From Gallic regions; and the hardy race,
Who roam the barren wilds of icy Thrace;
From Afric, Crete; from Phrygia who appear;
All theſe with wonder their own language hear:
Indians, and thoſe from rich Arabia's plain,
And Garamantes, a wild wand'ring train.
All gaze aſtoniſh'd; ev'n themſelves admire,
The ſtrange effects of this etherial fire.
For winging, as it were, their flight away,
From the dark manſions of this earthly clay;
Their raptur'd minds thro' heav'nly regions rove,
And ſhare the converſe of the bleſs'd above.
And now they ſing of great events to come;
For heav'nly light diſpell'd the vap'ry gloom,
That on their clouded minds incumbent lay,
And chas'd the darkneſs from their eyes away.
Hence thoſe, who late oppreſs'd by ſervile dread,
To dens and caverns for protection fled;
Now all their actions, void of fear, diſplay,
Clear as the light, and open as the day.

No

Non ferrum, aut flammas metuunt, morſuſve ferarum,
Sed Regem vulgò teſtantur morte peremptum
Immerita, genus æthereo deducere Olympo:
Jamque pudet metuiſſe omnes, animoſaque leti
Spes magis atque magis viget acris numinis hauſtu.
Haud ſecus ac crebris cùm rimis terra dehiſcit,
Cùm ſitit omnis ager: tum quæ morientia languent
Gramina, cæruleus ſi cœlo venerit imber,
Continuò attollant rurſus capita, arvaque ponant
Squalorem, redeatque decor ſuus omnibus agris.

Ergo abeunt varias longè lateque per oras
Diverſi, laudeſque canunt, atque inclyta vulgo
Facta ducis: jamque (ut vates cecinere futurum
Antiqui) illorum vox fines exit in omnes.
Audiit et ſiquem medio ardens æthere iniquo
Sidere deſertis plaga dividit invia terris,
Quique orbem extremo circumſonat æquore pontus.
Continuò ponunt leges, moremque ſacrorum
Urbibus: infectum genti luſtralibus undis
Eluitur ſcelus, et veteris contagia culpæ,
Relligioque novas nova paſſim exuſcitat aras:
Protinus hinc populos Chriſti de nomine dicunt
Chriſtiadas: toto ſurgit gens aurea mundo,
Seclorumque oritur longè pulcherrimus ordo.

F I N I S.

No more fierce flames, the tyrant's frown ſevere,
The lion's fury, or the ſword they fear;
But viewing with diſdain all earthly things,
With courage witneſs at the throne of kings;
That He, their Maſter, who ſo late was ſlain,
Deriv'd his lineage from th' etherial plain.
And now, aſham'd that once they dreaded death,
All pant impatient to reſign their breath.
So when the thirſty ſoil wide chinks diſplays,
Its moiſture drain'd by Phœbus' ſultry rays,
And herbs now wither on the languid plain;
If chance from heav'n deſcend the copious rain,
The fields rejoicing lift their blooming heads,
And native verdure cloaths the ſmiling meads.
Hence wand'ring far to diſtant lands, they ſing
With zeal the praiſes of their heav'nly King;
And thus their voice, as bards foretold, reſounds
Thro' earth; and reaches her extremeſt bounds.
Ev'n they, who burn beneath the ſultry line,
With joy and wonder heard theſe truths divine;
And thoſe, where ocean's diſtant billows roll,
Far as the confines of the northern pole.
Now laws they found, and ſacred rites ordain;
In water's holy ſtreams that ancient ſtain,
Which guilt infus'd, at length is cleans'd away;
A new religion glad mankind obey,
And at new altars their devotions pay.
Hence from their maſter Chriſt, his faithful train
The name of Chriſtians thro' the world obtain;
An age of gold o'er all the earth appears,
And beauteous order crowns the circling years.

The END.

V

9, 23 [illegible]

31, 37 [illegible]

37, 93, [illegible]

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155, [illegible]

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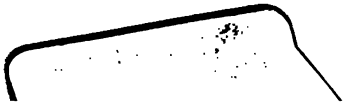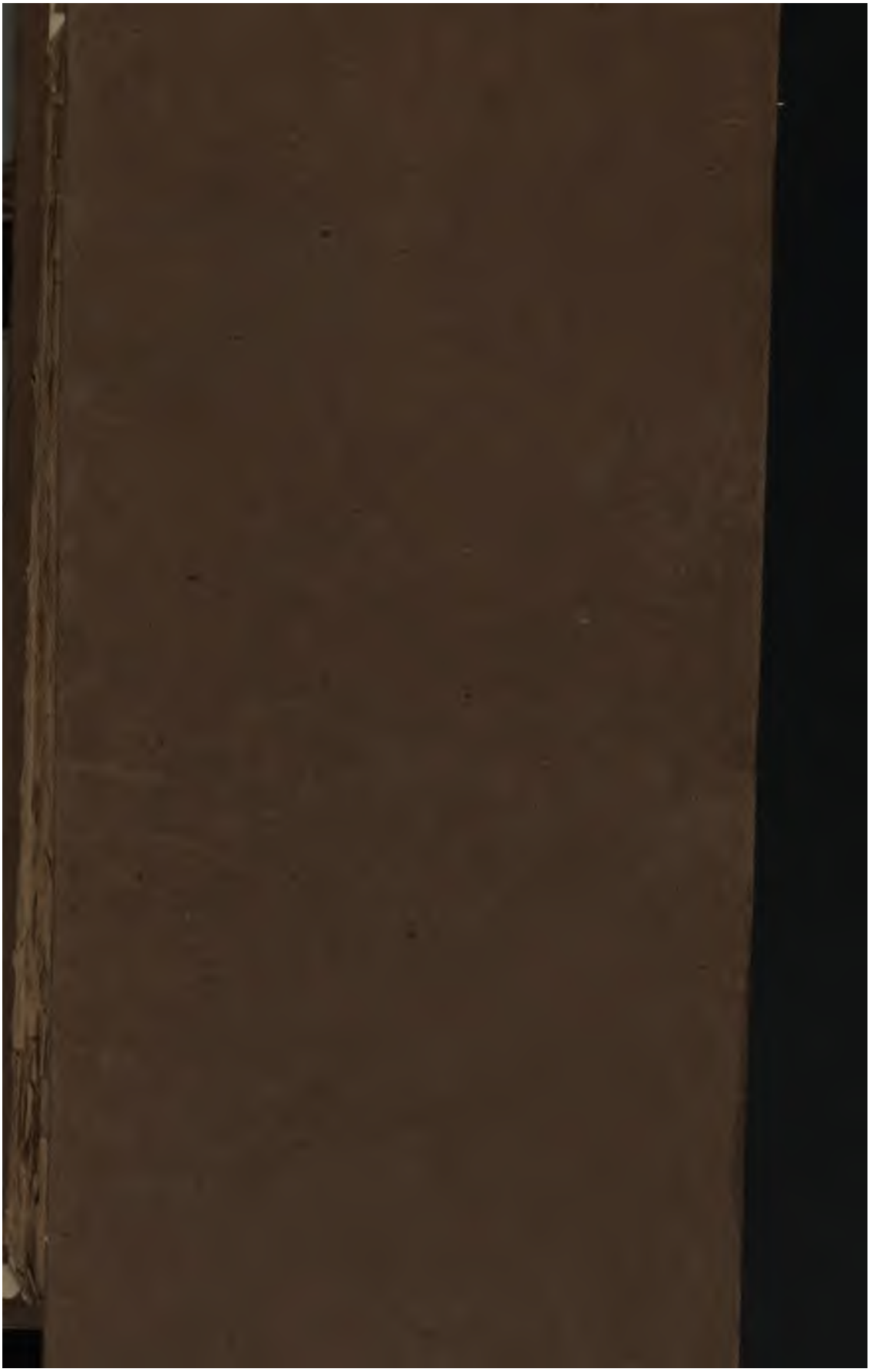
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